MEMOIR AND LETTERS

OF

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

BY HER MOTHER,

RHODA E. WHITE.

"Fair pledges of a faithful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last."

BOSTON:
PATRICK DONAHOE.
1868.

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PREFACE.

To the Reader:

Before unlocking for you the sacred door of a life now ended, and revealing its hidden treasures, we must ask your charity. We will retrace with you the blessed steps of our favored child, while our hearts are still bleeding and our soul heavily laden with grief for the loss of the departed ones.

In yielding to the request and advice of many friends to do this work, we have also yielded to a voice within, that so impelled us on, that we have almost believed some other spirit than our own crushed one has guided our pen and given our soul strength to meet the demand made upon it.

The following beautiful letters will explain, better than we can, the motive

that moved us to this task of love and duty.

As a writer, forget the author of this imperfect memoir, and only remember that a *mother* seeks to steal unseen to your hearthstone, and there lay down her heart's treasure, the life of a child she loved too well, and share with *you* its memories and its fruit

LETTER OF REVEREND B. O'REILLY,

Adopted Brother of James W. Whtte.

WOONSOCKET, *November 3d*, 1867.

MY DEAR SISTER, — I profit by the very first leisure hour, since my return from Glen Ellen, to ask of you to do — and do immediately — a service, not merely to that brave old race to which James W. White belonged, but to many a noble soul among the great American people, by writing and publishing some memoir of his heroic and saintly daughter.

Surely I am not unduly prejudiced in favor of your high-souled child, when I say, that among the many women who have left blessed memories behind them in this New World of ours, very few indeed have accomplished more than your Jenny in the brief space of four years.

It is not to her name, or for the gratification of her family, that I should wish a monument to be raised by the publication of her life and letters. That brave little heart, whose every secret I knew, was not one disposed to court public praise at any time; and now that she has her surpassing reward in the possession of God, what we all may think or say of her can touch her but little.

It is for our own benefit, — for the instruction of every succeeding generation of American youth, — that I desire to see the hidden beauties of that short but fruitful life made known in every household in our land.

New Granada now weeps over that grave so suddenly opened, and that career of public beneficence and domestic saintliness cut short in its early and glorious prime. We, too, have wept; but we have also rejoiced that one so pure, so energetic, so blessed of God and man, should have gone from our shores, like a vessel filled with sweetest and most healing perfumes, to embalm with her fragrance her husband's native land.

Let us not merely rejoice and glory, but endeavor to imitate and hold up to others the incomparable eloquence of such examples. As you have been a most blessed wife in possessing such a husband as James W. White, so are you now thrice blessed in the memory of having borne and reared, — of having trained and sent forth to a life of untiring devotedness to all that is good and heroic, crowned by the martyrdom of charity, — such an apostle as Jenny White del Bal.

What wife, what mother, ought not to envy you? And how many there are who draw nearer to you since God has wounded the public heart by two such successive losses, within a few months, as the deaths of your husband and oldest daughter!

Crown your own labors now, and perfect your merit, by leaving to every family in America a memorial of true womanly worth, and a model of all natural and supernatural grace and goodness, in some published record of your child. You will thus do a good deed, and leave behind you a last (perhaps not your least) good work.

It will be a consolation to you, in the great twofold

grief which has come upon you so unexpectedly, to make your daughter live once more for the edification and encouragement of us all here in the United States, after having so well taught her how to be a beam of light and gladness to Santiago and its neighborhood.

Lose not a moment, then, in preparing some memoir of Jenny; and no one shall more rejoice at its appearance, or be more anxious to profit by its teachings, than

Your devoted brother,

B. O'Reilly.

LETTER OF ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKY.

New York, *April 12th*, 1868.

Dear Mrs. White, — I have read with lively interest the brief notice, which has appeared in the New York "Evening Post," of your dear lamented daughter, Mrs. del Bal.

A life so beautiful, so full of bright example, deserves a more extended and more enduring record; and I hope what I hear is true, that a memoir is being prepared by yourself, or under your immediate supervision. There is no pen by which it can be more truthfully or skilfully traced than by your own.

It will, I am sure, be most acceptable, not alone to the large circle of friends who, like myself, still remember

the gifted and exemplary "little Jenny White," as she was here seen and known under her parental roof, — or who, at a later date, were witnesses of her saintly virtues and daily acts of heroic charity in the country which, after marriage, became her home ; but it will be acceptable also to very many besides of the general public, especially to those of her own sex, to which she was so truly a pride and ornament in life, and to which in death she has bequeathed such a beautiful example.

Be pleased to accept once more the expression of my warmest sympathies, and, believe me, dear madam,

Your sincere friend, and servant in Christ,

JOHN MCCLOSKY,

Archbishop of New York.

LETTER OF MISS MARY L. BOOTH,

A well-known and distinguished writer.

NEW YORK, *April 29th*, 1868.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — . . . . I am truly glad that the memoir of my friend Jenny will be given to the world. So pure and lovely a life ought to be chronicled for the benefit of the thousands of women, who only wait for pioneers to march before them in a path of duty ; and surely no one can so fittingly perform this task as the mother who knew every emotion of her nature, and every step of her career ; who had not only watched but trained her

developments, and to whose wise counsels and beautiful example she owed something of her blossoming into perfect womanhood.

Short as was her existence, it was running over with noble effort and achievement, and effected more than would have been done by a score of idling Methuselahs.

That this good work may go on beyond the tomb, I am sure would be her most earnest wish, could she utter it to mortal ears. . . . . Write to me whenever you can, and believe me

Cordially your friend,

MARY L. BOOTH.

LETTER OF THE VICOMTE DE CHABROL,

Intimate Friend of Cochin and other leading statesmen of France, of high-toned honor and principles, and acknowledged admirers of the American government.

PARIS, RUE DE L'UNIVERSITE,
February 26th, 1868.

MADAM, — I had already learned, by letter from Mrs. Ward, of New York, the sad loss inflicted on your family, as well as on the entire Catholic community of New York, by the death of Judge White. As one of my friends, the young Prince de Broglie, was leaving at that very moment for the United States, I had given him for you a letter, in which I expressed my feelings of sincere admiration and profound respect for this great Christian man, and this citizen so devoted to his country. It may

be that M. de Broglie has not been able to find out your new address, and thus my letter may not have reached you.

Doubtless you must have thought, madam, that I was ignorant of your bereavement, or that I did not feel for you. Do not, I beseech you, harbor such a thought for a moment. After the welcome given me in your country, and in the bosom of your family, I cannot look upon myself as a total stranger either to the one or the other; and I therefore claim, as a friend, a share in your overwhelming sorrow.

I am convinced that the publication, contemplated by you, of the letters of your daughter must be both useful to others and beneficial to your own heart, as well as to the cause of our holy faith, which needs to be illustrated by such noble examples. I should, therefore, be most happy to help you in any way in this labor. . . . .

I shall also consult the most competent judges in such matters, and do myself the honor of sending you a frank and full answer. It would be — allow me to repeat it, madam — a great happiness to me to co-operate in such a good work as this.

Believe me, I pray you, madam, everything which can bring back to my recollection the memory of your revered family, and of the happy days I spent in New York, shall be ever dear to me, and shall renew the feelings of gratitude, of which I beg you to accept the expression.

VICOMTE DE CHABROL.

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTHPLACE OF JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL — CHILDHOOD.

IN the lovely valley of the Chenango, beautifully nestled in the shadow of the mountains, stands an honored family mansion. Fifty summers have adorned its grounds with beauty of tree and vine, of flower and shade. That old home was the pride and treasure of its owners; for it was "The Nest," as they named it, in which they had nurtured a large family, and then sent them forth to honor and adorn the sphere for which they had educated them.

To this "Nest" children and grandchildren were lovingly, one and all, recalled each year, when spring and summer brought back to it sunshine, birds, and flowers; and long will the light of those happy days gleam upon their path "though the sunbeam has passed away." They are gone now who were the life and centre of that old mansion.

It was during one of these bright sunny visits that

Jenny C. White del Bal was born under the roof of her maternal grandfather, in the year 1835, September 1st, and welcomed with joy as the first-born grandchild in both families of General Thomas G. Waterman and Edward White, her maternal and paternal grandparents, both then residing in the beautiful town of Binghamton.

General Thomas G. Waterman, a distinguished lawyer, and one of the leading men in the State of New York, married the eldest and accomplished daughter of General Joshua Whitney, the founder and patron of the town to which he gave the name of Binghamton.

Edward White, a model Irish gentleman of the old school, married the eldest sister of Gerald Griffin, on which occasion the joy-bells of Limerick were rung to honor the young bride and groom. This eminently worthy couple were the first apostles of the Catholic Church in this part of the State of New York and on the borders of Pennsylvania. Their labors for the faith still bear fruit, and will long be remembered by the children of those to whom they secured such spiritual blessings.

Jenny's father, James W. White (eldest son of Edward White), a lawyer and afterwards Judge of the Superior Court of the city of New York, like every member of his family, was a zealous and exemplary Catholic. Her mother, Rhoda E. White (eldest daughter of General Waterman), at the time of Jenny's birth was an Episcopalian.

Mrs. Waterman, a woman of fine mind and generous nature, advised her daughter (Jenny's mother) to have the child baptized, when four weeks old, in the

faith of her father, for whom Mrs. Waterman felt the most motherly love and profound respect. Jenny was baptized, at the house of Edward White, by Rev. Father Bradley, the day before her parents set out to return to their home in New York city. Two years after, her mother became a Catholic, and from that time began to teach Jenny the lessons of that holy faith.

Lessons at two years old? Yes, even at that early age the seed, good or bad, is sown and quickly takes root. A proof that the virtues of self-denial and obedience were understood by the child, at an early age, may be found in the following incidents.

It was thought advisable that Jenny should go with her uncle to Binghamton for a short visit. She was now nearly three years old, and had never been separated from her mother, but was the petted idol of her parents' hearts. Yet she had learned that to love them was to do willingly whatever they required of her, and from the time she could understand what was said to her, she was taught acts of love, obedience, and generosity; namely, to give away her playthings, sometimes, when they were amusing her most, and was told to be good and not to cry if her mother was obliged to leave, because, if she did so, she would make her mother unhappy. How beautifully this first lesson was put in practice many years after, will be seen by and by.

When she was told that it was best for her to go, without her mother, to visit her Grandmother White a short time (she was then not quite three years old), it was a great grief to her little heart, and a greater one to her

mother; yet she saw the preparations made for her departure without complaint.

Her father and mother desired to divert her mind, and took her, the night before she left home, to the then most attractive place of amusement in New York, — Niblo's Garden. It was filled with exquisite plants and flowers; orange and lemon groves persuading the beholder that he had, with a fairy wand, been suddenly transported to the land of the ever-summer zone. A thousand lamps of every color shed a soft and bewitching light upon every little grotto and bower, and the long-arched vista that cheated the eye, doubling and redoubling its length to an interminable extent by the arrangement of mirrors at the end of the garden, will be well remembered by our New Yorkers, who thirty years ago enjoyed this pure and luxurious place of recreation and amusement.

Walking from their residence in White Street to this Garden, on this summer evening, Jenny held her mother's hand all the way tightly grasped, and thought her so absorbed in the conversation with her father that she was not observed, so she gave way to her feelings, — pressed and repressed, and kissed it again and again, and held it to her lips till at last her tears fell fast upon it. It was with difficulty her mother forebore from snatching her to her arms and responding to the feelings of the child; but it was better not to encourage her loneliness when it seemed best for her to leave home for a while.

The first exclamation Jenny made, on entering the Enchanted Garden, was, "O mamma, is this like heaven?"

The next day, when her parents accompanied her to the boat, and left her with her Uncle John White on the upper deck, she stood upon a bench by his side, looking out upon the wharf and tossing kisses with her hand to them, appearing quite happy. The moment the steamboat was out of sight of those on shore, the little creature burst into an uncontrolled fit of crying, and hid her face for half an hour in her uncle's bosom. Quite distressed by this outburst of feeling, he endeavored to pacify her with promises of every kind of amusement and pleasure; yet still she sobbed and could not be comforted.

At last he said, "Why, Jenny, if you had cried when we were first on the boat, I would not have taken you away. I thought you were very happy and wished to come with me."

"I would not cry before mamma, Uncle John," she answered, "because it would make her feel badly; but now I cannot help it."

This same generous nature, in after years, enabled her to hide her sorrows from those around her when she knew they would give them pain.

When she reached Binghamton, her grandparents and every one who saw her were surprised by her remarkable intelligence, particularly in all that related to religious duties or matters of conscience, and her lovely gentleness of manner won all hearts.

Her young uncle, William Waterman, only four years her senior, was her playmate, and loved her as an own sister. In play she was a hearty participator in everything like frolic, and acted the part of a young lady to perfection.

While she sang and improvised, accompanying herself on a corn-stalk guitar made by him, he would listen for hours entranced ; but, boylike, could not resist the temptation to tease her occasionally. The only opportunity he could find was when she knelt before her "idols," as he called them ; then she clasped her little hands and looked so demurely attentive, he could not help trying to distract her attention, and more than once his mother reproved him for his attempts to cheat her into disobeying the rule to abstain from meat on Friday!

Her obedience was well tested on this visit, where every one desired to please her and gratify her taste. Her Grandmother White wrote to her parents : "Jenny is the sweetest child I ever saw. Why, James, Rhoda is rearing a saint for heaven! Nothing can induce her to violate any commands ever given her by her mother, or do anything she thinks mamma would not like."

Again, she wrote : "I take charge of the church and altar. Jenny is very fond of helping me. She can carry some of the things from the house to the church when we have a priest here to say mass, and this delights her. But you remember, Rhoda, how fond of teasing your Uncle Vincent is.* He loves to catch Jenny on the way, and ask her questions about the ceremonies of the Church, in order to hear her wise answers. The other day we were coming home from a baptism. Jenny's arms were full. Among other things she carried the

* Judge Vincent Whitney was very liberal in his ideas of Catholicity, and much attached to Jenny and her family.

salt-cellar. The little rogue saw her uncle coming, and hid it under her apron. 'Ah, Jenny,' said he, 'what have you there?' laughing immoderately, for he saw her hide something. Out it came! Then followed his questions, 'How can salt baptize a child?' etc., etc. But the little dame stood her ground heroically; no ridicule could make her deny her faith."

Before her uncle returned to New York, after this visit, he went with Mrs. Waterman and Miss Whitney to Saratoga. Jenny accompanied them. She attracted much attention. Exceedingly graceful and full of animation, she danced like a fairy, and even at that age sang some songs sweetly. We remember how much she amused Archbishop Hughes with her coquettish grace in dancing. The purity of her language and her beautiful articulation were remarked by every one who heard her speak.

A poet at Saratoga was so captivated by her spiritual yet childlike face and her lady-like manner, that he expressed his admiration of her in a beautiful poem, addressed to the child, which he gave her. Years after, we were told, he tried in vain to find her, but, forgetting her name and residence, could not trace her. Should these pages meet his eye, her family wish to acknowledge the compliment, the remembrance of which is now more than ever agreeable to them.

Before Jenny was six years old she perfectly understood and practised self-imposed penance. When she felt she deserved punishment for any offence of which her mother

was ignorant, she immediately administered it to herself. Her mother often saw her throw aside her playthings and with guilty, downcast look walk away and seat herself in a corner with her face to the wall.

Her greatest horror was to be immersed in cold water. When she was still very young, the chambermaid found her in her room, down upon her knees before a large basin of icy cold water, into which she was dipping her little head, curls and all, to the very bottom, each time she came up saying, "This is to make me dood; this is to make me dood;" and down again and again, till prevented by the servant.

Her mother remarked that frequently when going upstairs she would turn her head back and shake her long ringlets defiantly, whispering something indistinctly, "Chew," "chew," "chew."

"Jenny, why do you do so?" inquired her mother; "it is not lady-like."

"Mamma, I am spitting on the devil; he will try to make me naughty, and I say to him, Get away, get away."

In years after, good Bishop Byrne, who was for a time her spiritual director, loved to tease her. It was only necessary for him to say, "Go away, go away, chew, chew, chew," to make her hide her face and run away.

At five years of age, Jenny showed such remarkable talent for music that she was allowed to amuse herself by playing upon the piano by ear, not deeming it prudent to tax her mind (already too precocious) to learn by note.

Her mother played and sang ; and, during her daily practising, Jenny always sat by her side, listening with the greatest attention and delight.

At six her mother taught her music, and the child so loved sacred music that she learned to chant the vespers in Latin correctly, and sang with so much devotion and feeling, that no one could listen to her without pleasure and edification.

One day, in her mother's absence, Bishop Byrne called to the house, bringing with him two or three priests. Jenny was playing with her dolls in the play-room, but ran down to meet him, with her dress turned up around her waist to represent the busy housewife. "She entered," said the bishop, "with all the dignity and address of a lady of the world, and welcomed us as her mother would have done. 'Come, Jenny,' said I, 'give us some music before we go.' Up she climbed with difficulty upon the piano-stool, and sang several of the vesper hymns in Latin, with all the ease in the world, remarkably well ; but, getting down, she, for the first time, observed her dress. 'Oh my! oh my! Jenny,' said I, 'what will be done now?'" The good bishop loved to repeat this little circumstance, and could long after enjoy the remembrance of her perplexity on that occasion. She had forgotten her own appearance in her effort and desire to entertain them.

A friend — Mrs. Judge Bosworth — writes to us: "I think the most lovely trait in Jenny's character was her self-sacrificing disposition — her forgetfulness of herself to do her duty or to please others. I remember, when

she was quite young, I was at your house one afternoon. Jenny was engaged on a piece of work which she was very anxious to finish that day. A poor man was very ill, and needed some clothing; you desired Jenny to lay aside her work and help us to finish the articles needed. It was a great disappointment, we knew; but she laid aside her work without showing the slightest mark of regret. I often gave it as an example of the *cheerful* performance of duty."

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD — CONTINUED.

The family increased, and Jenny became more and more a beautiful example to the younger members of the household, who looked upon her as their little Guardian Angel, without whose presence they could not be happy. One of her little brothers, three and a half years old, who died soon after, lamenting her absence from home, inquired with much feeling, "Mamma, when will sister Jenny come home; I am so sorry she is away; I feel to cry, I love her so." The little fellow went every night, till she returned, and kissed her pillow and any article of hers that came in his way.

With children of all ages, who knew her, Jenny was a favorite. When ten years of age she was chosen Queen of the May, by the unanimous vote of her companions. They met at her house on the eve of May, twenty or thirty in number, and announced the election, — a surprise to her which her blushing cheek could not conceal from them. The following day they returned, dressed in white dresses, with garlands of flowers, to do honor to their chosen one. A throne was erected, over which were clouds of white and blue lace reaching to the ceiling. The maids of honor knelt before her, declaring in

song "the Queen, the loveliest flower of spring," while another placed upon her head a crown of white roses and conducted her to the throne, which she ascended with the sweetest modesty; and then, with mock dignity and imperial power, gave forth her mandates for the coming year, concluding with, "Let every subject in my realm henceforth seek to make themselves and others happy."

This was received with uproarious approbation, and was followed by singing and dancing (garland dances having been prepared for the occasion). Pretty offerings were laid at her feet. Among them was a poem commemorating the happy occasion, and setting forth in brilliant colors the virtues of the newly made queen. And "better than she knew" did the poetess with prophetic truth foretell that she should reign the queen of many hearts and climes! Strangely did the childhood life of Jenny foreshadow her future!

In other years these flowers of her soul — generosity, obedience, piety, and humility — grew deeper tinted, and shed a wider fragrance around. They early bloomed, and have left their seed to adorn the earth for us.

The remarkable proficiency Jenny made in music attracted much attention. Her voice was peculiarly sweet, and her whole soul expressed in it. She heard Jenny Lind sing, and desired very much to sing like her, and daily prayed that she might have the gift of song. Not for vanity, for she had been taught that God had given her a talent for music to be used for a holy motive, and that perhaps another would have made even better progress than she had done. This she believed and re-

peated often, when praised by friends who, far and near, sent for her to play and sing for them.

During the summer, about this time, the family went to White Plains. It was her habit to go every day to a beautiful grove near the house and practise her voice. Before she had sung Jenny Lind's bird-song there many times, flocks of birds came warbling around her, in the high branches over her head, and answered her call. She listened to them until she could so perfectly imitate them, that, at any time she went to the grove, she could call them around her by her own sweet warbling; and all who heard her sing the bird-song, wondered how she could have learned those sweet notes.

Jenny was to her parents not only the loved child, but companion, — with her mother an inseparable one. They played, and sang, and read, and studied together, surrounded by the younger children, who were (with the exception of the infant) always in the parlor, where their mother taught them.

Although no burthen of teaching was put upon her while she pursued her own studies under her mother's tuition, Jenny had acquired a motherly care over the little ones, and it amused the family to hear her say, "Mamma, *our* children must do so and so!"

In the strict observance of their religious duties, Jenny was a watchful guide. They playfully declared there was no chance for turning over in bed for a second nap if she called, "Come, children, up, up, up. You know mamma said you must go to mass this morning; it is a holiday!"

And away they went, sometimes when it was scarcely daybreak, to early mass, with their unmerciful little Guardian Angel, their eyes half closed in sleep.

And then at prayers, even the pious little Nell, afterwards a nun, would rebel sometimes, and say, "Mamma, when we go with Jenny, to say prayers for you and papa, she prays for everybody, — the whole human family, I do believe." And another, less zealous, would add, "She keeps us too long, mamma;" at which the little culprit would only smile; but not one sinner less would be prayed for the next day.

If Jenny was zealous in religious matters, she was no less earnest in everything that belonged to the lawful pleasures of social life, nor did she deem them unimportant. She entered into every kind of mirthful enjoyment with her whole heart, giving life and animation to every circle by her very presence wherever she went.

Sometimes, when she saw her parents more thoughtful than usual, in the evening, and suspected they were depressed by some new and pressing care, she would slip away a few moments, and then return to the parlor with the little troop of children dressed in costume; and, introducing them by a suitable speech as minstrels or strolling players, they would all enter into the spirit of the assumed characters, and sing and improvise with inimitable humor, chasing away every vestige of serious thought from young and old for the rest of the evening. The parents and friends who enjoyed the benefit of this happy influence will not soon forget these occasions, which were not unfrequent.

One of Jenny's young aunts, near her own age, her companion, and loved as a sister, many a time joined in these representations with a rare zest and talent. The night before she left home to enter the Convent of the Visitation as a novice, she and Jenny endeavored to chase away the pain of her departure in this way, and for the time succeeded admirably.

CHAPTER III.

GIRLHOOD.

When sixteen years of age, Jenny went with her parents, for the first time since her infancy, to a watering place — Newport. It was crowded with the gay and fashionable, the wise and foolish, of many cities, the grave and learned, and the weary invalid.

The Ocean House was a little world of itself, offering many attractions, as well as temptations.

Mr. and Mrs. White and their young daughter had just arrived. Passing through the hall, a brother lawyer met them, and, after a salutation, offered Mr. White a ticket for a reserved seat in the lecture-room for that evening, saying to him, "The eloquent Mr. Lavine speaks to-night; there will be a crowd; you must hear him."

It was immediately after the great crisis in the "Know-Nothing" movement, when the mob had been incited by Mr. L. and others to the burning of St. Augustine's Church, in Philadelphia. It lay in ruins. But one shaft of the wall behind the altar remained, high above the smouldering ashes. Upon it was an Eye (the centre of the altar-piece), and under it the words, "God Seeth." Like the writing upon Belshazzar's wall, at the feast, it struck terror into the hearts of many passers-by.

"Excuse me," said Mr. White; "I could not accept your invitation. I would not listen to Mr. Lavine, and do not even wish to see him."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. B.

"His speeches incited the mob to desecrate the church, and may yet lead to animosities and bloodshed."

The conversation continued. While they were speaking, Jenny and her mother passed on to their rooms, dressed, and went to the parlor. Here they found several New York friends, who gathered around them, and asked Jenny to sing "The Last Rose of Summer."

At the lower end of this large drawing-room, sat an interesting-looking invalid lady, in a large easy-chair, and by her side her beautiful young daughter. As soon as Jenny had finished the last words of this exquisite song, — which she sang with touching pathos and purity of tone, — the young girl sprang from her chair, and, meeting Jenny just rising from the piano, flung her arms around her neck, saying tenderly, "You have charmed my dear, sick mamma. Do come to her, and let her give you a kiss for it."

Jenny and Mrs. White followed her, and were introduced to Mrs. Lavine, and gave their own names in return. Every one present was moved by the scene.

Just then, a tall, fine-looking, gentlemanly man entered the room. "Papa!" exclaimed Loo Lavine, "you must hear Jenny White sing 'The Last Rose of Summer.' You never heard anything half so sweet."

Jenny sang it again. Mr. Lavine seemed lost in thought, yet in wrapt attention, while she was singing, and left the

room the moment her voice ceased, returning, however, soon, with a beautiful piece of poetry, in which he called her "the Queen of Song" — "a voice from heaven."

One of the prima-donnas of the opera, then a great favorite, was at Newport, whose father came to the parlor to hear Jenny sing, and expressed the highest admiration for her voice, saying she possessed rare talent for music and a remarkable voice.

While Jenny was blushingly wearing these laurels, and thanking her admirer for his poem, her father entered, and joined the circle that surrounded her. Remembering her father's remark that he did not wish to see Mr. L., to surprise him she turned playfully towards him, and said, "My father, Mr. White, Mr. Lavine."

This little incident would be of small import to the reader but for the consequences. Polite words were exchanged, and a kinder feeling enkindled by them, between the gentlemen. That afternoon, the newly introduced party rode out together upon the beach in an open carriage, and from that day were inseparable during the following two weeks. The day when they parted Mr. Lavine expressed the hope that a friendship such as theirs would never be broken. "It will not be my fault if it be not stronger." He then added in a whisper, with great earnestness, "Mr. White, I regret the part I have taken against Catholics. Will you say to Bishop Hughes *for me* that I deplore that I ever raised my voice against him or any other Catholic, and that I promise never to do so again?"

The last day that they all rode out together, a few

hours before leaving Newport, Loo Lavine, on alighting, whispered in Jenny's ear, "Jenny, will you pray for me? I would like to be just like you." Jenny did not forget her promise. They became devoted friends, and ever continued so. The daughter of Mr. Lavine from that day was in heart a Catholic, and has since entered the Church. We have reason to believe that her father died desiring that faith.

It was a happy time, this first glimpse of society in the outer world, to Jenny, when "her heart promised all that her fancy painted" of the bright and beautiful in it.

After this little vacation of pleasure, Jenny returned to her studies with renewed application.

During her leisure hours, "to instruct the ignorant" was one of the acts of mercy of which she was very fond. More than one of the servants were taught to read and write by her. One of her pupils, whose history is a romantic one, will remember with lifelong gratitude the valuable instructions she received.

Madame Va Bien's (as we shall call her) dress-making establishment was one patronized by the most fashionable and recklessly extravagant of New York ladies. Among her sewing-girls was one who worked faithfully and uncomplainingly, early and late, till Saturday night; but the clock had struck twelve, and she rose to leave. Madame Va Bien expostulated. It was not possible to disappoint her customers, and the girls must finish the dresses. No inducement could persuade Kate to work on Sunday morning; but, with her departure, she re-

ceived her dismissal from her employer. She was very poor, and this was a severe trial.

In vain she sought another place as dress-maker, so she offered herself as nurse in Mrs. White's family until one could be procured. Her beauty and ladylike manner attracted the attention of a gentleman, very much her superior, who had seen her come and go to her work during her stay with Madame Va Bien, and from this person he learned that her goodness and piety exceeded her personal charms.

At first, she would not receive his attentions, feeling her inferiority; but, after a year's probation, to test his love, he was accepted. Being a foreigner, and not understanding English well, he had not discovered the young wife's deficiencies in education until several months after their marriage, when, to his great sorrow, he learned that she could neither read nor write!

To Jenny she opened this painful secret of her heart, and craved advice what to do to remedy this evil. Without delay, Jenny commenced a course of instruction, and encouraged her to be faithful in the performance of every duty that could make his home happy.

He gave up all society to hide her ignorance and spare her feelings, — a sacrifice and devotedness appreciated by Kate, which strengthened her will and quickened her intellect. Her progress was, therefore, remarkable.

A year only elapsed after their marriage before her husband fell a victim to fever; and the young widow received a letter in due time, from Europe, from her

father-in-law, urging her to go to his home, and become the loved daughter of their sorrowing hearts.

Here was a new motive to pursue her studies with Jenny with redoubled exertion. She remained two months longer, daily going to Jenny's studio, where she sat two or three hours by her side, day after day, docile as a child, looking up to her young teacher with mingled veneration and admiration, her own loveliness heightened by the shade of sorrow that had fallen upon her beautiful face.

With sad forebodings and a sinking heart Kate parted from her little benefactress, to go to her husband's home.

Ever striving to conceal from her new friends the weary weight that lay upon her heart, — her want of education, — her health began to decline. But steamer after steamer brought her hundreds of written pages of instruction, which she eagerly devoured, like one in extreme hunger.

Thrown into society to which she had been unaccustomed, it was difficult at first to her to conform with ease to its etiquette and requirements; but even on these points she had received lessons from Jenny. And who will be surprised to learn that, after two or three years, these instructions were so blessed that the young widow no longer blushed for ignorance, for which she had at one time nearly died broken-hearted?

Now, so pleasing were her manner and conversation that she was obliged to entertain foreign visitors at her father-in-law's house. On account of her knowledge of both English and French (the latter language she had

learned since her arrival in Europe), they found her a delightful companion.

The struggle to improve, and the effort to conceal her trouble, rendered Kate's delicacy a cause of alarm. The doctor finding it difficult to overcome the debility, for which he could find no apparent cause, advised her to go to Baden-Baden, for change of air and scene. Here, veiled in deep mourning, she sought the seclusion of her room; but she was forced to mingle in the crowd, and soon became an unwilling belle! Of this she wrote to Jenny, to whom she confided every change of circumstance, and from whom she still obtained letters filled with instruction and advice.

Mrs. White allowed Jenny to join, with her, a benevolent society belonging to St. Francis Xavier's Church, in order to teach her to visit the poor in their homes. This society obliged its members to aid the poor with money and work, and every young lady must, in company with a married lady, visit their poor twice a week.

In a short time Jenny's poor looked for her coming with impatience, and crowds flocked to her house begging "just to see the dear young lady, if only for a few minutes;" for every one of whom she always had a kind welcome.

It was her custom to go very often to communion, and every morning to mass; and, on her way home, three days in the week she made it a rule to call on the sick.

Among the sick whom she visited, there were often patients whose sickness and homes were very repulsive

to her; but her charity overcame her repugnance, and she did not hesitate to become the good Samaritan when it became necessary. One poor woman, who was afflicted with cancer, received her attention for weeks, and died blessing "the angel." The only reward she ever asked, she received, namely, "Pray for me; and pray for my parents."

At the church which she attended for years (St. Francis Xavier's), she knew by sight every aged earnestly devout poor person who came often to offer their prayers at the foot of the Cross; and in all her own little troubles or need, her faith in prayer was unlimited. She would go to them and whisper, "Pray for my intention." These poor people were playfully called "Jenny's saints" by the children, who joked her a good deal about them.

This extraordinary love for prayer, and her faith in it, made her call the servants to her room daily, and give them religious instruction, and then say prayers with and for them. We need not add that "Miss Jenny" was in their eyes all that was good and beautiful.

"The children," as she called her brothers and sisters, collected every day in her room, and she knelt with them before her oratory, to pray all together for their father and mother, — her mother joining them in this devotion.

When her father bade them good-by every morning, leaving home, his last words were invariably, "Pray for me, my dear children, with your dear mother. I rely upon your prayers."

While Jenny was a devotee to her religion in the exercise of her devotions and works of mercy, she was no less

scrupulous in what the same faith required of her in her duty to society.

Invitations to parties, balls, receptions, and dinners were always accepted with pleasure when her parents could accompany her; and, as many will testify, she was rarely gifted to adorn the sphere in which she moved.

On these occasions she was invariably surrounded by a large circle of admirers, who were enthusiastic in their admiration and love of her, for she drew hearts within the influence of her own soul with a magnetic power which young and old acknowledged; and yet so modestly did she receive their homage that she made them feel that the credit was due to their kindness of heart more than merit of her own.

She conversed with fascinating sprightliness in several languages, charming every listener with the enthusiasm that beamed in her countenance while speaking, and imparted its light like a sunbeam to all around her.

The most attractive gift in her conversation was the faculty she possessed of drawing out in confidential expression the ideas and thoughts of the most reserved and taciturn; and, added to this, was the charm of listening with interest to whatever engaged their attention. Not alone those who were congenial and attractive in society felt her influence. It was often remarked that gentlemen who were called disagreeable bores by most young ladies, and who would walk through a dance with them in a dogged, treadmill solemnity, with Jenny were pleasant; and the zest with which they entered into the pleasures of the quadrille in her company attracted attention. She

invariably cast a spell of her own upon them, and left them persuaded they had been most agreeable!

Knowing with what spirit she entered the lawful pleasures of society, she feared that fatigue, after her return home, might cause her distractions at her night prayers. Therefore, after her toilet was completed for a ball or party (it was invariably one of great taste and suitability), in full evening dress, it was her rule to kneel before her oratory, just before starting from home, and say her night prayers.

No one could look at her, at such times, and not see that she was all forgetful of the anticipated pleasure, which her youth and innocence robed in brilliant colors. Often her oldest brother, who knew the carriage was at the door, would call her in vain! At last, when she rose and robed to leave, and approached the door, Frank would run ahead, calling out, "Children, children, shut every bedroom door, or Jenny will stop at every oratory she passes! We will have the stations all the way to the hall-door." Once at the party, no one was more merry, more gay than she.

CHAPTER IV.

GIRLHOOD — CONTINUED.

THE younger students of "Castle Comfort" had made good progress in the ordinary branches, and had passed an examination in rhetoric, natural philosophy, and history. They read and spoke French, and were studying music. Jenny had added to the above the study of belles-lettres, theoretical music, and Italian.

Since she was nine years of age she had read twenty-five pages a day in a course of reading which she had been obliged to follow according to the direction of her mother. It included ancient and modern history, biography, and poetry. This system of daily regularity in kind and quantity of well selected reading, had given her a fund of general knowledge, which cannot be acquired by the ordinary mode of school education, where so little time is allowed for literature. Her mind and imagination were consequently more cultivated than is usual at her age, and she was prepared to profit by the advantages which the refined society of her home offered her.

It occurred to her mother that she ought to study Spanish. It was a beautiful language, and one which would please Jenny; yet Mrs. White had a secret desire (without good reason) that her daughters should not

marry Spaniards; and would not a knowledge of their language lead them to form attachments to which she felt so much opposed? In spite of the warning voice, her judgment remained firm that Jenny ought to study Spanish.

Mrs. White had studied from the first year of her married life, and took lessons from the best masters in everything which she intended to teach her children. She consulted her husband on this point, who was ever ready to aid and encourage her in the pursuit of knowledge. He approved of obtaining a good professor of Spanish at once. A Spanish gentleman, who had graduated with honor at the University of Paris, was selected, who now came daily to teach Mrs. White and Jenny Spanish in a class together.

They became interested and progressed rapidly. Spring came, and found them eager to pursue the study without interruption. Summer rest and summer recreation could not be thought of, if it would interfere with that object. Therefore, the quiet little village of West Farms was chosen as their retreat from gay life for the season.

A neat cottage, with a pretty greenhouse attached, was tastefully furnished, and the family removed to it on the first of May. Surrounded by music, books, flowers, and every comfort which heart and mind could desire, provided by the best of fathers for their enjoyment, and then within the shadow and protection of the Catholic Church, there seemed nothing wanting to make that home a paradise; and yet there was within it one little heart in trouble for a time!

A gentleman of wealth and good name had seen Jenny, and was resolved, if possible, to find favor in her eyes. It could not be. Her younger sisters were often amused at her alarm when he was in sight. When his carriage and horses were seen approaching the house, which announced a visit of a day or two, Jenny flew to her room, and, throwing herself upon her knees, begged God to save her from ever being deluded into the weakness of giving her hand without her heart.

That blessed summer! Flooded with the sunlight of hope and joy, how it rises before us in all its freshness and bloom! Would that we could now longer gaze upon the gorgeous tints of that lovely vision of the past! But time cries "Onward!" and we must not pause here.

We leave them awhile with the flowers of spring, and look in upon another scene.

In the tropical zone, on the Isthmus of Panama, is the little town of Santiago, situated ten miles from the Pacific. It had, for some time, enjoyed undisturbed repose in that lovely valley, where it revelled in its perpetual summer.

Many of the sons of the old Castilian families had become dissatisfied with the weary monotony of inactive life, which so well pleased their ancestors, and yearned to go abroad. Among them was Bernardino del Bal, the only son of Señor don Santiago del Bal, one of the wealthiest of the old Spanish aristocracy in Columbia.

After much persuasion, Don Bernardino at last gained permission to leave home; and his sisters were busily and with sad hearts preparing for his departure from this

enchanting valley, to go with several others to the United States and to Europe to study and to travel.

The day had arrived to set out. Don Santiago gave his son his blessing, and this advice: "My son, I ask of you three things. Never associate with your inferiors; never yield to the temptation of leaving forever your native country; return to me as you leave me, — pure and good."

The horses and mules were at the door, and the party of young men departed. With a swelling heart, Bernardino bade adieu to home. The lovely valley was soon left behind in the dim distance, as slowly the cavalcade wound its way through the mountains to the Atlantic shore; and visions of the New World, soon to open upon him, filled his mind with a strange delight.

In the month of March or April the little party reached New York, and went to the St. Nicholas Hotel, where, for a few days, they passed their time pleasantly enough.

It was a strange contrast — that ever-moving, tempest-tossed, care-worn looking sea of human beings, constantly before their eyes, to the pleasure-seeking, effeminate, idle, easy-going population of the sunny Isthmus. But there was a spirit within our young stranger that had broken loose from the enchantments of indolence that lull to sleep, and this scene of activity and earnest intent better suited it.

New York and its allurements he soon found too distracting, and he sought a place where he could pursue a course of study, as he thought, to better advantage.

A cousin, who had come to the States a year before,

proposed the little village of West Farms as a retired spot, where he could soon acquire the English language, under the instruction of a professor, of whom many Spaniards spoke highly, and afterwards he could return to the city to finish his education. The young stranger acceded to the proposition, and arrived there a short time before the family took the cottage.

He found the place without any attraction until he was introduced to Jenny. He had heard of her from his cousin as "a most charming and accomplished young lady, with whom every one was pleased;" and so extravagant were the praises bestowed upon her that his impatience to become acquainted with the family, in order to see her, amused his companions greatly.

He had gained an introduction. It seemed a good opportunity for Jenny and her mother to speak Spanish, and an equal advantage to the young Spaniard to learn English. His gentlemanly bearing and unobtrusive manner soon made him a favorite visitor, and it was not long before it was arranged that he should come three afternoons in the week, and speak Spanish and English an hour; after which the time was passed pleasantly with the family, where music, dancing, and conversation were the amusements of the evening.

Summer came, and passed rapidly. It was like one bright, joyous day of happiness and pleasure to the young people and a delight to the parents. But to Señor del Bal, with the autumn and the departure of the family to New York, came gloomy hours of discontent. His books

were often laid aside, because he could not fix his attention upon them, and his peace had flown!

His visits were frequent to the family in New York, and always welcome; but he noticed that no opportunity was lost to show him that the same warm hospitality was extended to all strangers who were their guests, if, like him, they were far removed from their families. He also remarked, with anxious heart, that Jenny had many admirers, and some he thought more favored than the others. One, he was assured, by an acquaintance of the family, would be the accepted; and if so . . .

A year passed, and still he hoped on; for as yet he thought her free. Afraid to venture to declare his love, lest it should be too soon, and afraid to wait, lest the prize which to him had now become of all the earth the most valuable, and which he sought to gain with all the ardor of his heart and soul, would be snatched from him. All unconscious of her power, Jenny became more and more a necessary part of his existence. Her mother observed that her every look and word interested Bernardino. Alarmed and troubled, she drew from him the secret of his heart; and, with all the delicacy possible not to wound his pride, assured him that Jenny had never spoken of him as a lover, although her respect and friendship were great for him, no doubt; that it would be impossible for her parents, much as they respected and admired him, to consent to give their child to one whose home lay so far away from them; that she had been so tenderly loved, her heart would break if she were so far separated from her family. Her mother implored him to

forget her, and not to speak of his love to Jenny; and she promised that this interview, painful to both, should be known only to him and to her.

Poor Bernardino was overcome by the unexpected disappointment of his highest and holiest earthly hope, and confessed that to cease to love her would be impossible so long as she was not another's; but his honor forbade that he should force his suit against the will of her parents; and he would go away to travel, and try to conceal from her at least his ardent but hopeless love.

He left, a few days after this interview, and travelled over the States, vainly endeavoring to occupy his mind with other thoughts.

Meantime, others came, acceptable to the parents, and sought the hand of their daughter; but all unavailingly! Wherever Bernardino went, the image of her who had become to him the star of life followed, and neither time nor distance could separate him from her.

He returned to his studies, sick, downcast, and troubled; but, by an energy unexampled, gained the highest honors, in spite of these wearing distractions. He could not but look forward, beyond these doubts and fears, with hope to a beacon light he saw in the distance; and to gain it he would try to make himself worthy. So he labored on.

He had kept his promise for months, and had not spoken of his love to Jenny; but he would now venture to offer her some gifts which he had selected for her. They were politely declined . . . . Yet not, he thought, without an unconcealed regret and winning

sweetness, as if sorry for the wound she was inflicting.

New Year's Day came again when he might call with the crowd, and not betray his heart. He called. "Jenny looked like a little queen," he said, surrounded by her worshippers. She smiled on all, entertaining them with dignity and a captivating grace that charmed him. Bernardino stood at a little distance from her, after his salutation, gazing upon her in silent admiration. She can never be mine, he thought. His head grew dizzy, and he left the parlor just in time to avoid fainting; but not unobserved by Jenny.

The following summer he had finished his English and French studies, and his father had written to him, advising him to go to Europe and spend two years travelling for pleasure and improvement. To go, and not tell Jenny that he worshipped her, would be impossible, although he knew he would meet no encouragement.

He asked for an opportunity, which her mother no longer denied him, who felt truly pained to see him so resolved, believing that he must be again disappointed. He was eloquent. His beautiful language aided him, and yet "he could not tell her half." She listened, and every word sank deep into her heart; yet, with a sad countenance and scarcely audible voice, she told him she could not give him hope . . . It was too far away . . . . How could she go?

The story is soon told. He left, and again returned; and time showed him that Jenny had loved him better than she thought. Her parents, learning that her happi-

ness was involved, no longer withheld their consent; and the announcement of the engagement caused much surprise that one so sought for at home should have been given to a stranger. He proved himself worthy of the prize.

We have related these difficulties in the way of the engagement, because we believe it to have been the will of God, in spite of them, that she should leave all and go to a strange land.

Now that Bernardino's new happiness filled his heart to overflowing with joy, it was hard to think of going to Europe. Two years' absence from the chosen one? the cherished one? Who could expect it? Not even his aged father, he thought; and he found but little difficulty in persuading Jenny's father that the study of law at Cambridge, Massachusetts, would be more advantageous to him than a trip to Europe.

After a month's enjoyment, he left New York, and entered the law school. Six months had passed, and with joyous anticipation the young people looked forward to their meeting, which was to bring unalloyed content to both. Alas! the course of true love will not run smoothly! Jenny's father became unhappy when he fully realized that he had given up his child to be taken to a country where the sound of her own language would be unheard, and where the difficulties of the journey would separate her, perhaps for years, from her family. In vain did her mother, for Jenny's sake, expostulate with him. "No," he would answer, "I have done wrong in giving my consent, my dear; and you must not yield your judgment to your unwillingness to make them suffer. They

must live in New York, or the engagement must be broken."

Bernardino had written that in a few hours he would arrive. It was his first vacation at Cambridge. Jenny, having been told her father's determination, met him with a troubled countenance. It was soon explained to him, in a conversation with her father, that the engagement must not continue unless his home would be in the United States.

Poor Bernardino could scarcely speak in reply. He begged Mr. White to reconsider his decision, — to give him a little time. "I would lose my life for Jenny, but I cannot for a time leave Santiago," he said.

"Then I must insist that the engagement be broken," replied Mr. White. "I could not advise my child to remove so far from her family. I know that it is a great trial for you, — I feel it deeply, Mr. del Bal; but it seems your love for Jenny is not sufficient to induce you to make this sacrifice, if sacrifice it be, for her sake."

Bernardino seemed in unutterable agony of mind, and walked several times up and down the room in silence before he could reply. At last he said with difficulty, choked by emotion: —

"I know it must appear strange to you, Mr. White, that I should hesitate a moment to comply with your wishes, and, above all, when not to do so will deprive me of all the happiness of my life." Here he paused.

"And you are still resolved not to leave Santiago?" inquired Mr. White in astonishment.

"It must be so. It was one of the conditions upon

which I gained my father's consent to come here, — that I should not leave my native country forever. I made him the promise that no temptation should induce me to leave him after my education should be completed. It is hard that I should now be obliged to make this terrible sacrifice for filial duty; but I must submit."

In a few moments after, both gentlemen came from the room where they had been closeted. Mr. White went to his room, greatly pained that he should be forced to be the cause of so much pain to his idolized child and to Bernardino. But he hoped the time would come when she would thank him for it.

Bernardino and Jenny stood a few moments together in the little studio off the parlor, before Bernardino left, saying but little. They were suffering too much to speak their thoughts in this most bitter disappointment; yet each strong in strength to be obedient to the will of parents whom they loved and respected, after a struggle they parted, released from the engagement! . . . .

This trial, so magnanimously borne, was soon followed by a greater happiness than could have been anticipated. Mrs. White interceded for them, and represented to her husband that a son who would make such a sacrifice for a promise to an aged father, must be a son blessed by the grace of God, for this was a supernatural act of love and obedience, and where could they find one more worthy of the precious charge of their daughter's happiness? When did she plead with her husband in vain?

The argument was a powerful one, and the young people were again reunited by vows never to be broken.

CHAPTER V.

MARRIAGE.

THE following summer Jenny went with her family to Lake Mahopac. It was a season when this watering-place was in its pristine glory. Two thousand New Yorkers that summer enjoyed its invigorating influences.

The beautiful lake, and its island of enchantment, were rival places of resort for these pleasure-seekers. On the lake, a flotilla of row-boats, decked in gay colors, were rowed by ladies and gentlemen, who went sometimes a little after dawn to gather water-lilies, or later in the morning in parties to the glens on the island for rural sports, — a pic-nic, or a ramble under the lofty trees, whose wide-spreading branches of heavy foliage almost shut out the sun from the sward beneath.

Many a moonlight night the "Mary Stanton" (Mr. White's boat), filled with their family and some friends, glided across the lake, and then rested upon the unrippled bosom of the water, a mile from shore, to listen with breathless attention to Jenny's voice in a heavenly Ave Maria, or a touching ballad, whose witching power, in a few moments, brought around them every other boat on the lake. No sooner were they near, than, catching the inspiration, a multitude of voices from these boats

joined her in the chorus of her songs. This usually ended in calling forth improvised stanzas from one and another of the company, till the whole air was filled with joyous sound that reached the shore, and challenged merry spirits there, who came out of the hotels in parties to the banks of the lake, and cheered, and cried "Viva," until the little fleet reached home again. Sometimes, as soon as Jenny's voice was heard in the distance at night, on the water, fire-rockets were sent up from one or more of the hotels, and many handkerchiefs waved from the windows at the conclusion of a song, and waved until she sang again and again.

It was impossible for her to return a call at one of the hotels without being urged to sing and play; crowds meanwhile filled the parlor and porches to listen to her. Among the guests were many accomplished musicians. One German gentleman assured a friend of his that since Malibran he had not heard a voice that pleased him so well as Miss White's. A difficult Italian piece she had just sung, with variations, made him enthusiastic. The applause she received embarrassed her frequently, but it never excited the slightest vanity.

It was not unusual this summer for parties of forty and fifty to call during the day upon her, and one evening over a hundred visitors came to spend the evening! The number caused much merriment, for not more than half could be accommodated in the quiet quarters chosen by the family, and many were obliged to remain outside till those within had left. Indeed, so much attention became extremely wearisome.

One of those days at the lake is described in a letter lately received from Jenny's sister, in the convent, to her mother : —

"We had gone, immediately after breakfast, to a picnic, you remember, dear mother, to Wild Cat Glen on the island. It was a hot August day ; and, after rambling through the glen and over the rocks, Jenny sang several times for the little party alone and in chorus, and was very much fatigued. Then we rowed home, in the glare of the sun, from the island. All this fatigue and heat gave Jenny a violent nervous headache.

"We had engaged to attend a fancy ball that night at Gregory's, and she knew that our enjoyment depended upon her accompanying us there ; so she ran to her room as soon as we reached home, to strive to sleep, in order to awaken refreshed. Scarcely had she lain down, pale with this throbbing headache, when a large party of friends was announced as having been waiting an hour in the parlor before her return, and had desired particularly to see her.

"I exclaimed against her going down, and insisted she should have a little rest ; that it was the same every day, and she must now send an excuse ; that they had come to hear her sing. To which she sweetly replied : 'Nell, I ought not to refuse myself, as if I were a person of importance ; and if I can give them any pleasure, it is right to do so.' Down she went, and sang and conversed as pleasantly, and was as full of animation, as if she were well, and no one knew what she was suffering all the time.

"I knew Jenny's humility, and that she never sang or played to gratify her own pride and vanity. I remember one evening we were at Dr. Anderson's. He was very fond of music, and a critic. He asked Jenny to sing. I knew that she had a severe cold, and, as the doctor had never heard her sing, I was, with a sister's pride, anxious that she should not sing; but Jenny whispered to me, 'What a foolish child you are, Nell! I would not deem it right to think a moment of admiration or reputation, unless I were dependent upon my voice.' And then she seated herself to play and sing. I felt reproached for my worldliness, when I saw the sweet, contented smile that rested on her face when she rose from the piano, although the cold had deprived her voice of its sweetness and flexibility."

Another instance of forgetfulness of self, of which we we have just been reminded, may not be uninteresting. A gentleman visitor came to the house, for whom she had no especial liking. He was fond of music, and remained several hours unreasonably asking for song after song, which Jenny sang, never seeming weary; but scarcely had he closed the door when she fainted from exhaustion produced by a severe nervous headache, from which she had been suffering all the time!

Two years had elapsed since Bernardino entered the law school, and he now made preparations to return to Santiago, and make fit arrangements there for the reception of her whom he called "the belle of New York." He had graduated with honor, and must now hasten to

fulfil his promise to his aged father, Don Santiago, and announce the near approach of his marriage to an American lady.

He reached home in safety. His father and two sisters were overjoyed to see him after so long an absence. They cordially received the news of his engagement, looking upon the full-length picture of Jenny, which he took with him, with delight, and asked many questions concerning the young American and her family. He told them of her goodness, her loveliness, her winning graces of mind and person. But instead of listening to his love-bound, spell-bound praise, we will give the quotation, sent us by a friend whom Jenny loved dearly, as descriptive of her.

"It is not the smiles of a pretty face, nor the tint of her complexion, nor the beauty and symmetry of her person, nor the costly dress and decorations that compose woman's loveliness; nor is it the enchanting glance of her eye, with which she darts such lustre on the man she deems worthy of her friendship, that constitute her beauty. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affability and open disposition, her sympathy with those in adversity, her comforting and relieving the poor in distress, and, above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitute true loveliness."

"Oh, she doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use; for earth too dear."

Month after month passed, and still Jenny was watching and waiting. Bernardino had not come! Letters came irregularly, at long intervals, and each promised new hope of a speedy return. Still, again and again, she looked in vain! Busy rumor whispered words of distrust of his fidelity, that reached her ear. But she knew him too well to doubt.

At length he acknowledged to her, by letter, that the whole country, for miles around Santiago, had been threatened with a fearful revolution, and until such danger should pass away he could not leave with safety; and he had been, in spite of all effort to prevent it, enrolled privately, and ordered to defend the city. Poor Jenny! Day and night her heart was in fear for his safety, and at daily mass she sought prayers from all her friends for her intention in his behalf. Still no one but her family knew her deep and absorbing anxiety; for, concealing her trouble, she was everywhere the bright and radiant star, shedding light and lustre upon the circle of which she was ever the centre.

Never had she been more courted than now. At home and abroad, never had homage been more abundantly offered to her. Conquests without number were won by the power and sweetness of her voice, now rich and full, for its tones were drawn from the heart's deep harmonies.

Meanwhile, Bernardino was still far away from her, dejected and unhappy, filled with fears and sad forebodings of coming ill.

During this prolonged absence, Jenny's sweetness and

generosity is thus described in a letter lately received from the convent, from her sister Nell: —

"None could have guessed how deeply the cross had sunken into her heart. She never, to my recollection, broached the subject to one of us; and if we spoke of it, she never dwelt upon what she suffered or felt, and did not seem to expect others to think of it.

"I believe I knew her thoughts more intimately than any living being, for she spoke more freely, thinking our lives would be spent together in Santiago, and she wished to lighten your heart, dear mother, of any anxiety you might feel; and yet she never spoke to me ten minutes of the suffering this suspense and absence, under such painful circumstances, caused her.

"It was no reserve caused this, for she was of a most confiding nature; but it was perfect unselfishness. It was only when she, who had never given way, fainted, on hearing that the vessel had arrived, bringing Bernardino, that we knew what a strain had been upon heart and nerves."

At the end of this long and weary year danger to Santiago had disappeared, and Bernardino set sail, with bounding heart, for New York, where he arrived to find "all well!" The home, "Castle Comfort," was decorated with garlands of evergreen and illuminated to receive him. A transparency, wreathed with flowers, upon which was printed in Spanish "Always Welcome," was suspended across the folding-doors between the parlors. In the evening, a play, which had been written by Jenny's

sister, Mrs. Mack, was admirably acted by her and the other brothers and sisters, to celebrate his return. The merry-making of that night was in harmony with the occasion, which made all the inmates of that household, for the time, forget the pain of the past.

Two months from that day and night of rejoicing, Jenny and Bernardino stood at the altar, in St. Francis Xavier's Church, a bride and groom. The ceremony was an imposing one. The altar, filled with lights and natural flowers, the magnificent vestments of cloth of gold, and the rich gold vessels used in the sacrifice, the select audience in full dress, the six lovely bridesmaids, and their accompanying groomsmen, the exquisite music, and the solemn and touching address to the young couple by Father Driscol, — a beloved friend of both, — could hardly be adequately described, as it impressed the crowd of friends.

The day had been threatening, cold, and rainy, since it dawned upon that wedding morning; yet the church was crowded. Jenny stood at the altar, opposite the large stained-glass window, robed in her snow-white bridal dress and orange blossoms, — her only ornaments, the ancestral pearls of her husband's family (his wedding gift).

When she knelt for the nuptial benediction, two bridesmaids and groomsmen held over her and Bernardino, according to a Spanish custom, the gold cloth sacramental veil. Every eye was fixed in admiration upon the rapt devotion and angelic expression of the bride

kneeling there; and while they were gazing upon her, the sun broke forth from behind the clouds, which till then had darkened the church, and flooded her with a brilliant and glowing light. An involuntary "How beautiful!" was heard from different parts of the building.

That evening, when the pastor, Father Driscol, called to see the family, he was asked if he ever saw a more distinguished company, or more beautiful and attentive bridesmaids and groomsmen, nearly all of whom were Protestants. He replied: "Madam, I did not see them; I only saw the angel who knelt before me."

The next morning the following notice of the marriage appeared in one of the New York papers:—

"At a splendid wedding of one of our most charming belles (daughter of Hon. Judge W——), celebrated according to the Catholic Spanish form, the ceremony of blessing the bridal pair, under a canopy held by the attendants, was performed for the first time in this country. The scene was very beautiful, with the brilliant dresses of a numerous assemblage, the profusion of flowers decorating the Virgin's shrine — (May is her peculiar month) — the blaze of lights, and the sacerdotal ceremonies.

"'Sail forth into the sea of life,
O gentle, loving, trusting wife.'"

CHAPTER VI.

DEPARTURE FOR SANTIAGO.

It was the intention of Bernardino to leave New York, a few weeks after their marriage, and return home. But fate interposed. The long-threatened revolution in Santiago broke out at last, and brought with it death, desolation, and gloom upon that little town, which we remember was introduced to us but a few years ago slumbering in such tranquil repose.

Bernardino's first letters after his wedding-day announced this fearful event, and the death of his brother-in-law, who had fallen a victim, in the street, to the fury of the revolutionists!

What could he do? To take his bride there now, where his home was covered as with a pall of mourning, he could not think of; and to remain away, might be disastrous to his worldly affairs. The advice of his father-in-law was taken; and the family, though deeply deploring the cause, rejoiced at the thought that Jenny might yet adorn and bless "Castle Comfort" with her presence a little longer.

Oh, how rapidly, as if on angel wings, those months passed away! We knew such happiness could not last,

and we must now be content with the pleasure that sad memory has treasured of those moments. How closely, side by side, are the golden and the darkened threads interwoven in the web of life!

At the close of a year, the birth of a son, whom they named James White del Bal, gladdened all hearts. Again heartfelt rejoicings rang through the house, and no one was more wild with joy than the young mother, whose heart seemed too full of happiness, finding herself in our midst, and seeing her first-born in the bosom of her own family, caressed and loved with lavish expression of affection by them.

Alas! the floral festive wreaths were scarcely hung upon the walls to welcome him, before death came, with his relentless hand, and snatched from the mother's bosom her beautiful boy!

And now we must let them go away. Would that we could recount another joy before the parting. The resignation with which that bereaved young father and mother gave up their child to God edified every one who saw it.

That week another deep affliction fell upon the family, — the death of a beloved and revered aunt, Mary Ann Griffin, sister of Gerald Griffin, — a saintly soul, fit companion to another world of the spotless infant.

Jenny's sister, Ellen, had made preparations to enter the Convent of the Sacred Heart as a nun, but deferred her departure until the day when Jenny and Bernardino would sail for Panama.

It was a fearful struggle for parents and children, the tearing asunder members of that happy and united family.

Frank, the eldest son, had already gone forth into the army of the North, although not yet twenty-one; and now, on the 23d of June, 1863, carriages stood at the door to convey Jenny and Bernardino to the vessel that sailed in a few hours for Panama, and Ellen to her newly chosen convent-home at Manhattanville!

Hearts bled . . . . . .

Jenny privately, just before starting, called her brothers and sisters to her room, and told them that it was her duty and theirs to be brave of heart, and to do all they could to help father and mother to bear the parting so near at hand, and asked them to promise not to cry before them at the ship, till after she had gone. She then made them all kneel down with her before her oratory, for the last time together, and ask God to help them to keep up in this severe trial, and spare the feelings of their parents. Rising, she then kissed each one in turn, and bade them good-by, embracing them, amid loud sobs from all, again and again.

An hour after, the carriages rolled away, bearing the family to the ship. They went on board, and remained till "All ashore!" sounded like a death-knell to them. In silence, and with bursting hearts, "the children" in turn hung upon Jenny's neck. "Remember your promise — we must keep up," — she whispered to each; and they were every one heroic! Their little leader did not ask in vain. But when the parents came to clasp her in their arms, nature and strength gave way on their parts . . . . . .

Again, "All ashore!" admonished them that a last

farewell must be taken, and the family left to gaze from the shore on the huge black monster-looking ship at the wharf. It was filled to overflowing with people of all ages and conditions, about to leave for California and elsewhere ; and, among them, two young people, Jenny and Bernardino, stood arm in arm, leaning against the bulwarks of the vessel, — Jenny, with forced smiles and encouraging words, tossing kisses to her parents, as when a little child, calling to them, "We will soon return ; it will not be long." But when the heavy cables were drawn in, and fell in fetter-like coils on the deck, her hand grasped Bernardino's arm with almost convulsive tightness. With hearts filled with inexpressible sadness, they leaned forward, and nothing around could distract them from their steadfast gaze upon the group on shore, of father, mother, brothers, sisters, and friends, who stood looking up to them, in silence, with outstretched arms and streaming eyes !

The huge vessel slowly and majestically began to move away upon the waters. We can see those two now, as at that moment, waving adieu, and adieu, and adieu, and receiving again and again the response from aching hearts on shore.

The ship had ploughed her way a half a mile from the shore ; yet there they stood motionless, with faces turned homeward, still with straining gaze upon us. A dark and threatening sky formed a background, and the rough waves before them kept widening the distance between us, until we saw their figures disappear in darkness at the

horizon, where earth and heaven seemed to meet. And there we left them!

Our guardianship of that sweet soul was over! It was her first going out from the ark of home (her parents' bosom), where she had been so tenderly loved. She never returned with the olive-branch to them; but she was sent to take peace "which passeth all understanding" to the hearts and souls of many.

Of Jenny's life hereafter, she must be her own chronicler, in letters written only for the eye of her family. We have given them to our readers just as they were written, believing that withholding what might be deemed by some of but little interest to the public would mar the whole.

We have dwelt upon the gifts and graces of her, of whom we have written this imperfect and unsatisfactory memoir, not to bring to light, for vain praise, her loveliness and perfection. God forbid! It has been so universally acknowledged, by all who knew her, that she was especially good ("angelic" was a favorite term used by her friends when speaking of her), and her future life (alas! so short) so justified the belief that she was one of the chosen few, that we have analyzed her heart and soul for our own good and that of others, to contemplate how beautifully harmonious are God's works, when his providence is manifested in the guidance and guardianship of his elect. And such a one, we believe, was Jenny.

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE.

The Parting from Home — Alabama Feared — Arrival at Aspinwall near at hand — College Songs — Homesickness.

LATITUDE UNKNOWN TO ME,
"Ocean Queen," *June 24th*, 1863,
11.30 A. M.

My darling father, mother, and each one down to Pamela, of my cherished home circle, rises before me as I seat myself to address to you my first letter home.

I do not dare to say one word of my agonizing feelings leaving you, dear ones; for I cannot now trust myself to think, much less write, on this subject. I do not know what my fellow-passengers thought of me; for, as I was borne away from you all, your dear forms faded from my sight, I sobbed and cried aloud. Poor Bernardino tried to comfort me; but he felt truly sad leaving a family, whom he says he has reason to love as only next to his own, and he can hardly draw the distinction.

A short time after we left the dock, while I was still gazing in the direction where I had last seen you, I heard a lively voice behind me, saying, "I knew this must be you. Cheer up, and take some cherries." Looking up, I saw J. T. Doyle.

Bernardino presented his letter to the captain. "You must be related to the Arosemenas, you resemble them so much," he remarked. "I am," said Bernardino; "my mother was an Arosemena." I think we receive more attention since.

This morning the upper deck reminds me of Saratoga or Lake Mahopac. Various groups of ladies and gentlemen are engaged in chatting, reading, playing, and some ladies pretending to sew or knit. I am writing in my state-room. So far, I am well; but it has been very smooth, yet wind enough to use the sails. If I were not homesick, I would call it delightful. We appear to have a number of agreeable people on board.

Bernardino and I are constantly speaking of you all. Not only is my heart filled with remembrances of each one at home, but with all my loved relatives in Binghamton, Detroit, Georgetown, and Manhattanville. I feel as though I am addressing each one particularly, so vividly do they come before me. All past kindness, love, and affection, shown me by them, makes me feel that I have had an unusual measure of happiness in the devoted, active affection that every member of my family has bestowed upon me. I trust I have not been spoiled by it, and that before many years are over I may be permitted to be once more reunited to my dear ones at home, the separation from whom is so great, so overpowering a trial.

I am more anxious on account of leaving poor Frank in so dangerous a position.* I trust in the mercy of God

* Frank J. White, her oldest brother, not yet twenty-one, was an officer in the army of the Civil War, then begun.

I will hear nothing but good news. My parting with you all was so hurried, it seemed to add to the pain. My darling father's pale face still troubles me. I cannot bring myself to think of my dearest Ellen as missed from the home circle. It was so hard for me to give her up, the darling! I must not dwell too particularly on you all, or I will not be presentable at dinner.

Dear Bernardino has been, I need not say, all loving care and kindness, and tries in every way to console me.

My letter must necessarily be stupid, I fear. The only adventures we can anticipate, namely, an encounter with the Alabama, or a storm, I prefer being deprived of!

June 26th. — It has been rough, and I dared not write in my state-room yesterday. The evening was calm, and the moon shone out clearly. The sea-sick passengers revived, and the upper deck presented quite an agreeable scene. The passengers have tried to imagine the "Alabama" among the sails we have passed. They say, however, that she is now on the Pacific side, to catch the ships as they appear.

We have made several agreeable acquaintances. Mr. Hertado, an intelligent, accomplished gentleman, is very diligently instructing me in political matters. He says he wishes me to use my influence on the right side. He has had long conversations with Bernardino on the state of his country, and has tried to discover Bernardino's political views. Bernardino has been enough of the lawyer to be very non-committal! He seems to think — why, I do not know — that I am going to do something in

Santiago. I have carefully avoided saying anything of my plans, for I would lose all influence were I to announce myself as one who expected to introduce some wonderful reforms; and I would not blame the people for disliking me. I have been laughing at the idea of influencing Bernardino. Mr. Hertado is not aware that he is an American citizen!

June 27th. — My darling little Pamela's birthday! I hope my dear Loo will give her my birthday kiss.

The vessel is rocking. Many of the passengers have given up. I may do so soon. Some of my neighbors look as if they must give up the ghost!

O my darling parents, what would I not give to be with you for one hour even! Homesickness is far worse than seasickness. Each one of my dear ones at home is vividly before me, and I yearn, with an indescribable longing, to clasp you to my heart once more.

After all my preparation, my parting seemed hurried and unsatisfactory. When I left the house, I was so confused I could not tell afterwards if I had said good-by to all the servants. If I did not, tell them I thought of them, but scarcely knew what I was doing.

I wrote several letters to my dear uncles and aunts in Detroit, to Binghamton, and to others, which were mislaid. If they are found, please send them.

June 29th. — The heat has become oppressive. Last night, about eleven o'clock, we began to send up rockets as signals to the convoy "Rhode Island," which was

awaiting us in this latitude. In a short time, an officer from the "Rhode Island" boarded us. There was a great state of excitement among some of the ladies, when they were aroused from their sleep, when we were boarded. Many gave up all as lost. One old lady was in a great state of excitement, collecting her things together, thinking that the first descent of the rebels (whom she thought were already on board) would undoubtedly be on her trunk and bandbox.

We are now passing the Island Inagua. A few moments since, two of the blackest fellows came up in a little row-boat for the mail and papers, which the captain threw to them with great dexterity. I did not know what loneliness I experienced from being so far from land, until I felt such a revulsion of feeling on seeing this island this morning. All the passengers seemed quite cheered by it.

From the point from which we view the island, all that presents itself to us is white, shining sand, occasionally relieved by clusters of cocoa-nut and palm trees.

I have had quite a chat with an English lady this morning, who is going to San Francisco. She congratulates me on my destination being the Isthmus instead of California. She spent a month in Panama and its neighborhood, and says she never enjoyed a month more. The people with whom she visited were so refined and elegant in their manners, and are so kind and hospitable.

They have just prepared one of the practical jokes by which passengers try to relieve the tedium of a sea-voyage. Some one has spread the report that the

"Rhode Island" has had an engagement with the "Alabama," in which she lost one hundred and fifty men! Immediately after dinner, an officer from the "Rhode Island" is to come on board, and draft the number from among the passengers! the draft to commence in the steerage. Shortly after the story went round, a man was offered ten dollars to be a substitute, and I hear now offers have gone as high as twenty-five dollars!

My dear parents, this letter has been written at such times and in such places, I could hardly write a connected letter; but, if it does nothing more, it goes back to you freighted with my heart's best, warmest love, especially to you, my own darling parents, and to each and all of my dear family, whom I seem to love (if possible) more than I ever did before. I still think of my darling Nell as one of my home circle. Ah, how I miss her!* I do hope you will let Nettie and Lucy visit me. Oh, if I could only step into that old dining-room, and find you all there together again once more, if even for an hour! Bernardino does everything to console me in his power. I hope you will all remember to pray for us.

On the 13th I hope to have letters from home. How my heart bounds at the thought! Words seem so cold to express my feelings, when I say adieu to you my darling dear ones, but I think you know my heart.

Pray ever for your devotedly attached absent child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

* It had been arranged that Ellen, her sister, should accompany Jenny, and remain one year with her. But the journey was too long delayed, and Ellen entered the convent the day Jenny left home, unwilling to postpone making the sacrifice.

July 2d. — My beloved parents: We expect to arrive at Aspinwall this evening. It is raining quite hard, and we have an "Aspinwall sky." They say it rains there all the time.

I had a terrible attack of homesickness on deck last evening. A party of young gentlemen sang some of the old college songs we have so often sung all together at home; and it brought our whole family group, with dear Nettie and Tom in the foreground, so forcibly to my mind, that I cried myself sick, and had to go to bed from weakness.* I have awakened this morning with a little more courage. I am trying to look forward to our meeting again, and not back to that dreadful parting! Bernardino joins in love to each and all.

Pray, dearest parents, for your loving child so far away.

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

P. S. — Give my affectionate remembrances to each one of your good girls.

Arrival at Panama — Political State of the Country — Churches closed — Fourth of July honored for Jenny's Sake.

PANAMA, *July 5th*, 1863.

MY EVER BELOVED PARENTS, — At last I have arrived in this country of revolutions, and am quietly seated in a Boston rocking-chair (!) in my own room, the silence

* Those songs were often sung to close a delightful evening of social happiness. Jenny was the centre of the group who sang them, to the delight of many friends.

of my retreat occasionally interrupted by peals of laughter and volleys of Spanish, which come from the parlor, which is adjoining my room.

To say, my darling parents, that I do not feel home-sick, would deceive you. To arrive among a strange people, and to know that, in a certain manner, you now belong to them, is a heavy-hearted thing. How can it be otherwise to me, with the remembrance of my own loved home, family, and friends so fresh in my heart, as indeed they will ever remain.

My soul longs for dear Nell still, I can assure you. Do not fancy me unhappy, dear parents. I keep up very well, thank God; and indeed it would be ungrateful on my part did I not try to be cheerful, for everything that kindness of heart and sympathizing affection can suggest, is done by every member of this family, and by even the servants, to make me feel that I am really loved. All that we have heard of a Spanish welcome, is far from exaggeration. Mrs. Sosa (Bernardino's relative), whom we are visiting, immediately asked for Nell, and expressed much regret at her change of plan, and much sympathy with you, dear parents, in your trial of parting with us both on one day.

The father of the late governor just called upon me. He is a very fine-looking man, about sixty years of age. After his wife's death, he became a priest, and is, they say, a most excellent one. He is a man of talent and education, and formerly a member of Congress. My heart bled for the poor man, when Bernardino made a distant allusion to his son's death in the late revolution.

He could scarcely speak; and an expression of pain, without any bitterness in it, passed over his face, that I shall not soon forget, when he said, "They have taken away from me a son that I would joyfully have given my existence to save."

I feel very well, thank God; but the fatigue of the voyage, the arrival among strangers, the conversing continually in a foreign language, and trying to be lively and cheerful, while home memories are filling my heart and mind, have been, and are, quite a strain upon my nerves; and when I seat myself to write, I feel quite confused. Next week, I hope to send you a clearer account of my sayings and doings.

So far, I am delighted with those with whom I have become acquainted. In every sense of the word, they are perfectly refined people. You would like them much.

The political state of the country is terrible! All the churches are closed. But more on this subject in my next. I am called to see visitors. I have already had several visitors, and expect more this evening. Last night the gentlemen of the family set off some fireworks in the court-yard, in honor of my Independence Day (the Fourth). I need not say I was surprised and gratified.

I am called again. Adieu, my beloved parents, sisters, and brothers, all, all at home. Pray for your devoted child.

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

The long letter descriptive of her arrival accompanied this one of the 5th of July.

First Impressions of Panama — Its People — Churches — Introduction to her new Relatives — Private Houses in Panama — Private Chapel — Calls — Spanish Hospitality — Religious Exercises forbidden.

PANAMA, *July 4th*, 1863.

MY BELOVED PARENTS, — At length I have arrived in this ancient-looking city, after a most favorable voyage of nine days and fifteen hours.

We arrived at Aspinwall yesterday morning about daybreak. I can scarcely describe to you the strange feeling I experienced on approaching the coast, when, instead of the scenery to which my eye was accustomed, I beheld the rich foliage and luxuriant vegetation of the tropics. The scène was the more strange from the singular contrast presented in the mingling of the nations, so entirely opposite in manners and habits as the Americans and Spaniards, for purposes of business!

We had scarcely touched the wharf, when the vessel was crowded by a number of the most comical, jolliest looking negroes imaginable, reminding me of the few Southern darkies I have seen, and showing their love of dress in the same fantastic manner. Their ordinary dress consists of long linen trousers and shirt, — the shirt worn outside the pantaloons, — fastened in quite a graceful manner across the shoulders, and when possible, quite a handsome one; and this serves as an overcoat when it rains.

They were laughing and joking with all that lightheartedness that seems peculiar to their race wherever you find it. I forgot to add that their toilette was com-

pleted by a sombrero that baffles description. A negro's hat has always something peculiarly characteristic, but I think the South American darky must, in the hat question, bear off the palm! Every variety of the shape and color of the large Spanish sombrero was displayed. Each one tried to distinguish himself among his companions by the display of some little article of dress, which, I presume, he thought it difficult for them to obtain. One I remarked with a very handsome pink silk under-shirt, while another seemed equally proud of the toes of a pair of old brogans, in which he managed to shuffle along!

Around the depot, and along the wharves, were a great number of Jamaica women, offering for sale the most tempting fruits and excellent variety of cakes. The appearance of these women was quite Eastern, with their gay-colored turbans and their dress, usually white, or some bright-colored muslin, looped up, as we now loop our walking-dresses, with a bright colored handkerchief. They carried on their heads large wooden bowls filled with fruits. They spoke English and their own dialect, a kind of mixture of French and Spanish. I was much amused at their sharpness in trade. They took the postage currency at half price; but, as the hour of leaving approached, I heard one negress, who was selling cigars, calling out, "Green bax, green bax, taken at full value!" I presume she added to the price of her cigars.

We breakfasted at the City Hotel, which is like a good country tavern. And here I parted with my fellow-passengers with much regret. The last link that bound me to New York was broken!

Aspinwall is merely a collection of hotels, several stores, and the residences of those who keep them, and the employés of the road, the depot buildings, and workshops of the company. They are now building a Protestant Church. Aspinwall is built on low ground, and must be unhealthy.

The ride across the Isthmus is an uninteresting one, the road being cut through the swampy woods which lie along the Chagres river, of which we caught occasional glimpses. There are three or four stations, at which we stopped. The village generally consisted of a large frame two-story house, occupied by some American attached to the railroad, a machine shop of the company, and from twenty to one hundred of the ranchos of the country people, according to the size of the town. These houses are built of a kind of clay, which hardens with time, the roofs thatched with a kind of long reed grass, or a very large leaf which grows in quantities in the forest. The men dress (I mean the poorest class of negroes and Indians) as those who came on board the boat. The universal dress of the negro and mulatto women is a skirt of white or colored material, a kind of low-necked Garibaldi, with a full bertha falling to the waist, trimmed with insertion and edging, the sleeves very full and trimmed in the same way, and falling about to the elbow. In the street, a long shawl of some blue material usually, which is folded around them and covers the neck, and a high Panama hat, form their toilette.

About 3 P. M. we arrived in Panama. The railroad depot is outside the walls of the city. There we met

Antonio Diaz, the little boy whom you remember at school at West Farms, now a young gentleman, and Mr. Gonzalez, a cousin of Bernardino's. Our trunks were taken on a wheelbarrow by a negro, and we rode to Mrs. Sosa's house.

You can, perhaps, imagine, dearest parents, but I cannot tell you, my feelings during the ride. Everything around me so old and strange; the narrow streets, the numberless ruins, the old churches, all giving me the feeling that I was reversing the story of Rip Van Winkle; and at the same time my mind was full of the thought of meeting my new family, — of what they would think of me, and of the the impression they would make upon me. With all these conflicting feelings, my heart was swelling with thoughts of home and you dear ones, and the tears were starting to my eyes.

Such was my struggle to keep the mastery over my feelings, and appear pleasant and cheerful to my new friends, who tried in every way to please and console me, that yet my head is confused; and I find, when I try to write, I cannot give a clear account of anything. But I must not dwell upon my feelings, or you will never have an account of my arrival.

The houses here are mostly two and three stories high, partly built of stone and partly of wood. The first or ground floor is usually a store, the back rooms used by the family who hire the store. There is no connection between the house and the store, if the store is hired to strangers; but, if used by the family, there is a small door which is opened into the court-yard. At the right

of the store is a large porte cochère, which stands open all day and evening. You enter by this door a square flagged hall, wide enough to admit a carriage. At the further end of this hall is a short flight of stairs leading to the first story, which is in fact a kind of entresol. On this floor is the dining-room, kitchen, and several rooms used, I believe, as bedrooms. A second flight of stairs leads to the parlor, the door of which is immediately at the head of the stairs. This room extends across the front of the house, and is a large room with many windows without any sashes, but closed when necessary with sliding wooden shutters. From this room two doors open into bedrooms and one into a hall, which extends through to the back of the house, and on which open the various bedrooms, storerooms, etc., of the family. One door of my room opens into a corridor, filled with plants, which leads to the private chapel, a beautiful room at the south end of the house, having a large window open to the floor, from which there is a magnificent view of the bay of Panama.

You would be enchanted, dearest father and mother, could you stand as I do sometimes in this quiet little chapel, just at dusk, lighted but by the lamp on the altar, and gaze on this lovely bay, sparkling in the rays of the tropical moon, and watch the lights as they slowly appear on the different islands or the various frigates and steamers lying at anchor. All seems so calm and lovely, that it gives peace to the soul, and for a time the mind may linger but on pleasant memories and holy thoughts, and one may almost forget that they must turn again to the

strife and bustle of this busy world. But here I am star-gazing, instead of giving you an account of my reception.

The family, who were expecting us, met us at the door, and received me most affectionately, begging me to consider myself at home, and placing themselves, their house, in fact all they have, at my disposal. Mrs. Sosa and the young ladies (four) then conducted me to my room. They inquired immediately for Nell, expressing much regret at her change of plans. After kind inquiries about the family, they left me to change my dress.

As I stood there, I felt as though my heart would break, the feeling of loneliness was so overpowering, and I realized fully the sacrifice I had made in giving up Nell. Every one of the family, down to Pamela and little Maggie, were present to my heart; and I seemed to renew with its first force that great sorrow of my life, the loss of my own darling child.* I did not, however, dare give way, for I knew I could not recover the command over my feelings if once I yielded to them. My dear husband tried in every way to cheer me and comfort me.

This house is furnished in old style. In the parlor are pier-glasses, "guarda brisa," cane-bottom chairs (on account of the climate), cane-bottom sofa, with very handsome rug in front of it (the only carpeting in the room), glass chandelier in the centre of the room, and at equal distances around it four lamps like our old-fashioned hall lamps. Besides "The Agony in the Garden," three

* She lost her first-born, a beautiful boy, and grieved much to leave him behind.

family pictures hang on the wall, — a handsome gentleman (brother of Mr. Sosa), a dignified, fine-looking lady of the old Castilian caste of feature, Doña Maria del Bal de Sosa, aunt of Bernardino. The third portrait represents a grand-looking old Spaniard, seated in a chair of state and dressed in official robes. He was an uncle of Mrs. Sosa, and held high office in the Spanish court before and during the Peninsular War, — an epoch my dear Grandfather White remembers with so much pride and pleasure.* This portrait bears the inscription 1811, Don Jaquin Ortez, counsellor to his Majesty the King, Judge of the Supreme Court, etc., etc.

My room has nothing in it different from our furniture, except the high-post bedstead, with handsome white curtains and valance. The curtains are tastefully ornamented in various places with loops and bows of rich wide pink ribbon, and are looped back with solid silver bands. The pillows are covered with red silk damask and an outer covering of lace. On each pillow at the end is a large bow of ribbon to match the bows on the curtains. The jewel-stand on my toilet table is very beautiful and very costly, and under it a cover "from the States" (very ordinary), which is used as a curiosity from North America! I can understand now how surprised a Chinaman or Japanese must be to find in our parlors a Chinese tea-cup and saucer or chopsticks! Opposite my bed is a large window, and hung across the room near it is a large hamaca. The beds are very hard mattresses, and over

* Her grandfather, Edward White, lost a brother in Spain at that time. He was a gallant officer in the British army.

them is spread a piece of very fine morocco to make it cool.

The style at dinner is more like the French than American. The way we lay our knife and fork when not using it, is, it appears, the sign here to remove the plate; and an accomplished waiter's duty is to notice this instantly and remove the plate. I did not learn this lesson, however, until my little negress had whipped away my plate a number of times, while I was still in the enjoyment of a nice dish, when I had laid my knife and fork down for a moment in conversation, according to our custom! But I soon managed my knife and fork à l'Espagñol!

The family here is a charming one. It consists of Mrs. Sosa, a lady who leads the life of a truly Christian widow. She is an edification and an example to those who know her. Her time is devoted to the care of her family, consoling the poor and afflicted, and to prayer. Three sons,* fine gentlemanly young men; three daughters, lovely, affectionate girls, very bright and intelligent.

I have now introduced you, dear parents, to my new cousins. They are more like my own family than I could have expected to find in any country. The same united, loving affection expressed and felt one for another; and your kindness to those far from their own land, dear parents, is already returned to me in every way in their power.

Dearest mother, I have suffered from homesickness

* Two of these sons have since come to the United States to finish their education, and were placed under Judge White's care.

more than I could have imagined possible to suffer, and nothing but knowing that such acute grief could not last always enabled me to bear it. Notwithstanding this, I am not unhappy.*

They tell me I will love my relatives in Santiago, — that the Santiageneños are noted for being warm-hearted, sincere, and devoted friends.

I spent a part of the morning, day before yesterday, with a cousin of Bernardino. He has a very fine house, built in American style, with a beautiful garden adjoining and opposite to it; land extending to the beach, upon which are summer-houses, a beautifully arranged little study, bathing-houses really sumptuously arranged, a fine observatory, from which there is the finest view of the Pacific and the Island I have yet seen. Although only about forty, he retired several years since from business, and enjoys the pleasures of his intellectual taste. Generous almost to a fault to those who need his assistance, he is universally esteemed.

July 16th. — Letters from home! Words could not express my joy. I felt as if I could kiss every line.

I have had many calls, — many from old gentlemen, friends of Bernardino's father when he was a young man. At first it was very tiresome to me to hear only Spanish around me, but I am becoming accustomed to it. What I find most difficult is, to reply with sufficient form and stateliness to the long, polite speeches they make me, — on leaving, in their first call, placing themselves, houses,

* Jenny's high-toned principle and resignation to duty kept her soul from sinking whenever a sacrifice was required of her.

services, etc., etc., at my disposal, begging me to command them in future at whatever hour I may need them, and in whatever quarter of the globe they may be where they can be of any use to me. At the end of one of these flourishes, delivered by some old Spaniard, it takes all my self-possession to reply with due courtesy!

There is scarcely a good family here in which there are not one or two who speak English; most of the young gentlemen and some of the young ladies having been educated in Paris or the United States.

I have not mentioned Margareta Lopez. She is very kind, and watches every movement of mine to see if she can make me more comfortable.

Please, dear mother, remember me to every one of my dear relatives and friends. Not one is forgotten by me.

As a matter of charity, do please, dear parents, obtain all the prayers you can for us. We have here now no religious exercises of any kind. The churches are closed. No priest can say mass or administer any sacrament under pain of fine so heavy that none can pay it; and, in case of failure to pay it, either imprisonment or exile is the penalty.

Remember me most kindly to all the good Fathers at 16th St., and ask their prayers for us.

To each one of my dear family in New York, Binghamton, and Detroit, a fond adieu. It makes me lonely to say good-by even in a letter.

My darling parents, pray for your devoted, far-distant child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

LETTER TO HER SISTER IN THE CONVENT.

Religious and Political State of the Country — Mosquera — His Dictatorship — Seizing of Church Property and of Religious Establishments — Visit to a Convent — Its Inmates — Nuns Exiled — Interesting Account of their Departure from the Convent.

PANAMA, *July 20th*, 1863.

MY DARLING NELL, — I try to fancy you as still at home as I left you — (I left a few hours before you went to the convent). Bernardino tries to console me with the idea that you are yet intended for South America, and will come.

Great is my longing to have you with me, darling; but I do not wish it now, for my happiness could only be obtained by a sacrifice I hope you will never be called upon to make, — abandoning a state of life which I know has been your choice since you could think.*

And now, dear Nell, while you are enjoying such an excess (I would say, were I speaking of anything else) of religious privileges, I must tell you how we poor, famished, starving, almost dying Christians are situated, that your zeal and charity may be inflamed, and that you and all those living surrounded by every comfort and consolation holy religion offers, may lift up your hearts in earnest supplication to Heaven, and beg of God in his mercy and love to look down upon this poor land; and beseech him to fill with sorrow and repentance the hearts

* What generosity and sacrifice of happiness for duty's sake!

of those who have plunged the country into a state of heathenism terrible to witness.

An English gentleman, a strict Protestant, who passed through here the other day, remarked to Bernardino, "I have travelled much, but I have never before seen a government called Christian whose forte seemed to be to have no religion practised within its dominions." This is a kind of "civilization" (the great cry of the Liberals) difficult to understand or appreciate!

The Liberal party had many friends among ecclesiastics as well as laymen, so long as the acts and principles of the party were such as tended to establish and perpetuate true liberty in the Republic; but this liberty has long been lost sight of by the party, and her base counterfeit license stands recognized in her stead. The real friends of liberal ideas no longer acknowledge their former partisans, but call them "rojos." This latter is the party at present dominant. Extremes meet, and no rule is so despotic as that of the mob. So this liberal (?) party have in their constitution articles and laws approved of, or made, by the convention that framed the constitution, that, in my humble conception, are those to be expected from a despot. I do not speak as a Catholic, but as a Republican, who believes in a form of government offering equal rights to all.

I must go back some months in our political history. Mosquera, after his partial success, was elected, by the States of the Republic that had already submitted to him, as Provisional President or Dictator, his office to last till the conclusion of the rebellion. During this time he pro-

claimed the law of " tincion " and mortmain law, seizing upon all the Church property, including that of all religious orders, prohibiting any one giving to the Church or religious establishments as they formerly did.

I forget the term used to express the manner of giving these legacies. It is done in the following manner : A person leaves, say three thousand dollars to a community ; but, instead of leaving the money directly to the convent, the amount is left in a certain house or piece of property, and whoever owns that house to the end of time is obliged to pay the interest of that sum annually to the convent, even should the property depreciate in value. The institution holds a kind of mortgage on the property. All such property, held by churches or monasteries, has been seized upon by the government, and the people now have to pay annually the sums (left by their ancestors for religious purposes) towards the support of a government really infidel in its tendencies. When the convention was called, on the success of the rebels at Rio-negro, delegates (Liberals of course) from all the States attended, and there framed a constitution, passed a law approving of all Mosquera's acts during his dictatorship (including his robbery of churches and convents), and passed a law relative to priests and religious orders, which I will copy a part of for you. Article 15th of the constitution decrees : " Free profession and practice publicly and privately of all religions, provided that such societies commit no acts against the national sovereignty, or have not for object the disturbance of the public peace."

This grants toleration of all religions ; and with the

government these liberals pretend to have established, there should be and could be no connection between Church and State. However, these statesmen seem able to form a singular constitution. Article 23 reads as follows: "In order to sustain the national sovereignty and to maintain public peace and security, the National Government, and, in some cases, the State Government, shall exercise the right of supreme inspection over all religious worships as the law shall determine."

This, it seems to me, makes the President the head of the church, as the Pope of the Roman Catholic Church, or Queen Victoria of the Church of England, only with this difference: the Columbian President is Pope over all the churches in his dominion. Therefore, just now, any Protestants who wish to have churches here must make up their minds to be under the "supreme" authority of Pope Mosquera, or whoever happens to be lay Pope at the time!

How is a person "free" to practise his religion publicly, according to the dictates of his conscience, when he is in constant fear that the "Supreme" may not approve of his mode of worshipping?

No one in his senses can willingly place supreme power, in matters of conscience, in the hands of government, trusting that such power will not be abused; and certainly while this article stands, I cannot admit that this government proclaims religious liberty. After the constitution was made, the convention made a law, as follows:—

"No minister of the religions already established, or

of those that may be established, can exercise the functions of his ministry without previously swearing, before the highest authority of the place in which he is to exercise it, to obey the constitution, laws, and authority of the Republic and State, and to respect and submit to the national sovereignties. Those who refuse to comply, shall be exiled from the State ; and should they refuse to obey, and notwithstanding continue in the exercise of their ministry, shall be punished as disturbers of the public peace. No minister of any religion can elect, or be elected, to public office. They are equally exempt from all public service, civil or military. The establishment of all religious communities or corporations, without exception, is prohibited, — those that formerly existed being disbanded and suppressed. Such ministers as have been exiled, or imprisoned, may return to their churches, provided they submit to the conditions of this law, and give bail to the amount of from one to ten thousand dollars."

Catholic priests cannot conscientiously take the prescribed oath ; and, since they will not allow them to go on quietly saying mass and administering the sacraments, the churches are closed all over the republic, until priests can be found to agree to take the oath. This will be impossible, unless the law is changed, as no priest has a right to officiate if he were to take the oath. The bishop has been exiled, and most of the priests have left voluntarily or been expatriated ; among them men distinguished for their virtues and talents.

The nuns, as you know, were exiled. Could you see

the convent they seized upon here, you would feel that the man who could molest a community of poor, feeble women, living in the poverty that the appearance of everything about the convent evinces that these devoted religious lived, must have lost every spark of manhood, and should be despised.

I had a sad morning the day I visited the convent. The community now only consisted of five or seven nuns, all except two being very aged. The superioress had not left the convent in fifty-eight years. Their order was exceedingly severe. They denied themselves, for God's sake, absolute necessaries of life.

I have not time in this letter to give you a description of the convent (a grand old ruin). All I can say is, there voluntary poverty was practised that you cannot imagine.

The departure of the nuns was most affecting, they say. There was a general dispensation to admit visitors for several days before they left. During this time, their convent was crowded by a sad and tearful throng of Christians, who felt that these holy women who, day and night, had for years lifted up their hearts in supplication to God for them and their country, were now to be driven from their midst, as though their very presence was a reproach to the rulers of this almost God-forsaken country.

When the last moment came, and the abbess retired to assume once more a worldly dress, after fifty-eight years of conventional seclusion, it was, they say, most touching. Her last act was to go to the chapel, and, in the sincerest devotion, earnestly implore God to pardon

Mosquera, and bring him to true repentance, for the misery and sin of which he was the cause.

She and her nuns were escorted by a large number of the first gentlemen of Panama, the French Consul riding in the stage with them. They departed amid the sobs and tears of the people, who begged the abbess to give them her blessing, — an act her humility forbade. She refused, craving their prayers for her courage and resignation under this trial.

I might write hours, dear Nell, telling you of this country. All I can say now is, pray for us earnestly, fervently. Such a state of things cannot last, please God. Two States have refused to close their churches, their legislature deciding the law unconstitutional. I hope something will be done, and then I can go to work to arrange for Father Geotz to come. I think I can succeed, and what a world of good he can do here!

I must not write more now. I miss you, darling, every hour of the day. But it is all for the best, or God would not deprive me of you.

My best love to Aunt Kate.* Bernardino sends much love, and hopes you pray for him.

My darling sister's devotedly attached,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

A bride, honored and beloved as few have been honored, meeting her new relations for the first time, and conscious that her coming had been looked for, as an

* Madame Kate White, a nun in the Sacred Heart Convent, to whom Jenny was devotedly attached.

event of uncommon interest to the large circle of her husband's family and friends; yet Jenny, all unmindful (except so far as is necessary to be grateful) of the flattering reception given to her, has already, with the eye of her soul, surveyed that "almost God-forsaken country," and now, though only at the threshold of her new home, she opens her heart to its need, and, looking back to her loved ones, pleads for it, — "Pray for us fervently, earnestly" — as if she were already its loving mother.

LETTER OF BERNARDINO DEL BAL.

State of the Country — Murder of Señor don Luis Fabrega — General Hooker — General Meade.

PANAMA, *July 16th*, 1863.

MY DEAR PARENTS, AND ALL AT MY NEW YORK HOME, — By my beloved Jenny's letters you will be fully informed of all connected with our arrival here; and thus very little is left for me to make my letter of much interest to you, except a subject which my dear Jenny will say nothing about, I am sure — herself. I hear you say, yes.

She was not much sick during the voyage; indeed, she was able to write every day. Sometimes she had no appetite, but that was owing to homesickness, for she often, very often, gave way to her tears. That dear, sweet home she had left was before her all the time. I

do not attempt to describe Jenny's feelings, nor my own, at the time of leaving you. My pen would fail to do us justice. I would rather trust to your own good heart and experience. I will, nevertheless, reassure you, through this letter, that my attachment for you all is greater than I am able to show. Never shall I forget your kindness and hospitality. I feel no difference between my Santiago and New York home.

We arrived here on the 3d of this month, and have enjoyed good health, but are lonely. Indeed, our hearts beat so sadly for you all, that we can scarcely enjoy my cousins' kindness and hospitality.

I am glad to say that every one of the family were delighted to see Jenny, and they are all very much pleased with her. Indeed, even strangers, who have called, are praising her. Although we have only been here so short a time, she is spoken of all over the city, and is liked by every one.

She has made already some church friends. Though the churches are closed, — that is to say, no mass is said, — yet the people go to church to say prayers and novenas; and of course my beloved Jenny, with my cousins, attend daily.

The state of the country here is very bad; and we cannot yet see the day when we can be any better, unless a foreign power interferes in our public affairs. In fact, in the interior of the State the people are so demoralized that there is no security for life.

Not long ago, a Mr. Luis Fabréga, of Santiago, was shot at night in the street, on his way home, and died

instantly. He was a brother of Francisco de Fabréga, ex-Governor of this State, of whom, I think, you have heard much.

Please tell Tom his letter was most welcome. Through him we heard news of the war. I am not sorry for Hooker's removal; but I do not think General Meade is the man to do the work needed. It requires a more popular man, and one of more experience on the battle-field. I look for better news the next steamer, and hope the day is not far distant when the North will be victorious.

My best love to you all. With great love and respect, your son and brother,

BERNARDINO DEL BAL.

Bernardino had become so much attached to the United States, during his long residence in North America, and had formed so many warm friendships here, that to leave seemed to exile himself, for his own unfortunate country had become a place of hopeless anarchy and revolution.

He, with his young wife, was called there by duty more than inclination. An aged father awaited the return of his only son with warm impatience, and no allurements abroad could lead Bernardino to neglect or wound that parent, by absence from his native town, now that his collegiate studies were completed. That parent had made the sacrifice of parting with him when his companionship would have consoled him for the loss of a beloved wife, and had allowed him to remain several years to complete his education, by the study of law at

Cambridge, where he is remembered by the professors as one of their most indefatigable students.

May his filial devotion bring blessings upon him and his children's children!

LETTER TO JENNY'S SISTER, RHODA E. MACK.

Customs — Spanish Meals — Daily Worship in Private Chapels — Birthday Celebrations — "Cumpleaños" — New York Riot.

PANAMA, *July 30th*, 1863.

MY DARLING "OLD RHO,"* — What would I not give, my darling sister, to be seated by you, if but for an hour, that I might hear your experiences and tell mine, while surrounded by your little family group, my little angel pet Pamela, and my truly dear brother John!

Rho, if you and John allow Pamela to forget me . . . . I know "old Loo" (her youngest sister, Lucy) will not allow it. When you read this, give the little witch a hundred kisses for aunt "Nenna del Bal," who went in that awful big black ship "Gong" — as Pamela called it — out of sight of every one!

And now, what can I tell you of my life here that will interest you? We — the ladies of the family — rise from six to eight, as we please; but generally before eight. In

* The term "Old" is a pet name in the household. Jenny herself was called very often, even by uncles and aunts, "Old Jen," as a tender epithet. Age is not always so honored.

the parlor, at eight, the servant brings a tray, with cups and saucers, and a plate of crackers upon it. We take tea, coffee, or chocolate, and some crackers.

After this, if we intend going out, we go out for a walk or to visit some of the churches or other buildings. Then follows a bath; after which, at about half-past ten or eleven, we breakfast. This is a very substantial meal, and consists of beefsteak, cooked very nicely, rice fried in a peculiar manner, or rather boiled, in a very little water and a good deal of lard (a very good dish), beef cut in very thin slices and fried with plantains; one or two dishes, which are excellent, but which I do not understand; plantains roasted, Indian meal cooked in several ways, French bread, wheat. The plates, as with the French, are changed for every dish, but everything is served on the table, as with us; that is, at breakfast they do not make a separate course of each dish. After we are entirely through the substantial part of our meal, the table is cleared, and, as a kind of dessert, each one is helped to tea, coffee, or chocolate, and rolls.

From twelve to two is the universal hour for the siesta; gentlemen of business in the city do not indulge in it often, although banking houses and stores are open at 6 A. M. The siesta is considered very healthy, and is recommended by physicians in this climate.

Mrs. Sosa always assembles her family in the private chapel at three for a half hour's devotion. We then dress for dinner, which we take at five or half-past.

I like the cooking better than I expected. It is all that of a professed cook. Fish they cook in a most

delicious manner, and they have a great variety of excellent soups. Beef, sometimes ham, rice, plantains, and some dishes incomprehensible to a foreigner, after fish and soup, is the ordinary dinner here, with dessert of preserves, jellies, etc. Tea is passed in the parlor at half-past six to those who like it. Only one or two of the family take it.

I forgot to say that our lunch always consists of fruit; and since I came here I have so often wished I could share with you some of these delicious fruits I am enjoying. They are so juicy, that they are most refreshing, when prepared with sugar and ice. Every day they bring me some new kind of fruit.

I think I have devoted quite enough to the cuisine, dear sister; but I knew you had some curiosity about it. In a strange country it forms quite an important feature.

Birthdays are universally celebrated, and since families here are usually very large, scarcely a week passes in which the "cumpleaños" of one or two members is not celebrated. Since our arrival there have been five or six in which this family are interested.

On these occasions, the family, uncles, aunts, cousins, and intimate friends are expected to call, and each one sends some token of remembrance. Sometimes the presents are very elegant, sometimes they are flowers and rare fruits. There is on the occasion a family dinner-party. If the person is of consideration in the city, a bull-fight takes place! A young lady who is very much admired is certain to have her "cumpleaños" celebrated in this manner, as some one of her admirers is sure to

institute a bull-fight in her honor! In these cases, the bull is fought in front of the house of the person for whom the festivities are intended. The first bull-fight I witnessed was opposite this house, in honor of Michalita Sosa, on her nineteenth birthday. It took place two days after our arrival.

You do not know how I have wished to have you here to see these strange sights, and talk over our impressions of them together. I nearly die laughing all to myself when I see the part I am taking in these performances! But to return to the celebration. Often a ball concludes these festivities, and always lasts till daylight.

I attended, a few evenings since, a "cumpleaños" at Mr. Manuel Sosa's house. He is a fine, gentlemanly man of forty-five. He was educated in France and England, and therefore speaks both languages well. He makes quite a pet of his "prima Americana" (American cousin), as I am called! He was a widower for many years. He has one daughter by his first wife, about eighteen years old (almost a blonde), who, from her loveliness of disposition, has gained from her family the pet name of "Angelita."

The young ladies told me at this ball I would meet some of the most aristocratic people of Panama. Mr. Sosa and his family are very exclusive. About two years ago Mr. Sosa married again, and this ball was in honor of the "cumpleaños" of their little daughter, one year old! The child is a great pet, and, the family being an influential one, she was loaded with presents. Jewelry, beautiful dresses, exquisitely embroidered chemises, a set

of handkerchiefs with her initials worked upon them, cases of perfumery, fans, etc., etc., were displayed on a beautiful crib which stood in Mrs. Sosa's room.

Mrs. Sosa has no piano ; but, as I was to be there, one was brought there, so that I could sing. They are passionately fond of music. I was called upon to sing pretty often, and could not refuse.

Dancing was kept up till near morning. The American dances have been introduced here almost to the exclusion of the beautiful and graceful Spanish dances. Some of the ladies expressed to me their great regret at the introduction of these "precipitate dances," which they said must be injurious to the health in this climate, and which appear to them far from ladylike, when compared to their graceful Spanish dances, of which there is a great variety. I saw some mothers in horror when their daughters were whirled past them in the rapid redowa !

August 5th. — Darling Rho : I have received dear mother's short letter, giving an account of that dreadful riot in New York ; and it was so vividly portrayed to my imagination that every sound startled me, and I could scarcely carry on a conversation all that day.

We have had no papers from home, but the consul has been very kind in sending me his.

Yesterday, one of the soldiers died, calling for a priest in vain, — thanks to the government.

Adieu, my dear, dear sister. Love to you and John, and kisses by the dozen to little Pamela, from your devoted sister, JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Ball at the house of the Peruvian Consul — Paganini — Customs — Etiquette at a Ball.

PANAMA, *August 7th*, 1863.

MY DARLING MOTHER, —. . . . . Friends have arrived from Santiago de Veragues, and say that we are anxiously expected by Bernardino's father, family, and friends, and all regret that I should arrive at a time among them when political affairs should have cast such a gloom over Santiago. Here, also, they feel very sad on account of the state of religion.

I have met many of the most respectable families here, and I am much pleased with them. The ladies are naturally more than ordinarily intelligent, and in intercourse with them you do not remark a want of education, although their advantages have not been great. The gentlemen whom I have met are all accomplished scholars.

We attended a ball, given by the Peruvian consul, a few evenings since. The balconies were illuminated, and in the early part of the evening we had fireworks. The ball-room was in the second story. The staircases, which are very broad, were arched over with branches of palm. At the door-way, and on either side of the stairs leading to the ball-room, negro soldiers in full uniform were posted as sentinels. The whole house was brilliantly lighted. The ball-room, a very large one, was beautifully decorated with the flags of the different South

American republics, and of England, France, and the United States.

The band was a very good one, under the direction of a colored man, who plays so remarkably on the violin that he is known only as Paganini, — a name given him some years since in compliment to his proficiency as violinist. All musical artists who have passed through here have complimented him highly. He plays for two dollars an hour. The band for the evening at the ball, Julian Sosa told me, would cost about seventy-five dollars, and Paganini had to be sent for and sent home in a carriage, because he was indisposed!

When I entered the main door with Bernardino, and passed through to the head of the room to salute the lady presiding, the scene presented to me was a beautiful one. The bright lights, gay flags, glittering jewels, and bright eyes of the ladies produced quite a dazzling effect. As soon as I was seated, the American consul's wife came and sat by me.

The governor, foreign consuls, commanders of the different foreign frigates, and all the aristocracy of Panama were there, and did credit to the old city. I was treated with much attention. All the notabilities and persons of distinction were presented to me. The commandant of our frigate here is a very agreeable man. I was invited to dance almost every time from ten till half-past five, A. M., when the ball closed.

There were about one hundred and fifty present. The ladies were dressed in the latest Parisian fashions, and the jewels displayed were magnificent. Michalita Sosa

wore ear-rings, solitaires, and a cross with seven very large diamonds in it and yet she was among those who wore fewest.

The ball appeared like a New York ball; but there is no conversation between the ladies and gentlemen except during the dances. As soon as the dance is concluded, the young lady is conducted to a seat near her mother, and the gentleman takes his leave. When a gentleman invites a lady to dance a waltz, polka, or redowa, she is engaged to him so long as the piece is played, and can neither sit down nor dance with any other gentleman until the piece is ended. When fatigued, they promenade. If it happens that there are more gentlemen than ladies, sometimes the gentlemen, who have not been fortunate enough to secure partners, ask the more favored ones to lend them one for a while, — which is done, the lady having nothing to say; and, at the conclusion of the dance, she is returned to her original partner, who thanks her for having danced with him, and leads her to her seat . . . So much for etiquette at a Spanish ball . . . .

During the evening, cake, ice-cream, wine, and punch were frequently passed around. At half-past two we had an elegant supper. Much of the confectionery was new to me.

About four o'clock there was a movement among some of the guests to leave, when we found that the consul had given orders to the sentinels to detain the company as prisoners till daybreak! Mr. Rubis, the consul, did all in his power to entertain his guests delightfully, and succeeded. Light broke in upon us, and we reached home at six A. M.

My heart has been too severely tried to allow me much enjoyment, or to allow me to enter with spirit into these gayeties. I tried, for many reasons, to be as gay as possible; and I think I have left the impression, by my visit in Panama, that I am very lively. Poor Bernardino seemed so happy to see me gay that I would not let him know I did not feel as I seemed.

Mrs. Alba de Arosemena gave me a very pleasant party last week. I sang a great deal "to a most enthusiastic audience." There seems to be a great deal of musical taste here. The selections they made showed an acquaintance with the best operas.

I never knew how much Bernardino and I loved one another, until I saw that with all my dreadful homesickness I am happy with him. But I keep my heart fixed on the thought and hope of my return to New York, — and then what happiness that will give me! Do write to me of dear father's health; he looked so pale the day I left. I dream of home every night. I think of all I have left behind, but could not name them. (Thank God I have so many friends!) Give my love to each one of my loved family in Binghamton, Detroit, and Washington, in Manhattanville, and Georgetown. Also to the good fathers in St. Francis Xavier's.

I know you are anxious to learn what I wore at the Peruvian consul's ball. My white silk dress, with very handsome deep-red roses and other flowers on the shoulders and front of the dress, — the waist you remember is a beautiful one, — a train quite long, and skirt short in front; a coronet-shaped wreath, formed of beautiful roses,

buds, and exquisite white flowers, in my hair, — my hair plain, not rolled back in front.

I am expecting letters from you, dear mother, and cannot think of anything else. I am ashamed of my letters; but they are written with so many talking around me, and amid so many interruptions, you must excuse them. You I know, dear mother, prefer that I should not wait until all my surroundings could contribute to the elegance of my composition.

I am most anxious to hear from dear Frank. God preserve him from danger! *

Bernardino joins me in devoted love to each one of my dear ones at home.

Pray for your devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

P. S. — One evening I sang with patriotic spirit "John Brown," and so inspired my New Grenadian friends that they joined in chorus!

The following letter, written to Jenny's sister in the convent, will explain to what an extent she was obliged to exert her heroic nature to hide from those kind friends who surrounded her the wounds so recently inflicted upon her sensitive heart.

But it was Jenny's nature to be generous, — and such generosity is truly a supernatural virtue. The music and

* Her brother, Gen. F. J. White, in the army.

the dance, till lately so charming to her, now touched a chord in her soul that only awakened sadness indescribable; and yet, who of that festive scene, which she has so minutely described for our benefit, could have believed that her bright face, beaming with smiles, concealed from the world an aching heart? And why? She knew that her husband loved her devotedly, and that it was his pride to present his American wife to his family, whom he had represented to them would be the light of their home. She must therefore join in the festivities prepared for her welcome with cheerfulness. To do so was an act of heroic generosity! To hide the maternal grief still so deep, and the pangs of the parting from a home such as she had left, was sublime charity, — charity such as only the grace of God can give; and such was Jenny's charity; for God was preparing her to fulfil a great and noble mission.

A birthday Letter to her Sister in the Convent — Jenny's real Grief — Arrival of General Mosquera announced in Panama.

PANAMA, *August 11th*, 1863.

MY DEAR NELL, — How I wish, my darling sister, that I could throw my arms around your neck, and give you your birthday kiss! But, darling, God has thought it best to separate me from all I love on earth, except my husband; and to his divine will I bow, I hope, although what it costs me cannot be told.

Four months ago to-day, my little angel was laid in the cathedral, and I looked for the last time on the form of

my boy, whom to save, nothing would have been too great to suffer myself. But God knows what is best for us all. Dear Aunt Mary Ann,* four months ago, received her reward, and is now I hope praying for me.

A year ago to-day, Nell, we were at Fort Lee together. Do you remember? What changes have taken place since then! You to-day, I suppose, have just been to holy communion. While our blessed Lord is with you in his sacramental presence, I am here deprived even of mass.

Several have died here without the sacraments. We all hope that things have gone to such an extreme that they cannot last, and that laws will be passed that will leave the Church free, and it will come out of this trial purified and active.

The ladies here are all pious, — many very pious. We go to the churches to say novenas, stations,† and rosaries; but I cannot kneel as these ladies can. They can kneel for hours, I believe, without any support.

There is a Presbyterian minister, who has a Sunday-school and prayer-meeting for the Jamaicans and Americans. I am anxious to know if he took the prescribed oath. The first time I meet the governor or secretary of state I must inquire about it.

Since Mosquera's party has triumphed, the government is completely in the hands of the negroes. They are in

* Miss Griffin, — Gerald Griffin's sister.

† Novena — nine days' prayer for one object. Stations — the different agonies of the way to the cross, meditated upon, and prayers offered asking favors through the merits of the scourging, crowning with thorns, etc.

great numbers in the city, and since the Liberals (so called) are in power, they are extremely insolent. They call one another "Don" and "Señor," and the richer ones saunter along the streets dressed in the height of the fashion. They have elected almost all the aldermen and members of the legislature from among the negroes, mulattoes, and quadroons, I believe.

Just now we were aroused by a firing of guns and beating of drums, and, on inquiry, find that the "great General Mosquera" has arrived! I suppose the Liberals will give him a great reception. I wonder whether they will be all negroes? They say that when Santa Coloma came here (commander of the troops sent by Mosquera), he was given a dinner; and, to his surprise and displeasure, when the company assembled, there were but two or three white men present!

They say that the last steamer carried to the Bank of England seven hundred thousand dollars, to be deposited there, belonging to General Mosquera. If this be true, revolutionizing a country seems to be a money-making business.

My dear Nell, I suppose your time of probation is nearly over, and that you will soon take the veil. I hope you will pray for me on that day. Bernardino still insists that you were intended for South America, rather than a convent! Do ask Madam Hardy to have prayers said for this country, and for me that I may be fervent and pious. Give my love to dear Aunt Kate.

My dear sister, it is a charity to write to me; so do not neglect it.

Mrs. Sosa desires to unite herself in some way to your order by uniting in your prayers. She is one of the most saintly women I ever knew.

Pray excuse my letters; they are written while my new cousins are talking around me. Pray for your devoted sister, JENNY.

Unexpected Appearance of Spanish Men-of-war — A warm Welcome — A Ball given to them — Magnificent Dress and Jewels — Priests expatriated — Vicar-General in Prison.

PANAMA, *August 22d*, 1863.

MY DARLING MOTHER, — . . . . . I dread going to Santiago, for I will have to again endure the pangs of my first homesickness among strangers. I will miss Mrs. Sosa and her family very much. I will also be farther off from my letters from home, which will add much to my pain at being so far from you all. I have no doubt, dear mother, I will after a time be very happy, for I am sure of a kind and affectionate welcome.

I received, a few days ago, a beautiful letter from Manuela, Bernardino's sister, whose husband was killed in the last revolution. She wrote most beautifully, and consoled me for the loss of my darling baby. They are expecting us daily; and Julianna, who has had my room ready for a month, is becoming quite impatient. We ourselves are worn out with the delay of the vessel. There seems a spell upon us that keeps us from Santiago.

The city has been in a state of excitement the past ten days over the arrival at this port of the Spanish men-of-war. There are four or five frigates under the command of General Pinzon. They are visiting the different Pacific ports, — their object a scientific one, they say, although they number from fifteen hundred to two thousand men, — rather a large number for scientific purposes only. It is the first time in forty-two years that a Spanish man-of-war has been seen here; not since the independence of Colombia.

The people gave them a warm welcome. The leading Spaniards (about ten here) among whom is Bernardino's cousin, — whose house and grounds I have described to you, — a Mr. Yeaza, determined to give them a ball. Wishing to invite a large company and make them comfortable, no private house could be found large enough. Permission was granted to use the city hall for the occasion. The hall where the legislature meets is a large square room in the second story, extending almost entirely across the width of the building, with very large windows opening upon a covered porch nearly as large as the room, the roof of which is supported by six large stone pillars.

The front of the building was beautifully decorated with two thousand colored lamps, arranged in the form of stars and crowns. In the arches between the pillars were the following transparencies beautifully and tastefully painted: —

"1st. To General Pinzon and his Officers. 2d. The Arms or Shields of Spain. 3d. A simple Tribute of Affec-

tion. 4th. The Columbian Shield. 5th. Offered by their Countrymen."

The gentleman who gave the ball invited the wife of the French consul, and Mrs. Herrara, sister of General Herrara, to receive the guests. A niece of this lady, Panchita Herrara, was educated at the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville. Bernardino and I received the following invitation — (I give it, because it is unlike our custom at a public ball, and I like it. Ladies presiding give more elegance and dignity to a festivity than can be given by a committee of gentlemen, as in the States) : —

"Anna de Tet'tner y Josefa Herrara, in the name of several of the subjects of her Catholic Majesty, invites you to a ball given by them, in the saloon of the City Hall, in honor of his Excellency Admiral Pinzon, of the Scientific Commission, and the officers of the Spanish squadron now visiting the port."

I did not wish to go, for, our religious condition is so terrible, I did not think it right ; but they all persuaded me to accept the invitation. They wished me to see a fine ball here, and they said I was going to Santiago, where there will be no gayety, on account of the last terrible revolution, which has plunged the city into the greatest gloom.

The main hall, leading to the ball-room, appeared a perfect bower of palms. The walls of the ball-room, supper-room, and dressing-rooms were entirely covered with flags of different nations. The Columbian colors — red, blue, and yellow — formed the canopies, centre-pieces, and large, handsomely painted shields. The

ladies' dressing-room had a large toilette table covered with vases of flowers, and every variety of exquisite pomade and perfumery in elegant bottles, sofas, chairs, and large mirrors. At the head of the ball-room the Spanish and Columbian flags were gracefully grouped. The room was lighted with chandeliers and side lights in abundance. The music consisted of the Panama band, led by Paganini, and thirty-six instruments sent by the admiral. The supper was under the direction of a celebrated Spanish cook, and it was equal to one of Delmonico's best. There was everything the country could afford in substantials, — game, boned turkey, etc., and an endless variety of confectionery. We all sat down to the table to enjoy it comfortably. Green-seal champagne and the most costly wines flowed in abundance. The tables were decorated beautifully ; flowers and lights in profusion. The various pyramids and dishes were ornamented with the Spanish flag, one of which, dear mother, I send you as a remembrance.

There were fifty officers present from the squadron. The captain of the English man-of-war and some of his officers and the commander of the American man-of-war were also invited guests. The Spanish officers were all elegant-looking men, some of them quite young. Their uniform is handsome, and many of them wore medals and decorations. The English commander was loaded with medals and decorations.

I danced every piece but one till five in the morning! So, again, I came home by daylight. I danced with many of the Spanish officers, and the American commander

took me completely under his protection. I do not know how many times I danced with him. I presume the poor man felt glad to see a countrywoman.

The dresses of the ladies were very handsome, and their jewels magnificent. Some ladies wore many thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds that evening. There are some large fortunes in Panama. A gentleman of this place died not long since, and left eighteen brothers and sisters! To each one he left three thousand dollars a year.

Families of twelve are considered small. Sixteen and eighteen common, — twenty frequent. And one lady here has thirty-two children.

The gentlemen who gave the ball appointed several committees of gentlemen to assist them, — one for the supper, one for the decorations, one for the music, etc., etc., and each had a carte-blanche to expend as he liked; the only condition being that everything should be as elegant as possible. Ten gentlemen divided the expenses between them.

The enthusiasm with which all entered into this welcome of the Spaniards has, it is thought, a political significance.

Mosquera has committed a great blunder in interfering with religion; some, who would be his partisans politically, withdrew from conscientious scruples.

Nearly all the ladies and many of the gentlemen would be glad to be again under Spanish rule. At present public opinion is only half expressed; but this is the way all great changes are foreshadowed.

I am greatly depressed on account of the state of religion. Our new governor, Santa Coloma, has come. It was a mistake that Mosquera had arrived, as I wrote in my last. It was Santa Coloma. He is popular with the Liberals, they say, but is a willing executor of Mosquera's laws. He called upon the priests to take the prescribed oath. They replied, in an excellent letter, that as citizens they were willing to obey the laws, however arbitrary, but refused to obey the law relative to divine worship. He replied that the law was Mosquera's, and that he was there to execute the law, and that they had forty-eight hours to decide, at the expiration of which time, if they still refused, they must leave the country. The forty-eight hours expired to-day at one o'clock. I hear that the vicar-general says he has committed no crime, and that he will not leave voluntarily; that they must send him away forcibly. While I was writing the above, a woman came in to tell us that the vicar-general is in prison — and done so quietly! No threats, no expostulations can move the governor.

Do pray for us, dear mother, for indeed it seems as if the evil one has power here over these wicked men.

When the priests were exiled last winter, and the churches closed as we have found them, they left the keys with some pious ladies, in order that the building might be swept; for in this climate, a closed building falls to ruin rapidly.

On Sundays, therefore, pious persons meet in the churches, and pray together, and read aloud some pious work; and on week days many are found praying in

them. It is said that to-morrow Santa Coloma is going to demand all the keys, and take possession himself of all the churches. God grant that this and the report of the imprisonment of the vicar-general may prove only a rumor!

August 23d. — My darling mother, the steamer has come, and brought me letters from home. You, my beloved mother, are not near me, and so ill! And my dear brother Frank so sick! My last letters from home were lost, and I am at a loss to understand why Frank is sick in St. Louis, and his general (Heron) in New Orleans. All I have heard is that you, darling mother, took the fever from Frank in St. Louis.

It makes me feel very far away to think two of my loved family have been sick, and I knew nothing of it till now. Thank God, you are better, dear mother; but how I long to be with you! I am unable to do anything the day my letters arrive from home . . . . .

I am preparing to leave Panama. I have been treated with the greatest kindness and attention, and I will say to you, my beloved parents, that I think the people like me. There is always a great deal to be pleased with in every place, if one is not determined only to see the dark side of things.

Panama itself is an ugly-looking old city, with the exception of the old churches; and to me the old ruins are attractive, for they were fine buildings, and are now covered with the most beautiful vines. Where the ruins are roofless, nature has partly supplied them with covering. On the highest walls, in some instances, bushes are growing so large they might almost be called trees.

. . . . . Remember me, dear mother, to every one of my dear friends. I have not named each one, — that I could not do — but my thoughts are with them . . . . . Please send my letter to Grandmother Waterman, and then to Georgetown, after Kate and Nell have read it. Your loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

At Sea — Imminent Peril — Barely saved from Shipwreck — Preparations for Death — Escape — Canoe Voyage — Night on the Rio Grande — Mosquitoes — Jenny's Birthday.

NATA, *September 1st*, 1863.

MY BELOVED PARENTS, — We are at a little town on our way to Santiago, where we are waiting to rest and to take horses. We are within one day's ride of Santiago; but Bernardino fears I cannot ride so far, without fatigue, in one day, and we have so much baggage that we will not reach there until the second day.

We came from Panama in a little sailing vessel. We coasted along very well, and at the end of twenty-four hours were near the mouth of a little river, which we were to ascend to reach this little town. Finding that the tide would not serve till eleven at midnight, the captain anchored outside to wait till that time. Unfortunately for us, he fell asleep, and the tide had already turned when he awoke! There was nothing for us but to wait till the

next, which would be at three in the afternoon. At about eleven, A. M. (30th August), suddenly a heavy sea began to roll in; and, taking us unexpectedly, we received each wave on our side. For about an hour we were in imminent peril. The coast here is difficult, all wrecks being just here in sight of land. There we were in a small open boat, and each mountain wave after wave coming, lifting our little craft, seemed the last we could bear. The iron part of our rudder was broken very soon. The captain and sailors were working desperately to succeed in turning our boat, that we might have the bow towards the waves.

We held on to the side of our boat with all our strength, and made our preparations for death. I took off my heavy skirts and everything that would keep me from swimming. Bernardino said, "Well, Jenny dear, perhaps our last moments have come; how strange that we should be lost at the very port!" We said but little, for it was a moment too terrible for anything but prayer.

At last they succeeded in turning the boat; and, although it was awful to ride over the waves, as we had to do, it was less dangerous. The captain put out to sea. He said he had never experienced before anything like it there. It was in the Gulf of Parita.

Monday morning, before day, we started up the Rio Grande. The day was spent in poling up the river, as far as our "velandra," as they call the boat, could go, and advanced some fifteen or twenty miles. Where they could not pole, they took a long rope and fastened it to a tree some distance ahead; then bringing the rope to the

boat, the sailors pulled on it, and thus drew us up the river. This is slow travelling.

At night we anchored, and waited for canoes to come from Nata, about nine miles above, to take us there. Such a night as we spent! I had heard of the mosquitoes of this climate; but I never imagined anything so dreadful as they are on the banks of this river. The people call it a plague; no one can live here. Sleep was not to be thought of; and we hailed with delight the appearance of eight or ten mestizoes with canoes, and started for this place about eight, A. M.

At first I was afraid to venture in the canoes, but I found them quite safe. The Rio Grande resembles in appearance the Chagres, though I think it is a little wider. The lower part is entirely uninhabited, the woods reaching down to the water's edge in most places. A few miles from the village the country begins to present a more cultivated appearance, and we passed several corn, rice, plantain, sugar-cane, and banana plantations.

The scenery is beautiful, though lonely, from the entire absence, in many places, of any inhabitants. The orange, mango, and other tropical trees are very beautiful.

It seemed so strange to me to travel for miles along this beautiful river, without hearing the sound of a human voice nor seeing trace of human habitation upon its banks, — the woods filled with birds of richest plumage, the trees with monkeys and screaming parrots, and the air resounding with the croaking of frogs.

I am so fatigued that I can give you but little idea of my journey. I have taken out my desk to write only a

short letter, for I must prepare to leave here. I am most anxious to hear from you, my darling mother, and from my dear brother Frank. You, dearest Rho, do occupy a large portion of my thoughts. There have been many prayers offered up for you,* and I believe they will be heard. . . . . We leave to-morrow morning about three o'clock, A. M., please God.

Imagine Bernardino and I heading the train, each on horseback, followed by eight mules or horses heavily laden, with four men mounted as servants to take charge of the baggage, and you will have an idea of the appearance our cavalcade will present on entering the town of Santiago.

My heart and thoughts are with you all at home; but want of time prevents me from expressing half I feel. I know your anxiety to hear every detail of my journey.

To dear Grandmother Waterman give my love, and tell her that on this my birthday, in this far-distant land, how much I have dwelt on the birthdays I have spent so happily with her. I would write to her; but in this disagreeable place, and fatigue from which I suffer, I could not write such a letter as I would like to send to her.

Barnardino joins in love to each one of our dear, dear family.

My beloved parents' devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

* Jenny had only been absent from home a little more than two months. During that time, her mother, brother Frank, and sister, Mrs. Mack, had been at death's door in illness, and she and her husband barely escaped shipwreck and death!

In Jenny's home, birthdays were occasions of great festivity. These "home parties," as they were named, will long be remembered, by every member of the family, as scenes of unalloyed enjoyment to parents and children.

Weeks before the anticipated days, preparations for their celebration gave the whole household a pleasure which was only equalled by the realization of happiness, when the looked-for night came and shed a light upon the home circle which no care or toil could obscure.

Sometimes for the parents' feasts Jenny would prepare a concert or an opera, as a surprise. With indefatigable industry and patience, she would train her troupe (the younger children), and a complete success was sure to be the result. During the rehearsals repeated peals of laughter would rise from the parlor; for during the most solemn parts of her play or opera, the refractory boys, Frank and Tom, would be sure to upset the gravity of the performers by an ill-timed jest or inappropriate gesture. But Jenny was sure to gain control in the end by a sweet and gentle decision of character, peculiarly her own, which proved so valuable to her later when she controlled thousands. The person, for whom this labor of love was performed, was expected neither to hear nor see anything which was going on in the house two or three weeks previous to the great evening. But on that evening the honored one was in every respect queen or king of the night, to whom each and all paid homage heartily. Jenny's feast was a favorite day in the family. She was the oldest grandchild on both sides of the house, and much beloved. Her grandparents never forgot the first of

September, her birthday. And her Grandmother Waterman, in whose house she was born, claimed the right of celebrating it in the old homestead very frequently. It is not surprising then that Jenny found it a sad day in that far-distant home, — and the memories of the past must have filled her heart to overflowing.

Arrival at Santiago — Mrs. del Bal the first American Lady ever in that part of the World — Her warm Welcome — Description of the Journey from the Port of Nata to Santiago — Nata — A rich Mestizo — Poor of Nata — Beautiful Scene — Terrible Thunder-storm — Night under a Tree — Dreadful Thunder-storm — Escort to Santiago — Arrival there — Enthusiastic Reception — Servants' Opinion of the "Niña Jenny."

SANTIAGO, *September 8th*, 1863.

MY BELOVED PARENTS AND DEAR ONES AT HOME, — At last I have arrived at this renowned city of Santiago. I can scarcely realize it myself yet. Still when I think of you all, dearly loved ones, and of my happy, happy home, I feel that I have indeed wandered far away. My heart swells with thoughts of those who have made my life so pleasant by their loving kindness, and then I realize I have indeed left father, mother, sisters, and brothers, family and friends, to come to this far-distant land.

It is almost ungrateful to the kind family here to give way to sadness, for there is nothing they leave undone to console me. I may say it is ungrateful to the whole town. High and low, rich and poor, come to try and do

something for "Don Bernardino's wife, poor little thing, who is so far from home."

The affection and respect evinced towards Bernardino and his family, all the way from Panama, was very gratifying. Wherever we stopped along the road, and the people discovered who we were, their faces lighted up with pleasure, and they tried to do what they could for "Don Bernardino del Bal."

I am a perfect curiosity, and have been regularly exhibited as I came along! I am the first American lady ever seen in this part of the world! So you may imagine the excitement my arrival has caused.

We have had, they say, the most trying and tedious journey ever made between Panama and Santiago. There seems to be some fate about it. I have spoken to several who have made the trip in two or three days, with none of the disagreeables which we encountered in our nine days' journey. I wrote to you, my darling parents, giving you an account of our voyage to that place.

The boats running from Panama to these ports are most uncomfortable.* There was a little hole in the stern, which they called a cabin! This Bernardino hired, that, in case of rain, I might be protected from the weather. We could not stand upright in it. It was only the width of two berths, and swarming with cockroaches a half finger long, ants, and, I believe, rats, — though these last I did not see; — the air so close, you could scarcely breathe.

* This difficulty is now removed. Small steamboats now run from Panama to the ports, and render the voyage quite pleasant and safe.

We carried our own provisions, which were cooked by a very good cook they had on board.

We arrived at Nata about mid-day on our fifth day from Panama. The house at which we were to stop was at the opposite end of the town; so, in order to reach it, we had to walk through the village.

There are four kinds of houses on the Isthmus. First, the rancho, which is made of a kind of reed, or clay, with a thatched roof. Second, a class of houses also made of clay, but with a standing roof, tiled instead of thatched, and a portal or flagged porch. Third, frame cottage houses, with sloping roof. Fourth, two-story brick or wooden houses. Of these latter there are very few in the interior, most of the largest houses being but one story high. Nata contains from one to two hundred of the poorest class of houses, with two or three brick houses. It is a forlorn, dirty-looking place, the oldest town on the Isthmus, and was at one time a place of great wealth, but it has been entirely abandoned by people of respectability, and is inhabited by Mestizoes (a mixture of Indian and Spanish races) and negroes. It is beautifully situated on a large plain that stretches down to the Rio Chica. In it is a fine old brick church, the main altar and tabernacle of which is entirely covered with heavy silver elaborately carved. There is also a hospital, with a very good chapel attached.

When I walked through the town, the people crowded to the doors to see me, evidently regarding me with wonder and amazement. A real live American lady!

The Mestizo woman, of whom we obtained the house

in Nata, was living in one of the tiled class, everything around her as poor as could be; and yet, on inquiry, we found she owned several of those houses, — has a large farm on the river, on which she raises rice, corn, sugar-cane, and plantains; has a distillery for making the aguardiente of the country, one or two hundred horses, several hundred head of cattle, and fowl in abundance. Only a day before we arrived she had an ox killed to give to the poor. The poor here are always sick or infirm.

We were prevented from leaving as early as we desired to leave this disagreeable place by an accident not unfrequent. One of our horses strayed away, and could not be caught until six, A. M.

Then followed the loading of the horses. To me, unaccustomed to see them carry such loads, it was wonderful. One carried my large black trunk, a box with a sewing-machine, several heavy articles packed between, with perfect ease. My great Saratoga trunk excited much curiosity, and gave much trouble, it was so unwieldy. It was the first seen here, and is not suitable for this kind of conveyance. At length everything was ready, and we sallied forth amid the "adios" and prayers for a safe journey of a crowd of people whom our departure had collected together.

The road, which, by the way, is called "The Royal Road," between Santiago and Panama, in summer is an excellent one; but the rains at this season make it so muddy, and wear such deep gullies in it, that in some places it is rendered almost impassable. There had been

at this time no rain near Nata for several days, and the road when we started was in pretty good order.

We rode on very pleasantly, our way lying partly through beautiful woods, but mostly across lovely plains. These present the appearance of a beautifully laid-out lawn of mammoth proportions, being agreeably diversified by numerous clumps of fine trees and bushes, — the green grass short as if lately mowed. These prairies are bounded on every side by trees, above which rise the peaks of the Cordilleras. Gurgling brooks and sometimes quite large streams wind their way through these meadows. The whole scene is enlivened by the presence of large herds of beautiful cattle and horses.

Our baggage train was slowly wending its way along; Bernardino and I were enthusiastically enjoying the beauty of the view before us, so like a garden of Eden, I thinking, dear mother, how much you would enjoy such a ride on horseback, — when suddenly clouds gathered in the sky, and before we could reach a place of shelter they burst in torrents of cold water (such as you, who know not "a rainy season," cannot imagine) upon our enthusiasm! We rode as fast as we could to reach a house in the middle of the plain, but found it closed and had to take refuge in the porch; the family who owned the hacienda (plantation) upon which we were travelling having gone into town for the winter. After the shower passed we started on wet enough; but there was no help for it. Bernardino made me take a little brandy to prevent me from taking cold.

We passed the Rio Chica early. This being the first

river I had to ford, I was quite timid, although in reality it was not half as bad as some of the smaller streams I afterwards crossed ; it had a good gravel bottom, whereas the brooks were so muddy that the horses stumbled and fell.

It was at this ford they fought the battle last year, in which poor Guadia was killed (son of the priest I wrote to you who called upon me in Panama, and spoke so touchingly of the loss of his son).

We expected to have spent the night on the side of the Santa Maria river, but my unfortunate Saratoga trunk fell off the horse so often, we lost a great deal of time trying to arrange that and the machine properly on the poor horse's back. Night overtook us on one of the plains on the wrong side of the river, and out of sight of any house.

The men said they would encamp under a large tree in the middle of the plain, but said a little farther on was a sugar plantation, owned by one of the Guadia family, and that there we would find a house. The road, by this time, after the rain, was too bad to attempt to take our baggage ; but two of the men went with us to show us the way and attend to the horses. It was now so dark I could not see the road. I gave the reins to my horse, and followed as best I could, or rather my horse followed the guide. Bernardino rode close behind me. At length we came to a little stream with quite a steep muddy bank. What was my horror to see my guide's horse stumble in the mud and fall in the stream! I was afraid to follow,

and at last, after much delay, he found a better pass, and one of the men led my horse across.

Fatigued, we arrive at the house. We saw no sign of light, and, after shouting and calling some time, had to admit it was unoccupied. We would have entered it, but had no light with us, and without it the men said we would probably find snakes in the vacated apartments. What was to be done? Nothing but to retrace our steps and spend the night under the tree. Back we started. I was so fatigued, from the unaccustomed length of my ride, that I could hardly hold myself on my horse. On arriving at the camping-ground our horses were unloaded, a large fire kindled, and our supper prepared. Tea made, meat roasted, eggs boiled, and a cold roast chicken, with excellent crackers, made us a good meal, to which we did ample justice.

The men took the skins that covered the cargo, and made a little tent for me; my bed was prepared on the trunks and covered with blankets and cloaks.

The moon and stars shone clear and bright, making it nearly as light as day, the fire burned brightly, the men were rolled in blankets, and laid down around it; not a sound was heard but the crackling of the wood fire and the sound of the horses cropping the grass under the tree, and the occasional lonely croaking of the frogs. I was afraid of the snakes; but a half-Indian guide assured me there were none here.

I was very much afraid of taking cold from sleeping in wet clothes; but I proved, what many others have done, that cold is seldom taken in these expeditions.

Early in the morning they brought me cool water from the brook, and, bathing my face and hands, I felt quite refreshed. I thought so often of you, dearest mother, and your desire to "camp out"! It is less enchanting than you imagine! I did not regret having spent this night as I did; it was something new, and I enjoyed it.

Just as we were starting, I cast my eyes upon the ground, and saw a large snake. I screamed, and jumped away from the spot, you may be sure. Bernardino and the men despatched him with stones and knives, but not until he had made a good fight. The men thought he had spent the night under my trunks, upon which I had slept!

We rode to the Santa Maria river, and crossed it in a canoe. This was a slow affair. First Bernardino and I crossed; the horses were unloaded, and the baggage taken over, and then the horses. It was not until two, P. M., that we were ready to continue our journey.

While waiting there, Bernardino took me to see the sugar plantation owned by Mr. Guadia, and to his sugar mill. This has not been in operation since the revolution last year.

On the bank of the river one of our men killed a spider as big as a toad! The bite of these mountain-spiders is poisonous. I had to extract four or five insects from my flesh; their bite is painful, but not poisonous.

A short distance after leaving the river, we came to the country-house of Mr. Guadia, the owner of the sugar plantation. They invited us to remain and rest, and expressed much sorrow that we had not been able to

reach their house the night before. I was much pleased with Mr. and Mrs. Guadia. We hastened on, wishing to arrive before dark at Santa Rosa, the hacienda of Mr. Francisco Fabréga, who is now an exile in Central America.

We rode on till four o'clock pleasantly; but then the clouds above us grew suddenly fearfully dark, the wind began to whistle through the trees; a storm of thunder, lightning, wind, and rain, such as I hope never to witness again, burst upon us. We dismounted and sought shelter under some trees. I, who was never afraid of lightning before, was now really terrified. Flash succeeded flash so rapidly that there was a continuous roll of thunder, — but such thunder as we never hear in the States. The noise was fearful! The horses were almost blinded by the wind and rain.

After waiting fifteen minutes, the men came to Bernardino, saying, "There is no hope for us but to push forward with all possible speed. We are near no house, and have a river to ford, which, if we do not cross before it is swollen by this storm, will be impassable, and we will have to spend the night on its banks." The road, which, fifteen minutes before, was dry, was filled with little streams of water, rushing along with great force. It is almost incredible how soon these roads are affected by these storms. I did not dare ride, being drenched by by the rain. I started off through mud and rain, and great pools of water, hoping the exercise would prevent me from taking cold.*

* What heroic patience!

On arriving at the little river, it was just beginning to rise; but the storm had subsided, and by dint of blows and screams the horses were forced across.

We now came upon the hacienda of Mr. Fabréga. It was like the haciendas I have described passing through my first day's ride: beautiful prairies, upon which hundreds of cattle were feeding, occasionally interspersed with woodlands.

About dark we rode up to the house, a very pretty two-story frame house, commanding a magnificent view of the country for miles around. We were a most woe-begone looking company. The man and woman in charge of the place came out to meet us with many expressions of delight at our arrival, and sorrow for the troubles we had encountered.

The first one asked for was my dear little baby James, — not having heard of his death.*

We changed our clothes; they prepared us a good supper and gave us the best the house afforded. I assure you the comfort of a good bed was not unappreciated by us after our fatigue.

At one, A. M., that night, one of the servant boys started off to Santiago to carry the news of our arrival thus far, knowing he would receive a present for the information.

By the time we had breakfasted and were ready for a start, Bernardino was afraid the sun would make me sick after my fatigue, for it shone out intensely hot. We decided to send the baggage on ahead and wait till the cool part

* The poor little mother was hardly strong enough, after her fatigue, to hear this question without tears.

of the day, having only five hours' ride before us to reach our home, — Santiago.

At about three o'clock it began to rain again. As we were on the porch watching the clouds with anxiety, we saw in the distance an old gentleman and a little boy, followed by two servants, riding rapidly towards the house. They proved to be Don Santiago del Bal, Bernardino's father, and Aquilino, Manuela's son (Bernardino's widowed sister's son), only eight years old, and two servants, who had come to meet us.

Don Santiago received us very warmly. He is over seventy, but is very active, speaks rapidly, and is quick in all his movements. His hair is almost white ; his eyes sparkling black ! He told us he had been accompanied half way by a number of gentlemen, who were now waiting to receive us at a hacienda about two hours' ride from Santiago.

It rained for two hours, and then it had almost ceased. Julianna (Bernardino's sister) had dinner prepared for us ; and although Don Santiago proposed our remaining all night where we were, on account of the rain and our fatigue, I could not listen to such an arrangement, and disappoint Julianna.

It was nearly dark when we left Santa Rosa. Before we reached the hacienda, or the house where the escort was awaiting us, it was so dark I could scarcely see my hand before me. When we arrived there, the gentlemen, who had ridden in the heat of the sun, and had been expecting us since two o'clock, were just making arrangements to spend the night. They had given us up, for they sup-

posed I would not dare to ride over the road, so gullied by the rain, in the dark. Mr. Facei, the owner of the hacienda, insisted upon our alighting and taking a cup of coffee. The friends whom we found there were Mr. Miro (Bernardino's brother-in-law), Frank Fabréga (husband of Inez Arosemena), Calisto Fabréga, Doctor Dickson (an American gentleman, — the only one in Santiago; no American lady, as I wrote to you, had ever been in Santiago), Mr. Sanchez, son of one of Bohoai's old staff.

The road, a part of the way, was so bad we had to ride Indian file through the difficult passes, and every moment I expected to fall. Doctor Dickson fell from his horse twice, and Frank Fabréga once. I barely escaped, though the road is not as bad as the one they used to cross in going to California. The darkness of the night made the journey to me quite fearful.

By the time we arrived at Santiago I felt the exposure I had endured and the fatigues of the ride, and could scarcely sit up. Bernardino says I have shown my American spirit in this journey!

Had we arrived by daylight, we would have been received by half the town a mile outside the city. We reached Santiago about eleven, P. M.; and, as we rode in, — one "lone" American woman escorted by eleven horsemen, — I realized my strange position. The noise of our entrance no doubt alarmed some who fancied we were heralding another revolution.

Our gentlemen friends — our escort — bid us adieu at the door of Mr. Miro's house, where we were enthusiastically received by Julianna (Mr. Miro's wife), Manuela

(his widowed sister), Petita (Bernardino's aunt), and Mr. Miro's sister, Fermina Leon, a widow, who lives with them. After supper we retired, very much fatigued.

The next morning I wore my silk morning dress, which Julianna admired much. They have not worn this style here yet.

Among the first visitors we received was Mica Garcia.* Mr. Garcia, her father, has been very attentive, and almost every day since I arrived a servant appears at the door with a large tray filled with fine fruits or preserves, or some delicacies, sent with Mica's love. Don Diego (Mr. Garcia) sounded your praises in Panama and here, for your attention to him in New York. John Mark is a great favorite of his.

I have a vignettoscope, through which I study, together with all our friends, your photographs with great pleasure. I brought Julianna a stereoscope with views of New York, which afford her and many others much pleasure.

The servants asked the other day to look at the place I came from; and I heard the cook, an old colored woman, saying, when the Academy of Music was shown, that "that was the house the Niña Jenny† lived in!" These negro and Indian servants have the most exalted ideas of New York and New Yorkers, investing it with all the charms of fairy land.

A couple of girls, twelve and fifteen years old, who

* Señorita Mica Garcia came from Santiago to Jenny's wedding in New York.

† Niña Jenny (Lady Jenny) was the name given by all to Jenny. Rich and poor loved to call her Niña Jenny, when they knew her well.

wait upon me a good deal I can see, hardly dare to approach me, and yet strive to seize an opportunity to assist me in arranging my dress, or wait upon me at table. One of them told Julianna in a mysterious whisper that "she had pulled down my dress, when it was tucked up," and that "the Niña had said 'Thank you.'"

All the former slaves of the family have come to welcome me and offer their services.

The night after our arrival we were to have been serenaded, but after the band had collected together, their courage gave out, every one telling them that a New York lady would not care to hear their music. After waiting to summon up valor enough to brave my criticism until it was too late, they went to Don Santiago del Bal, and told him what they had intended, and their reason for giving it up.

I felt very sorry that they did not come; for, whatever the music might have been, the good will shown would have been gratifying.

When we were leaving Panama, you would really have thought I was a member of the family of Mrs. Sosa. Every one gave me some token of remembrance; even Damiena, the servant who was a slave, and since the emancipation still lives with them, and is a treasure to them, brought me a novena to blessed Peter Claver,* and a flower which she had kept in her prayer-book four years, and hoped "I would remember my servant in

* Blessed Peter Claver was a very holy man, who was devoted to the instruction and salvation of the souls of the poor slaves.

Panama." They all helped me to pack, and even Martin said, "I feel as if a sister were leaving home."

We left at four in the afternoon, and were escorted to the boat by Mrs. Sosa, Julian Martin, Mica Nina, and Benilda, little Pedro Margarita Lopez, Mrs. Eccheverrier, Mr. Manuel Sosa, and his daughter Maraquita. They stood on the wharf waving their adieus as long as we were in sight. I miss their pleasant society much. The young ladies of the family when I left could already speak a little English.

September 22d. — I have just heard, my darling parents, that a gentleman is sending an express to Panama, and will take my letter.

I suppose that dear Nell will take the veil day after to-morrow.* I cannot tell you how lonely I am without Nell. I had always pictured her here with me. But Santiago is so changed, and so sad a place now, perhaps it is just as well as it is.†

Mosquera has declared war against Ecuador ; and has called upon the Isthmus for twenty-five thousand dollars. The people are already taxed most heavily and feel this much. The population of the Isthmus is about one hundred and fifty thousand.

I have received no letters since those of the 13th of August ; those of the third were lost. I must stop writ-

* It will be remembered, Jenny's sister left her home the 23d of June (the day that Jenny, too, parted from that dear circle), to enter the convent, and three months is usually allowed before taking the white veil, which is entering on probation only.

† Poor Jenny!

ing. I wish I could throw my arms around your neck, dearest father and mother, and give you such a kiss as would do my heart good. I feel very far away from you; but still time passes, and when I am able to make a visit to you, I will be so happy, please God, it will repay me for my homesickness now.* Fond love to each one of my beloved ones at home in our family, to my dear ones in Binghamton, Detroit, Montreal, Washington, and Manhattanville. Do not forget to remember for me the good servants, and all those old servants who have lived with us, for I know they will all come to inquire for me.

I hope you all pray for me, for we are deprived of every Christian consolation. Inez Arosemena has a nice little baby (a boy), and cannot have him baptized.

Again and again, a fond good-by, my darling parents.

From your devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Letter to Jenny's sister, Nettie E. White — State of the Town after the Revolution — Still Homesick.

SANTIAGO, *September 18th*, 1863.

MY DARLING "OLD NETT, — I have written a long letter of twenty-four pages, my dear sister, to my darling parents, and only add a few lines to you now. . . . .

* Alas! this wish, this dream of our hearts was not granted! God's holy will be done!

There is a general gloom over the whole city ever since the revolution of last year; but this state of things cannot last, please God. The worst consequences of the revolution have been the demoralization of the people, who were before an honest, industrious race. The sacking of the town was most complete. The houses were stripped of everything, in some cases of articles of every kind, large and small. The furniture Bernardino bought for our room, and his books, were left, although they broke open the bureau to find money and jewelry.

I am more homesick than you can imagine, darling Nett, for you all and for my dear, dear home. Sometimes it seems as if I cannot bear it. Still, I try to content myself, and I seem cheerful; yet, I have often to blame myself for yielding to loneliness, when every one makes such exertion to make me happy. It would be impossible to tell you how good and kind they are to me. Still it is not home. I doubt not, after a while, I will be contented. I will feel happier after I have received your letters here. Poor Bernardino is greatly distressed when I give way to homesickness, although he says he knows how natural it is, and that he feels almost as lonely parting with you all.

We are still with Julianna, who had my room pleasantly and cheerfully arranged for us. . . . . The photographs of my family and friends, which dear Sarah Brownson arranged for me, are studied with great interest . . . . .

I hope in God darling mother is well again; but I will

feel most anxious till I hear. I am very uneasy about Frank and darling Rho.

Now, Netty, you must keep me informed of your sayings and doings this winter, — your first in society. I anticipate for you "grand times," and trust that nothing will occur to disappoint you.

How is the music, Nett? I shall miss it much this winter.

Remember me to every one you know I love, as if named; but to each one of the dear family give the fondest, fondest love of your devoted sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Her Sister Ellen takes the Veil — Study to perfect herself in Spanish — Dreaming of Home.

SANTIAGO, *September 24th*, 1863.

MY BELOVED SISTER — MY DARLING NELL, — Dear Rho wrote to me that you expected, please God, to receive the veil to-day. All day my thoughts have been with you, and my prayers have been offered up for a blessing on the offering you make our Lord this day, praying that you may be happy in the life you have chosen, dear Nell.

I have been sad and lonely thinking of you; for, though my will tries to be resigned, nature still asserts her claims, and the struggle is far from being over. I have also

thought and felt much of the sacrifice my beloved parents this day make. Well, time at best is but short, and I pray that when eternity dawns upon us, our sacrifices may have been so made here as then to bring their reward.*

I could not have the happiness of going to holy communion for you, dearest Nell, nor the pleasure of hearing mass, as you know our churches are closed; but Julianna, Fermina (her widowed sister), and myself said a rosary for you, and you and the family were the frequent subjects of our conversation.

All the night before, I was in my dreams with my dear family and many friends, and was so happy I could not bear to awaken.

You are constantly spoken of here, and all regret you did not come with me. They appreciate your remembrances to them. Mica values the scapularies. Even the little pet niece, Pancheta Garcia, knows the photographs of you all, and points out "La Señora Mack." Mica had told them all the details of my wedding, and given a minute description of the bridesmaids. . . . .

I am most anxious to hear from you, now that you have entered on your new career. I have only heard once from you. One letter of yours was lost in the riot, they said. Do write: letters are my great consolation here.

I thank God that I am becoming more cheerful. If that first homesickness had lasted, I think I would have died or lost my mind. I try to keep myself constantly occupied, and thus avoid painful subjects. I am teaching

* God grant it! Hers were many, and made with a cheerful spirit.

Julianna English. Her energy and perseverance surprise me. Yet the teacher's task is no light one. But it gives me an occupation, and at the same time an opportunity to confer a favor upon one who is unwearied in her desire and exertions to please me. The people here have a great appreciation of the advantages of education.

I am practising my Spanish, — writing Spanish letters, translating English into Spanish. I am desirous to perfect myself in the language. . . . .

Good-by, dear "Old Nell." I depend upon all you good nuns to pray for me. I have translated poor Madam Duffy's prayers, and my favorite novena to the Sacred Heart; and these we try to recite daily for the religious, — I mean those in our family especially. Do pray we may not die here, if it is God's will to spare us. Give a great deal of love to dear Kate, and to Madam Hardy. And now, my darling sister, I must send off this scrawl.

Your devoted and affectionate sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

We have now fairly introduced Jenny to our readers in her new and far-distant home, after a long and perilous journey; and we trust that her letters have revealed to them the leading characteristics of her heart and mind. We have given these letters just as they were written for her family alone, with all their minute detail, because it seemed necessary to complete the picture to give her the light and shade, a single line of which, disturbed or

varied, would destroy its truthfulness. Her homesickness, which she wrote to her sister was so great that had it lasted in its first great strength would have caused her death, can only be understood by those who know what an atmosphere of love had ever surrounded Jenny in her home, and with what remarkable devotedness her large circle of friends had cherished her, even from her infancy. Evidently chosen by God for a remarkable mission, as will be seen, he had gifted her with all the graces necessary to fulfil it, and the greatest of these was the gift of winning and drawning all hearts, rich and poor, to her own. Wherever Jenny went, even from childhood to her marriage, she found sincere and earnest friends, who acknowledged without envy or jealousy her goodness and superiority. Her accomplishments often won her countless praises; but she received them with the sweetest humility. One so petted and cherished could not break away from ties, so tenderly bound around her heart, without a severe struggle. Even though following one whom she loved more than all the world beside, how severe was that struggle, she says herself, "could not be told." God knew it, and he only; and this was the great sacrifice he first asked of her, to test her faith and trust in him, before he gave her the saintly work it was his will to call her to Santiago to do for his suffering people there. Were it not that with an eye of faith her family saw the good that Jenny could and would do in that afflicted country, they could never have borne the separation as they did.

We have seen how she has hidden her sorrow to meet

duty, with the courage of a "valiant woman," and how she has faced death, while clinging to the side of that frail vessel, and thinking a moment more would engulf their little bark; and though she was calm and strong, home, sweet home arose before her, and her cause of anguish was "my poor dear ones at home; it will break their hearts."

We must not anticipate, or we should fear that so sensitive a nature would at least yield and sink under the cross before the end could be attained. So it would be in many cases; but Jenny had, side by side with this love of home, this great love, a stronger, a more powerful grace, — it was resignation to the will of God. And this gift is remembered from her infancy to have sustained her under all her trials, great and small, up to this last great test of her love of duty, and of her husband.

But now she has fallen into kind hands and loving hearts, who have cherished and will cherish her with tender care, and already the "Niña Jenny" is no longer "the stranger" who all feared would not like this miserable country, after leaving such a home and city as New York. No, she is their Niña Jenny, and we will leave her now to go on with her own story of her new life and new home, trusting that it may prove one not only of interest, but of profit, and one which must alike exalt in our minds "the little stranger," and the people among whom she had come to call "her people," and "their God her God."

The wedding anniversary of Jenny's father and mother, 29th of September, was a day kept in the family as a

festival most dear to the whole household, one in which parents, children, and servants united their efforts to make the day one of jubilee for all.

Weeks previous to it the children were saving their pocket-money to make purchases; for each presented on that morning a token of their love and veneration to both father and mother. The selection was a matter of as much discussion as a debate in Congress, and far more delightful; and a few dollars had, in imagination, gone from store to store, until it had purchased the worth of as many thousands, before it was decided what the choice should be.

Jenny and the older children prepared a play or concert for the evening, and they were learned, by long and careful study, with as much delight and earnestness as if a crowd would criticise their efforts, while they knew that their parents would be the sole audience. Their approbation and the gratification of paying them homage were to them abundant reward. Until they were grown, this rule of no invitations for "home parties" (as these were called) was observed, for the purpose of teaching the children to pay as much respect to one another as to the world. It was this education of the heart which bound the members of the family so closely together, and rendered their love for one another so pure, that among them there was but one heart; it rejoiced or suffered for each and all.

Wedding Anniversary of her Parents — Visits from Country People — Attention of her new Friends — Flowers sent daily to her.

SANTIAGO, *September 29th*, 1863.

MY BELOVED PARENTS, — All day, in thought, I have been with you, my heart filled with memories of anniversaries of this happy day; and my thoughts have been busy with imaginings of what you were doing at home to celebrate the festival.

I hope that darling Rho has been so well and strong that it has been a day of general rejoicing; and though we have not been with you to offer in person our congratulations to you, my darling parents, be assured your absent children here offered many a heartfelt prayer and aspiration for the blessed continuance of your lives and happiness.

We could not go to mass. Our churches are not yet open for mass; but in the morning Bernardino and I, and in the afternoon Julianna, Fermina, and I said prayers for you. At dinner, we honored the day; your health was drank with enthusiasm. Nearly all day I have talked of you, my darling parents. I have given them a true but glowing description of the happiness, love, and unity of your wedded life. May God grant you may be long spared to one another and your children!

October 3d. — I always keep a letter begun or partly written, to be ready to send it when an opportunity occurs.

Since Santiago was guilty of the sin of loyalty, it is no longer the capital of the country; therefore the mails are sent from, and received at, San Francisco, the present court-town, and our letters subjected to delays, and more frequently lost.

It is three months to-day since I arrived in Panama, — quarter of a year! In a year and three quarters I hope to go home again.* Do not be unhappy about me. I am sure I will become more contented when we can have the privilege of practising our religion. Without that, I could not be happy anywhere.

Julianna tells me, but for the rule against it, there was to have been high mass, procession of the blessed sacrament, and various prayers chanted, in thanksgiving for our safe arrival.

Every one has the greatest compassion for me, being, as they say, "an exile from home." I have beautiful flowers sent to me every day by one member of the family or another, or from a friend. I scarcely dare say I feel an ache or pain; for if I have but a bad headache, all the members of the family, far and near, come or send a messenger to inquire if I am better, or to express their sorrow.† . . . . .

All the country people for miles around have come to visit us, and our time has been constantly occupied returning calls.

* Poor child! Her prayer was not granted.

† Such attention to the "little stranger" shows great refinement and kind-heartedness.

October 5th. — My heart was overjoyed by the sight of letters from home to-day. Dear Nett's long letter, — one dictated by dearest mother in her sick-bed, two from dearest father, two from dear Nell, one from "Old Loo," one from dear Tom, and one from darling Rho. I could not say how thoroughly I enjoyed these dear letters. I read and re-read them; and although they brought me the sad news of dear mother's and Frank's and Rho's illness, yet they gave me the cheering intelligence of their recovery, or at least convalescence.

I am still uneasy about Rho. How I sympathized with her! Nett, mother's little nurse during her illness, will have her birthday day after to-morrow, when I shall think of her. May God bless her!

Bernardino and each member of the family send remembrances and love. Don Santiago gave me a long Spanish message to you, dear father, which want of time will prevent me from writing (for the messenger is waiting for my letter).

Give my love "to all inquiring friends," which means something from me; for no one will inquire for me whom I do not really remember and love. You know, dear parents, I always felt I had a great many friends, and I think of them now more than ever. Especially remember me to my dear, kind, good friend, Father Driscoll, and all the good priests at Sixteenth Street.

Ever your devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Interesting description of a Bull-fight.

SANTIAGO, *October 7th*, 1863.

MY DARLING "OLD NETT," — A thousand good wishes and blessings are in my heart and on my lips, darling, for you ; but distance, which but adds intensity to my feelings of affection for you, prevents my expressing them in any more satisfactory manner than through the medium of a letter.

And this, darling Nett, is your birthday! Fairly embarked on your voyage of life, your heart filled I know with many bright anticipations, the sea so calm, and the sun so bright, and wind so fair, you cannot bring yourself to believe that clouds or storms can ever come. And do not think of them, dear Nett ; for if they come, you will not find them so hard to struggle through as your imagination would now lead you to believe, and if, as I pray it may be, it is the will of God you should be protected and spared from them, you will have clouded, by anticipation of evil, a time in your life which, if not the happiest, is the most light-hearted.

I fancy you and dear Lilla will have a gay winter. Is Jenny Eldridge to spend the winter with you ? I hope so. Be sure to keep me informed of your enjoyments.

Manuela, Fermina, Julianna, and all the family send their congratulations to you on your entrance into society, and many good wishes for your birthday. We all said

prayers together for you this morning. Please tell dear father we have prayers for him every day. . . . .

You seemed quite horrified at the idea of a bull-fight, and would excuse any of your admirers for expressing their devotion to you in this way, I presume. It is indeed a barbarous amusement. The Spaniards themselves confess it to be so; but in this country it would be difficult to abolish it, the people are so infatuated with it.

I believe I did not describe the manner in which this "playing with the bull," as it is called in Spanish, is carried on.

One of the bull-fights I saw was given in celebration of the anniversary of the inauguration of the present administration, and was therefore conducted with a great deal of style. Generally the principal plaza is fenced in. In this instance the bull was fought in the open square, being secured by a rope forty or fifty yards long, which was held by several men, — thus allowing the bull free play, while it prevented his escape.

There were two "toreadors," two black men, one celebrated as the best "toreador" in Panama. He wore a light-blue flannel shirt and black pantaloons, and, as he stood shaking the bright red "manta" in the face of the bull, to enrage him still more, he looked like the man in the picture, of a bull-fight I saw, in Goupil's window.

The point at which the excitement is greatest is when the triumphant toreador fastens the "bandarilla" in the neck of his furious antagonist. The "bandarilla" is something in appearance like a rocket about four feet long, gayly ornamented with ribbons, one end pointed

with sharpened iron. To strike this firmly in the bull requires great coolness and dexterity on the part of the toreador, as he must advance within a few feet of the terrible animal before the dangerous feat can be attempted.

Before trying, he takes up a collection among the crowd, first presenting the "bandarilla" to the person whom he wishes to compliment, the honor to be paid for by a larger donation than that given by the others. The day I saw it, the gentleman gave ten dollars. As the "bandarilla" is struck, a spring is touched which causes a discharge of fireworks around the head of the bull. You may imagine the effect! The animal plunges, rears, and rushes wildly around. The toreadors skilfully avoid him; men and boys shout and applaud, women shriek and scream; — and this is what I saw at a bull-fight! Sometimes lives are lost; but I saw no accident, thank God! I never wish to see another. As a matter of curiosity, I felt anxious to witness what the world-renowned and time-renowned amusement was. Do not be shocked at my minute account. I only give it as information, which, if I failed to give, I would pass unnoticed one of the national amusements and customs of a country which I try to describe faithfully to you.

Bernardino sends congratulations, and regrets he cannot be in New York to celebrate your birthday. He says he will never forget the songs with which you used to amuse him.

I was at sea, on my way from Panama, on my dear Tom's birthday; but he was not forgotten.

Give a great deal of love to all my friends. Congrat-

ulate dear Josephine Bosworth for me. How is Mrs. Bosworth? better, I hope . . . . . (Then follow messages to many.) . . . . Remember me to Ann Curtayne. One would think "I had taken my pen in hand" from "the ould counthry," by all my messages; but I do remember all; and now let me remember my humbler, though not less esteemed, friends, — the good servants, so kind to me always, and McDermott, my old nurse, and all the old women at the Church, who used to pray for me.

Your loving sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Dangerous and remarkable Illness — Great Attention from the whole Town, Rich and Poor — Recovery.

SANTIAGO, *November 13th*, 1863.

MY OWN DARLING MOTHER, — Words cannot tell you the happiness your dear handwriting gave me, weak and feeble as it was, after your sickness; yet day by day I could see an improvement, and I rejoiced in the last letter, looking like your own dear handwriting once more. My heart ached for you, dear mother, in your many and varied trials; but, as dear Father O'Reilly once said to me, "Those who are assisting Jesus to carry the cross must walk very near him."

One of my greatest trials is, that I seem to be deprived of the power of aiding you in any way. I am fated to be so far from you, that even in sickness I cannot help you. It is one of the greatest trials to me, for it would be of inexpressible happiness to me to be of use to you, my darling parents; all I can do is to pray for you, and my poor prayers you have. To others is left the pleasure of acts. . . . . .

How I would like to be with you all this winter, always meaning if my dear husband could be there too! I rejoiced at John and Rho's happiness,—the birth of their little Rhoda. . . . . And how is poor Frank? That fever was terrible. . . . .

When you wrote your letters to me, dear mother, neither you nor I anticipated I would be in the same state of convalescence when I answered them. I am just recovering from a severe and tedious illness of five weeks, which, notwithstanding the reputation of the Isthmus, was not a fever! This must account for the trembling hand and style of my letter. Yesterday, when Bernardino returned from the hacienda in the country, where he went in the morning, he found me up, dressed in my rose-colored morning-dress, hair dressed, and looking so well he declared no one would believe I had been sick. Even the doctor is amazed at my recuperative powers.

I was taken ill in the night, feeling my blood very much heated, and suffered from such a dreadful itching I could not sleep. In the morning I was very weak, and parts of my person were covered with what seemed to be hives. I felt a disinclination to exert myself, but forced myself

to take my morning walk. On my return I was seized with such a sick faintness that I could scarcely be undressed; my blood was boiling. Large blotches came out upon me from my head to my feet, accompanied with such intense itching that I was almost crazy. Cooling drinks, and herbs with which I was rubbed, relieved me for a time; then this itching came on in paroxysms, which continued all the next day and night; these were followed by violent pains, and I said to Bernardino that I felt as if I had been poisoned; but the doctor thought it the effect of the climate, although he had never seen such a case here.* He called it poisoning of the blood. By the time he arrived, my forehead and eyes, — indeed, every part of my body, — toes, fingers, ears, and eyes, — were swollen so that no one could have recognized me. He ordered potash and cooling external application (glycerine), and a foot-bath; this latter I could only bear eight minutes, and then almost fainted away. He ordered sixteen leeches on my face, and kept me on low diet. He came several times a day, and the fourth day I was a little better. Several times I was threatened with a nervous spasm, from the agony of the itching in the soles of my feet and palms of my hands. Mrs. Fabréga told me she had seen cases like it in Bogota, and that in some instances it gave spasms and lockjaw.

On Friday morning I awoke from my first night's rest, when, most unexpectedly, all your letters came to delight me. But I did not receive the opinion dear father prom-

* We are inclined to believe it was caused by the exposure of the journey.

ised to send me. On trying to sit up that morning, I found myself very ill again. I cannot tell you my suffering. The doctor stayed all that night, and was much alarmed.

Petita, Manuela, Julianna, and Fermina were taking care of me, and the anxiety with which the doctor watched my pulse every few minutes showed me I was dangerously ill. My illness had assumed a new form, and one that endangered my life, and would certainly destroy that of another. There was but one way to save my life, — an operation. I explained to the doctor that, as a Catholic, I could not, without a violation of conscience, allow my life to be spared by the operation, unless my death was certain without it; for in that case both mother and child would be lost in this early stage. Had it been late enough to save the child, no arguments could have made me risk its death.

Oh, dear mother, you cannot think what an agony it was for me to decide to purchase my life by the loss of a soul! *

Sixty hours I lay without moving.

Bernardino sat up with me twelve nights in succession! I could not induce him to go to bed, no matter who beside him stayed with me. I cannot tell you what good, kind care they took of me. Mr. Miro, Julianna's husband, has been sick, confined to his room, and yet she

* The recklessness with which in these days so many violate conscience for vain and trifling reasons, has induced me not to withhold Jenny's Christian views on this subject.

has been so much with me, I had to force her to leave. Petita was constant in her attendance, and Fermina also.

The whole town, rich and poor, came to inquire for me, and even those who were not related to Bernardino were praying for me earnestly. You cannot imagine how kind every one has been to me. Still, darling mother, you, who have just enjoyed the loving care of your dear mother, know that no other care or kindness can make up for the want of that. I would tell a story, and one that you would not believe, if I said I was not homesick. I am at times almost overpowered.

I could not but remember the tender care of my dear parents, and brothers, and sisters, in my sickness and affliction at home, when I saw myself, with the exception of my dear husband, surrounded by persons whom two months before I had never seen, — not even speaking my language.

It seemed ungrateful for me to give way to homesickness, when they were so kind, and I tried to control my feelings ; but even in this they were kind, for when they found traces of tears they did their best to console me. Indeed, they do make a great pet of me. Don Santiago and I are good friends. He was much troubled at my illness, and came twice a day to see me, and postponed a journey to the country two weeks, that he might leave me well.

The doctor (Dr. Dickson) seems to be an excellent one, and in both cases treated me most skilfully. He is an American, has lived twelve years in these countries, and has had much experience. He was educated in St.

Francis Xavier's College, Cincinnati, and pursued his medical studies in Philadelphia. He is a man about Dr. Whiting's size and style, very well educated, and very gentlemanly. He married a Spanish lady here; they live in perfect harmony, and are one of the most devoted couples I have seen. Mrs. Dickson is very pretty, and, though young, seems a woman of great force of character and energy, lively and agreeable in conversation, and very warm-hearted and affectionate. Her husband took her to Peru last year; but she was so homesick be was obliged to bring her back.* She can sympathize with me.

November 26th. — Thanksgiving Day! I was in the act of writing when I was taken with a relapse, my dear parents. I believe I got a little too homesick over my letter, which produced a relapse, after which I had a kind of fever, which lasted five days. Now I am up again, for the first time, and feel better than I have done in a long time. I would not send my letter till I could say I was well, for fear of frightening you.

I had all my plans for keeping Thanksgiving Day! Even here I was going to have pumpkin pies; and we were to have our American flag out! But it is postponed; so I thought I would just drop in while you are all at dinner, and I have kept Thanksgiving with you all, dear ones. I hope you have a right merry time of it at

* Dr. Dickson has since told me that she tried to conceal her homesickness; but when he saw it was affecting her health, he abandoned the idea of living in Lima, and when he told her so, she fell upon her knees and thanked him.

that dear old dinner-table, and have as many private as public reasons for thanks.

I rejoiced over the Ohio and Pennsylvania elections. We have had no letters since the 23d of September, and are most anxious to hear of the Washington expedition. I dare not write more, but feel that I must be with you a few minutes.

December 2d. — I had the happiness of receiving a budget of letters, Saturday last, which I assure you I enjoyed. They came when I had that last fever, and the doctor and Bernardino kept them from me. They were from you, dear mother, — two from Nett, one from Rho at West Point, and one from grandfather.

I am quite well now, thank God! have a good appetite, and the doctor thinks I will be again very healthy. I got well in time to assist in the care of poor Bernardino, who has had a severe bilious attack, but is better.

We are crazy to hear the result of the elections. Our last papers came two days before election. I cannot tell you what a comfort your letters are. You do not speak of my letter from Nata, in which I described our wonderful escape from shipwreck on the way from Panama.

Since there is but twenty-five minutes' difference in time between here and New York, I frequently, during the day, imagine what you are all doing. . . .

I wished to write you a pleasant letter about Santiago, but dare not write long letters. I am too weak to trust myself too far yet, for I take too deep an interest in all your affairs, dearest parents. We have prayers every day in the family for you.

Poor Uncle Frank's death shocked and pained me. How I feel for poor Grandmother Waterman! Do not fancy me pale-looking. Manuela said, to-day, "Look at Jenny; who would think she had been sick?" Do obtain all the prayers you can for us. What a sad Christmas we will have, — not even one mass!

Bernardino joins me in wishing all our dear family, in different parts of the United States, a happy Christmas and a merry New-Year. I trust Frank will be home, and that will make the house cheerful. I dare not write more. I hope my next will not be full of myself and my troubles. Your own devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

PANAMA, *December 6th*, 1863.

MY DARLING LOO, — I have been seven weeks sick, or you would have had your birthday letter. I am well now, thank God!

I have built a great many castles in the air about your coming to live with me here. Twelve years old! We would have a nice time together, Loo, riding, studying, practising music, and speaking Spanish. Then we would go to the hacienda, and swing in the hammocks in orange groves, and read! Now, although I could not teach you as well as mamma, yet your time would not be lost.

Dr. Dickson considers this a very healthy place, and for persons threatened with affections of the lungs most especially so. There are eight months of winter, which is the rainy season, commencing in April and ending in November; four months of summer, from the first of December to the first of April. Since I came, the thermometer has ranged from seventy to eighty degrees.

Now, "Old Loo," do you not think we could enjoy two years very pleasantly here? We would have so much time for study. . . . . .

I have not, as anticipated, grown lazy here: whether I will, remains to be seen. I doubt it; for an idle life would be to me a truly penitential one. I have always been accustomed, from dear mother's teaching, to be so systematic, that, almost unconsciously, wherever I am I settle down into a regular mode of life, occupying every hour as usefully as I can. My sickness broke into the following arrangement of my time, which, thank God, I am able to resume to day, with the exception of the walks.

I rise at six. After taking a cup of tea or coffee, Bernardino, Julianna, and I walk about an hour, it generally terminating in a call on Don Santiago del Bal. On my return, after changing my dress, and saying my morning prayers, I write until eleven, A. M., only interrupted by breakfast, which is here always a very sociable meal; from eleven until twelve I practise my guitar; from twelve till two, I give an English lesson to Julianna, sewing meanwhile; from two to three I read and write Spanish and French on alternate days; dress for dinner, and, at half-past three, "prayers for you all and for my

dear father;" and that takes some time. We dine between four and five, and after dinner sit out on the porch or "portal," take our tea or "café noir," and chat and amuse ourselves till nine or ten o'clock, when we say the rosary and retire. I have been reading Scott's novels at odd moments. Sometimes this routine is interrupted by visitors and visits; but they are usually paid in the evening.

Scarcely an evening passes without visitors; but since the assassination of Mr. Luis Fabréga, in the plaza, between nine and ten, and threat to shoot every one of the name, few care to be out late. The late revolution has thrown such a gloom over the town that, unless especially invited, few care to remain out later than nine. The evening does not seem so short, for it is always dark at half-past six; indeed, most people drop in at half-past five while we are taking our "café."

A messenger just came, offering to take my letter, dear Loo, and I must leave you to give all my loving messages to each one of the dear ones.

From your devoted sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Small-pox on the Isthmus — Desolation of Soul described — Troops called out for Ecuador — Country people fly to the Caves and Mountains.

December 16th, 1863.

MY DEAREST FATHER, — I am now, thank God, well, and, like dear mother, hope my illness will benefit me. I

have not yet walked out, for Bernardino is too careful of me. . . . . .

The small-pox is within a few miles of Santiago; it has worked its way up from Panama. I dared not tell you that when we were in Panama it was all around us, and one case in the house with us. It continues as a pestilence there. The native population is ten or twelve thousand, and several thousand foreign residents. One thousand cases, they say, of small-pox have proved fatal; and these poor people dying without priests near them!

Certainly this country is under the scourge of the Almighty. War and pestilence have come; there is but famine left, — from which may God preserve us.

This new call for men for Ecuador has so alarmed the country people that already they are afraid of being seized as soldiers. Upon the very first report of a recruiting officer in this neighborhood, they will fly to the caves and mountains, neglect their plantations, and not one will dare appear to sell their produce in town.

I thank you, dear father, for all your prayers and communions for us, and hope you will continue them; for indeed we need them temporally and spiritually. It is a sad time for us. When the whole Christian world will be celebrating this holy season with festivities and rejoicings, we will not be able to hear one mass on Christmas day. It seems as if we may exclaim, "Father, why hast thou forsaken us?" Still, I try to recover my fainting spirit, recalling the many promises our blessed Lord has made that we shall not call upon him in vain.

I trust, through the many good prayers offered, he will ere long be in our midst, in his loving sacramental presence. My head is warning me not to trespass too far upon my new-found strength. . . . .

My own darling father's devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Going to House-keeping — Plans to arouse the People.

[PRIVATE.]

PANAMA, *December 18th*, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — I have just written to dear father. . . . . Please send me my piano, for which I send a check. . . . . Money is so scarce here now, on account of the state of the country and the heavy taxes, that we are glad to live, and hope for better days. Those who are obliged to sell must do it at a great sacrifice. Cattle, that sold for twenty, thirty, and thirty-five dollars a head, now sell at ten. The governor sold one hundred, belonging to a gentleman, the other day, at five dollars, that were worth forty! We do not wish to sell now, and prefer being economical.

Is not my fate a strange one? Just going to housekeeping, without being ready for it, at such a time as this! You know how much it requires. Bernardino

bears his troubles like a saint. I tell him we are young, and hope to live to see better days in the land.

I send you, dear mother, a list of articles for house-keeping, which I will ask you to select for me. . . . Our house was ready for us, but in the revolution, as I wrote to you, this city was sacked, and the houses worth entering were robbed of everything. We have an odd beginning, until you can send us these things, which affords us no little amusement. Imagine us going to house-keeping with the following articles: A beautiful bedstead, bureau, and washstand; a handsome easy-chair and rocking-chair; a piano, guitar; several hundred well-selected volumes in English, French, and Spanish; silver napkin-rings, fruit-spoons, etc., and any number of knick-knacks; a high-post bedstead, the curtains of which are in the hands of the revolutionists. Nothing useful in the lot.

Bernardino and I have to laugh over the shifts we will have to make, with our little stock, to keep up appearances. I tell him I mean to electrify the people, when I once go to house-keeping, and arouse them out of their depressed state by my entertainments, "à l'Americaine." I will so enchant them, they will not notice the deficiencies! We try to laugh at trouble, and "like it." I do not like to bring much from the States while communication is so difficult. Our bedstead alone cost us two hundred dollars to get it here, besides an infinite deal of trouble. . . . . .

I am giving you a great deal of trouble, dearest mother. It is what I have done all my life, and you are not rid of

me yet, you see! . . . Would you believe it, even here I am often in a hurry! I write in haste. "Becky Trot," as Rho called me, I fear I will be all my life.

My darling mother's ever devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Reflections New Year's Eve — First Christmas in Santiago — Introduction of the Society of the Sacred Heart in Santiago — Mails — Archbishop's Circular.

PANAMA, *December 31st*, 1863.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — This is the last night of the year, and what a year it has been to me! I have known the joy of a mother's love, and have felt the anguish of a mother's grief in parting with the child dear to her. I have parted with all of my family and friends, and have come to a foreign land, — that land in a state of political excitement and religious desolation such as you can hardly imagine. I have seen my husband ill to death's door; and never shall I forget that hour when we both stood praying together in that boat, each moment expecting to be launched into eternity! Many blessings, too, have I had. But I must not continue these reflections. One of my trials this year, and by no means the lightest, has been darling Nell's leaving. . . . . .

Your dear letters came to me two days before Christmas, and were a great comfort to me. I was not very well, and could hardly hold my head up on Christmas. They heard me speak of the custom at home of

trimming the house with greens, and Mr. Miro sent a boy for some greens and palm-trees. Julianna and Fermina brought the greens to my bed, and we made a cross and they trimmed the room to look like Christmas at home. In the evening they all came to my room and I prepared for the drawing of Christmas gifts.* I drew "The Cross," Mr. Miro drew "Trust in Providence," which was very applicable to his situation. To-morrow, please God, we are to have singing, to begin the New Year in good spirits.

It seems as if sickness would never leave when it comes to a family. Poor Petita has been sick six weeks; one of the servants at death's door. I am now quite well again, and the doctor says he never saw any one look so well after illness.

I hope you do not feel sad at the thought of my home-sickness, and fancy me going about gloomily. I try to be cheerful and conceal my feelings, for I have a husband devoted to me and his whole family, and many friends love and, I think, respect me. I can say this to you, dear mother, because you understand me, and know I say it to make you happier.

No one can appreciate the blessings of a good government until they are deprived of it. Mr. Miro has been urging me to write to father and Mr. Greeley about the political state of this country, — he is so provoked at the coloring that is given to Mosquero's acts by the minister and correspondents. I have promised to do so as soon as

* These are graces written on pieces of paper, and with a prayer drawn for the year's practice.

my head feels strong enough. The Mortmain law is perfectly iniquitous. . . . . .

The last mass I heard was in dear Sixteenth Street. Pray ask them to remember me in their prayers. You cannot think how I felt when I was so sick, without a priest to give me the sacraments. It was very desolate.

There are no mails now except between Panama and the county town of each department. The governor has stopped them. He said, "They only make the people talk about the affairs of the government, and give rise to rumors and reports." This is the liberal government!

The archbishop has published a circular, declaring all Catholic priests who have taken the oath the government requires, as suspended, and incapacitated for saying mass or administering the sacraments. . . . .

There are some few priests who have remained in the country and have given bail, but have not sworn not to perform any religious duties. If any of them were detected in any act of their priestly office, they would be put in prison or exiled. Thus you see, dear mother, it would be no easy matter to get any one of them to run such a risk, no matter how much needed. There is no priest at this time in Santiago; but there is a rumor that the former curate might return if we could go for him; but it would be rather difficult to bring him secretly into a place like this to attend a sick person. It is perfectly dreadful to live in this way.

I have been making an exertion to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart here. Pray for me. And now, dear

mother, take my good-night kiss (a kiss I would so love to give myself to you!), and the love of your devoted child, JENNY.

P. S. — Do not forget to give my love to Dr. and Mrs. Whiting. How often I have thought of the doctor since I have been sick!

We have accompanied Jenny to her adopted home, and have travelled with her in her journeyings, as if side by side. We feel depressed, and almost lose courage. To follow on seems only to witness the gathering of heavier clouds; and the darkened skies threaten gloom insupportable.

We have found her nearly overcome by heart-grief. Alas! perhaps she has too dearly loved her home. We have seen her more than once near unto death, and by an invisible power snatched from it when all human aid was powerless. And now, at the close of the year, such is the state of the people and the country in that afflicted land, that even she, so brave, so hopeful, exclaims, "My God, why hast thou forsaken us?" Yet her courage must be our support; her faith, our faith! Does she not say that better times will come, for "He has promised to hear those who put their trust in him"?

Already she has aroused her own energies, and declares she will "electrify" this depressed people, and allow them

no longer to give way to silent sorrow. May we not hope that the angel of God has brought her here to be their consoler and guiding-star in this storm of persecution which has desolated the land?

His will — to take her from parents who idolized her, and from every comfort that surrounded her — was not to wound her sensitive heart, and prostrate her upon a bed of sickness in the land of strangers, but to purify her yet more, and thus prepare her for an exalted work in this distant home. We bow in submission to the inscrutable ways of Providence, or our hearts would break.

She closes the year, hoping our Christmas at home will be a happy one! Who will fill her vacant place? Who will prepare the Christmas concert? Who will lead the little band when they chant at dawn of day? Since she was seven years old, every Christmas morning, before daylight, her voice has been heard at the door of her parents' room, awakening them by singing the hymn, "Come, let us adore Him." Last Christmas (1862) she, with six brothers and sisters, chanted the Christmas carol and a gloria at midnight. It was a heavenly choir of pure young hearts, offering homage to the infant Saviour! And think you not that Jenny, on that sick-bed in Santiago, heard again those sweet voices in spirit, and missed the parents' blessing?*

* Jenny, on Christmas eve, after every one had taken two hours' sleep, arose and awoke the little choir, who, as quietly as possible, stole to the parlor to be ready to welcome in the Christmas morning, after twelve, by chanting the "Gloria" and "Adeste Fideles." The heavenly sound awoke the parents, who listened as only parents could listen, and united

New Year's Day — The Past.

SANTIAGO, *January 1st*, 1864.

HAPPY, happy New Year to all! — Parents, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunts, family, and friends, in New York, Binghamton, Detroit, Georgetown, and Manhattanville. If you can only have all the blessings my heart wishes you, you will have a happy and prosperous year, my loved ones.

I am so glad my dear brother Frank arrived before Christmas, for you will truly have a festive time, please God. I almost see what you are doing at home, and have described to them here with minuteness our holiday seasons.

I am most anxious to hear of the Christmas concert, which I am sure did justice to the teacher and pupils.* I am much pleased to hear dear Nett has so improved in her singing and playing. "I expect to be very much surprised" when we meet again.

Be sure to tell me what you all wore on New Year's day. In honor of this day, I have put on a white dress, black velvet bodice, blue ribbon in my hair and on my

their prayers to the offering. When that first adoration was over, then came the children, one and all, racing to the parents' room, to receive the "happy Christmas," and to see their gifts, and the house rang with shouts of joy that awakened the neighbors.

* Her sister Rhoda (Mrs. Mack) took her place, and prepared for their parents the Christmas concert, which was always given to show their improvement in music during the year.

dress. I forgot to tell you (as you desired) that I wore, at the Spanish ball in Panama, my white lace dress over blue silk, colored flowers in my hair and on the waist of my dress, which was a beautiful one. I always wore at the balls, on one shoulder, my colors (red, white, and blue), to show I was an American!

A year ago last night we were arranging the parlor for New Year's day, and Rho, Nett, and I superintending the finishing of our dresses. This is a day I always enjoyed so much at home; but I must not indulge myself in looking back: experience has taught me it is not calculated to cheer me. And now I must begin to be cheerful, and cheer them all.

A happy, happy New Year to all! With the fondest love of your devoted child to you, my darling parents, let me give you each a good hug.

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

What courage!

New Year's Eve in Santiago — Singing College Songs — Song of John Brown enthusiastically received — National Dances.

SANTIAGO, *January 5th*, 1864.

MY DARLING PARENTS, — I sent a mail-bag to you of forty pages on the 3d. . . . . .

Our New Year's evening passed off more pleasantly than I expected. We resolved to begin the New Year

in a lively manner, as I told you, dear mother, I would. Mrs. Francisco Fabréga (an aunt of Bernardino), Dr. Dickson, Mr. Facio (who was heretofore the life of every company, and gave many delightful entertainments at his house), Mr. Alcedo, and Mr. Montière (a French engineer, who is spending some time here,) happened in to see us.

We first drew our patron saints for the year. I drew St. Rose of Lima,* and after that we had a lively evening. I sang a great deal. We had college songs, and "John Brown;" Dr. Dickson, who sings very well, Don Facio, and Bernardino joining in the chorus. And they got so thoroughly into the spirit of the glee, that I thought my chorus-singers would take the roof off the house before we concluded our evening. All confessed the amusement had done them good. We are determined to keep it up.

Last night, after singing a great deal, I wound up the evening by dancing one of their national dances that I had seen one of my Spanish cousins dance in Panama.

They were perfectly delighted to see me do this for them, and you can imagine how enthusiastically they received it! It was a dance in which you sing and dance together. Tell Nett I am going back to the days of my youth!

If I only had even one of you here to help me I could do a great many things.

* This was an austere saint of South America, but one chosen by Jenny as a model when a child, before she saw Bernardino, or supposed South America would be her home.

Don Francisco Fabréga, who was governor (indeed, he had complete control of the Isthmus), is now in exile in Central America. He was very popular. He lived in great style here, kept open house, and gave fine entertainments. The two years he was governor, he spent besides his salary (six thousand a year and a house) twenty-five thousand dollars. He wrote to his wife to tell me how much he regretted not being here, to do his part towards welcoming and receiving me, and to say I would not have stayed a night, but a week, at his country-seat, on my way here, and that my family would have been sent for there to meet me. Now his home is lonely, his house stripped of almost every article of furniture, and his wife in constant fear that their son Frank will be assassinated; one daughter a widow, from the death of her husband, Governor Guadia; the other daughter with her, because her husband is an exile in Central America. This is the change in one family, owing to the revolution. Can you blame them for being sad? Scarcely a family here, of respectability, but have some just cause for depression; and the worst of it is, we can hope for nothing better while this government lasts.

Dr. Dickson was very glad to hear that Nellie met his adopted sister. If she inherits the talent of her mother, her acquaintance would be desirable. The doctor has read to me most interesting extracts from his mother's letters, which showed a mind of great natural talent and vigor, refined by education and intercourse with the world. Mrs. Rui's brother is Brigadier-General Kilby Smith, of

Mississippi River fame. Mr. Rui studied law with Mr. Seward.

I cannot realize that this is the holiday season in New York. I am now seated in my room, with my windows and doors open; the fragrance of roses fills the air, and the thermometer is at eighty-four degrees; while you are shutting out the cold, by closing every crevice through which the air could enter. The nights are cool; towards morning chilly enough to sleep comfortably under a blanket.

I must write to-night to Panama. I have kept up a brisk correspondence with Mrs. Sosa and the girls. Bernardino is quite delighted with my improvement in writing Spanish. I really feel attached to that family. The daughters were brought up after your own heart, dear mother, and Mrs. Sosa is a saint. . . . . .

My darling parents' devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

BIRTHDAY LETTER TO HER FATHER.

Spanish Feast on a Hacienda — Death of Edward White, Jenny's Grandfather.

SANTIAGO, *January 19th*, 1864.

MY DEAREST FATHER, — A thousand good wishes are in my heart for you, my beloved father, this day. How happy would I be could I but be with you, to express them; but for the present that pleasure is denied me

and I must content myself by praying, in my far-off home, that your New Year may be filled with blessings, and that you may live to see many more birthdays come around, in happiness and prosperity.

How many recollections of "papa's birthday" this day brings to my mind! A great holiday always! Pocket-money given by papa in the morning to "the children," who then spent the whole day in discussing, deciding upon, and purchasing the gifts which were to "surprise" (!) him in the evening! Ah, dear childhood, with all its troubles, is a happy time, but, with such parents as mine, never to be forgotten!

To-morrow will be the birthday of my angel child, your namesake, father. He is, I am sure, pouring forth his supplications before the throne of God for you to-day. . . . . .

I am quite lonely to-day. Bernardino has gone to one of his haciendas, and Julianna and her husband have also gone to their country-place, to try change of air for Mr. Miro, who is still sick. It is a great disappointment to me not to be able to go to the country, for every one says it is delightful to be there this season; but the doctor will not consent that I should ride on horseback, and I would not wish to do anything imprudent.

At one of Don Santiago del Bal's haciendas he had, last week, what they call a feast. It is something like a bee for the purpose of marking the cattle. There are a certain number of neighbors who are invited to assist in the work; but a general invitation is given to the people, far and wide, to assist at the sports which follow. Such

a festival always attracts together quite a number, celebrated for their skill in the management of horses, or for their strength and dexterity as "toreadors." Fast horses are brought by their owners to display their qualities in the race. Wild horses are broken and trained, and some of the wonders of horsemanship shown are worthy of Rarey. Wild bulls are kept in enclosures, until, at a given word, they are liberated, when a race ensues between them and men on horseback, the object of the horsemen being to catch the bull by the tail and throw him to the ground! You can imagine what great strength and dexterity it takes to succeed in this feat. The night is spent in dancing.

The gentleman, at whose hacienda the feast is given, provides a liberal supply of refreshments, and plenty of "chicha" and whiskey; but, besides these, a great many of the country-people have little booths and tables for the sale of different articles. It takes place on a large prairie, several miles in extent, and seems something like a fair. The people are too much like the Irish not to have their "fights"! One of the men came here yesterday, and I said, "Well, Felix, you had a great feast: how was it?" "Oh, yes, mam, a great many fights and a great deal of whiskey"! Don Santiago says, when I am well, he will give another feast to the people, so that I may see it.

January 20th. — . . . . . I have written fifty pages home this month. If you do not receive letters, never think I do not write. . . . . .

I am quite noted here, and have been obliged to spend much of the time I have set apart for writing in writing

Spanish letters to the Consul and President of the States, at the request of several gentlemen here. I shine, however, entirely by reflected light. It is owing to my being daughter of Judge White, of New York, that I am of influence. . . . . .

I have such a longing to see you all, and my desire to join you when I think of you is so intense, that it almost seems as if I reached you in spirit. . . . . .

January 24th. — My dearest father, I received, last night, letters from home, bringing me the sad news of my dear Grandfather White's death! . . .

My dear grandfather! He said he would never see me again! It makes me very sad. I realize now, more than ever, how far we are separated from you all. If I feel his death so much, what must it be to his children? Dear mother's description of his death was so minute, and so consoling and edifying, that it left a most peaceful impression on my mind, and took from me all the fear I had of death.* "Truly, this is the death of a saint," said Bernardino's sister, when I described it to her and the family. Please say to all my dear aunts and to Uncle John how much I sympathize with them.

What an incentive to lead a good life are the death-beds of those we have seen go before us in the family! How trifling all their trials seem to them, now that they are enjoying the reward which patient endurance of suffering gained for them, — a reward so inestimable! . . . . .

* This was the effect produced by his calm death upon every one of his family, who stood around him at that hour.

The letter from dear Father O'Reilly did not reach me. I cannot express my disappointment.

Praying that the other members of my family will be spared in health, I am darling father's

Attached child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Birth of a Daughter — Cotton Planting — Cotton Speculations — Mrs. Fabréga — A Friend.

SANTIAGO, *January 30th*, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — I am sitting beside my sweet little baby, little Rhoda; and what would I not give, dear mother, if you could see her? She looks so like my darling little angel James, that it makes me sad to look at her. She must look like Rhoda's little Dodo, every one thinks.

Since I wrote last, I have passed a most anxious time. She has been very ill, and from my anxiety about her, and the care, I became very sick for several days. Oh, how I miss you, dear mother, at these times! It is awful for an American to have children here. After confinement, you are kept in a perfect purgatory, for fear of what they call "spasmio," — a kind of convulsion. Imagine the thermometer at ninety degrees, the windows and doors all closed, cracks stopped up with paper, and your bed hung

around with sheets and blankets, lest by chance any air should come in! You must drink warm drinks, and have, for diet, chicken soup, several days. I was kept unusually closely confined because I am a foreigner, and, for the same reason, I dared not rebel. My blood became so heated that I was nearly wild.

The baby is a great favorite with all. It makes me lonesome, when I see them petting her, to think not one of my own family can see her. . . . . Thank dear Rho for the baptismal dress. These things from home make me homesick. . . . . .

Your letters from home are a perfect treat. I read, read, and re-read them. If you could realize how great the pleasure is to me when I receive them, and how few pleasures I can have here, you would not think of the trouble it is to write them. After I have read them, I count the days till I can hear again. . . . .

Bernardino has been with me since Christmas, but in a few days must leave me. They are cropping cotton here; and, although all have suffered from the worm, great quantities of cotton are brought into Santiago, and several gins are in active operation. All, I believe, will continue the business next year. They made a great mistake, I think, in planting the Costa Rica and Sea Island cotton, instead of the native. Some of the latter was sent to Europe, and pronounced nearly equal to Sea Island. It is very hardy, becomes a real tree, and produces more every year for eight or ten years.

We do not know what to do. If Bernardino continues

with the plantation where he is, he will be alone; Mr. Miro will not be there this year. This will be to commence another year of toil and separation; and yet, in times like these, it seems hard to abandon a cotton plantation of one hundred acres, that next year will, please God, do wonderfully well. Cotton must make money here. The country people are all aroused on the subject, and few but have sown a few acres, and all will sow in larger quantities this year. There are machines at work even in little villages; and really this town looks quite awakened, for all day long horses and mules are bringing in cotton for sale. Speculators are buying it here at good prices. . . . . .

Thank dear father for the "Tribune." It comes regularly. Papers and magazines are scarce here,—even light reading, except French and Spanish novels, not to be found without difficulty, and I have felt sadly the need of good light reading.

I hope Nett will not be disappointed in her Washington trip. I know what light-hearted happiness she will enjoy this winter; it is such as precedes the sorrows of life. . . . . .

I value dear Father O'Reilly's counsel and advice more than any of you can, for I am cut off from all direction. I do indeed value it. Not a word of spiritual consolation here, when you are fainting by the roadside, nor to direct you when you feel strong for action. Inez and I often mourn over this. The persecution does not seem to have done much good.

The day of the birth of the baby I was blessed by the

presence of a very holy priest from an Indian mission, who heard my confession. He was almost equal to Father Driscol. I have never been so convinced of the direct inspiration of the Holy Ghost in the confessional as since I came here. . . . .

Mrs. Fabréga, I believe, has a real love for me. She says often to me, "Jenny, your mother is not here, but what you would like your mother to do, ask me without hesitation, for you know the real pleasure it will give me." Her only daughter, a great pet, is in a strange country, without any one of her family, and I think this is one cause of her attachment to me. . . . .

Ask Miss Mullany for the address of one of the cardinals in Rome, of whom she spoke to me. I wish to write to him. . . . .

I recommend myself and my affairs to your prayers.

Love to all, all at home, from your too loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Remember me to Dr. and Mrs. Whiting, dear mother.

SANTIAGO, *February 9th*, 1864.

MY DARLING MOTHER, —. . . . I am now very well, thank God, and trust I am acclimated. The fevers here are not as severe as with us; the fever and ague very light, and leaves no ill effects like ours in the States. Santiago is really a healthy place.

All your letters came, but neither dear Father O'Reilly's letter, nor the photograph. Please send me Father O'Reilly's address. We are so destitute of all religious consolation and advice, that a letter from a good father, like Father O'Reilly, would be like a fountain of water to the traveller in the desert.

I still dream of you every night. All last night I was parting from you at home or here, dearest mother, and although I got up and walked around, I slept again but to dream and weep for you.

As a natural consequence, I am homesick this morning. An attempt, for several days, to choke back my feelings, always ends in a fit of desperate homesickness, and I am then better awhile. . . . . .

What a magnificent Christmas tree you had prepared by John and Rho! I could see you all around it; and above all Nett's delight! . . . . . .

February 18*th*. — My dear mother, I have a great favor to ask of you, — that you let Lucy come here with Mr. Garcia, on his return from Europe. I will be perfectly delighted if you will, and will take the best care of her. . . . . I do not ask Netty; she is just in the enjoyment of her debut in New York. . . . . If you can grant this favor Bernardino and I will be so happy. Just such summer clothing as you would prepare for her at home, with a worsted sack for chilly evenings, will do, and a short black veil for church. We have an excellent doctor here, — Dr. Dickson, — who studies and keeps up with the times.

Everybody is growing crazy about cotton-raising. Ber-

nardino has a large cotton plantation, six hours' ride from here. Cotton grows everywhere here, even in the streets, if the seed falls there; but here they do not understand its cultivation. We are in great hopes of the success of this enterprise. According to all calculation, even at twenty cents a pound, it ought to be a very lucrative business.

If God blesses us, and prospers us, I hope we will go on to New York to sell our second crop of cotton.

I had hoped, dear mother, to send you, before this, specimens of gold here; but many obstacles have been in the way. Miro and Bernardino have been to the placers, but the people who understood gold-washing had moved away. The mines we hoped to get, the owners would not sell as soon as they thought we wished to buy. It raised their ideas to an extravagant height. Miro and Bernardino call this my business, and are amused at my earnestness. Therefore, dear mother, do not despair.

A French company is working the mine in Mineral de Veraguas. The French engineer, on his way from Panama to the port of Mineral de Veraguas, fell overboard, and was eaten by a shark. His associate is working the mines, and told me that they are very valuable.

A few days ago, a foreigner on his way from Panama, with ten thousand dollars to invest here in cotton, was shipwrecked.

If we could only have peace and a good government, it would all be well here. Scarcely a week passes without a political excitement. Every few days there is a report that men are to be enlisted; when the rumor is well cir-

culated, the country people fly to the mountains and caves. Neither laborers nor provisions from the country can be bought.

The State of Antioquia has revolted, they say, and Mosquera has called for five thousand men from this State, — fifteen hundred to come from this department. The population of this latter is thirty-eight thousand. There is no drafting, but a recruiting-officer comes with a certain number of men, and goes out generally at night, catches the men, brings them in bound with ropes, and carries them off! No arrangement for sending them home, when service is over, being made, the poor fellows know pretty well that, once in the interior of the republic, it will be no easy matter to return to their families. To avoid this fate, and save the little property they have, they hide in places where it is most unfit to live, and consequently take most dangerous fevers.

As an American, I must approve the Monroe doctrine; but, as a resident here, I say, Welcome the Czar of Russia, if he could offer us peace, in preference to that despotism of anarchy which we now suffer.

I have written to Mr. Lincoln, in accordance with his request, and also on the subject of "citizens abroad," as treason in his message! We Americans feel pained at the idea of the possibility of our being deprived of our citizenship; and I wrote to Mr. Lincoln, suggesting taxation, if necessary; to which I am sure, from what I have heard, all the Americans here would submit with pleasure. Do, dear father, put in a good word for us when

you have the President's ear. It will be terrible if we are cut off by our government.

I am ashamed to send you such letters; but, as you surmised, I am far from lazy here, and every day finds me with more to do than I can always accomplish. My frequent sickness has prevented me often from answering my letters, and my correspondence looks pretty formidable for the next few weeks. It is a pleasant duty to write to those I love.

Now that I am well again I enjoy a walk by moonlight on the plain, — such as I described on my journey, — and we usually end the evening by a call somewhere. I spent last evening with Inez Arosemena; her society and friendship is a great comfort to me. Her mother-in-law, Mrs. Fabréga, told me the other day that her husband said of her, "Inez is a little angel, whom God has sent here, that by her words and example I may save my soul." He was quite an old gentleman, and had never, I believe, been to holy communion; but before the churches were closed he and all the family received the blessed sacrament. Mrs. Fabréga is a very holy lady, agreeable, and a woman of the world. She is wealthy, and was very gay, but during the revolution here she made a vow to wear what they call here a habit (that is, a purple or brown dress for life), if her husband passed through the revolution unharmed; although, at the time they had to fly, no one was injured, and even the house in which they lived escaped being robbed, while the furniture of all others, as good, was completely destroyed. Mrs. Fabréga and Inez have entered into my project of getting a good

priest here. I need not add that Bernardino's family are equally zealous in this good work.

I have received a letter from the American consul, and I find, on account of his not being consul-general, he cannot do much for us Americans (Dr. Dickson and I) in case of danger.

Two weeks since, the whole State was in an excitement, owing to a report that Don Francisco Fabréga was to arrive at Montijo, the port of Santiago, with men from Costa Rica, to invade the Isthmus.

All the gentlemen were called out to repel the expected invader. Bernardino was summoned, but was sick. He sent word that he was an American citizen, and would not take arms.

The prefecto, who is an ignorant white man, said that he must appear before him with his excuse; that "once any one set foot in the dominion of the States of Columbia, I the prefecto, recognize no allegiance to any other government." Both Bernardino and I determined that he would go to prison before he would serve; for he would only suffer once, doing thus, whereas if he admitted any unjust claim of this government, his life would not be worth having here. Thank God, the rumor was false, and all retired quietly.

My letters are so unsatisfactory, I am ashamed to send them. They are written amid so many interruptions, and at odd moments, it could hardly be otherwise. You will excuse them. Of this be sure,—they can never tell how much I love you all, from you, dearest parents, down to dear little "Dodo."

I write all my letters to you, my darling parents; but in doing so I intend them for the whole family. Each member is before me when I write.

I am very anxious about our cotton speculation. I try to prepare myself for a disappointment.

My dear parents' loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

HOPEFUL LETTER FROM DON BERNARDINO DEL BAL.

Jenny's Popularity — Cotton Speculation.

SANTIAGO, *February 20th*, 1864.

MY DEAR FATHER, — By a letter written to my beloved Jenny, by dear mother, I learned the sad news of your dear father's death. In this affliction Jenny and I have our share. . . . . His many long years of trial he passed with his family in the exercise of many religious and charitable deeds. He has gone to a great reward. Why should we be gloomy and low-spirited? . . . .

I know you will be glad to hear that my beloved Jenny is loved and liked by every member of my family, and every person in this town. This is nothing more than I expected and she deserves. She spares neither time nor labor to please and do good to the people. She is therefore universally admired; they all consider her a living saint, for besides her virtues and good disposition, she

bears everything patiently, — never finding fault, but making excuses for every one ; thus she makes good friends everywhere. No one has been disappointed in her, no matter how much they had heard and expected from her. . . . . .

At present we are thinking of the cultivation of cotton. That subject is the lion of the day. My brother-in-law, Mr. Miro, and myself, God willing, are going into the business. To-morrow we intend to start for Montijo, to search for a good place near a port. Cotton grows well here everywhere. . . . . .

Please give my love to dear mother, and every member of the family. Tell the dear nun Nell, I hope she continues to pray for me.

Believe me to be, dear sir, with much respect, your affectionate son and humble servant,

BERNARDINO DEL BAL.

Hon. JAMES W. WHITE.

So far we find Jenny, since her departure from her native land, suffering much. A long and disastrous journey, homesickness almost more than she could bear, illness that wore away her strength and endangered her life, grief for her lost child, and the death of a revered grandparent, have sorrowed her young heart. They have bruised but not crushed it. The generosity of her soul, and the charity with which it is inflamed,

make her conceal her own pain, to cheer and revive those drooping and fainting around her. "No time nor labor is spared to please or do good to the people," writes her husband, and "she won all hearts." Jenny went to Santiago with a belief that she was needed and called there to do good (this secret, from humility, she confided only to her mother, from whom no thought was ever hidden); and she sought good will and popularity, not to feed a vain and sinful pride, but as a means to reach the hearts and confidence of those whom she hoped to aid. No doubt we will find her henceforward (having gained the point of being beloved by all) using that influence for the benefit of those who have so generously bestowed it upon her.

LETTER TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Interesting Appeal to the President in Behalf of Americans abroad — The Inhabitants of the Country — The Political State — Its Products — Cause of the Elevation of Mosquera — His Despotism — Our Slaves sent to Chiriqui.

SANTIAGO, *February 22d*, 1864.

DEAR SIR, — When my husband and I called in August, 1862, to pay our respects to Mrs. Lincoln and yourself, before leaving the country for a few years' residence in New Grenada, you, dear sir, requested me to write to you from my new home, — a request to which I accede gladly,

and with more pleasure, as you jestingly added, "I will read every line of your letters." In consequence of the unsettled state of the government, our departure from New York was delayed until the following June.

I now trespass on your valuable time from a twofold motive: first, to accomplish my promise; secondly, to say a few words to you, dear sir, on a subject touched upon in your message of December last, which interests me deeply, as I am now included among the "American citizens abroad," and my husband is one of its most devoted and loyal naturalized citizens.

We, as well as a large number of American citizens residing in this State, Isthmus of Panama, feel grieved that we, who are unwilling exiles from home, may also be deprived of our title of American citizens, to defend which, I am sure, many, if not all, abroad, would cheerfully sacrifice their fortunes and lives, if necessary. Permit me to say, dear sir, I think you misjudge the absent citizens of both classes alluded to in your message. They are, I think, wanting in neither patriotism nor loyalty.

You say, dear sir, that the privilege has been abused. The simple fact that a foreigner testifies his love and admiration for our government by renouncing his allegiance to his own, and swearing fidelity to ours, cannot, I think, be the abuse. Still less can it be so, it appears to me, if he does this when he knows that circumstances beyond his control may oblige him to live estranged from the land of his adoption,—by which absence he is deprived of nearly all the privileges of a citizen, and yet can enjoy none of the immunities of a subject of the country in

which he resides. It is true, in case of danger, such persons may claim the protection of our flag; and, thank God! rebellion has not rendered that star-spangled banner powerless to protect its faithful adherents, be they found where they may, nor has treason made it less able or willing than it has heretofore been to receive under the shade of its ample folds those who fly to it for refuge.

One cause of complaint, I presume, is, that citizens residing in foreign countries contribute nothing towards the support of the government; but where is the fault, dear sir? No such citizen ever claimed the exemption; and, on the contrary, many loyal men abroad have sent liberal donations towards the support of the country in which they glory, and whose reputation they extend and sustain in whatever land necessity may have obliged them to reside.

To obviate this ground of complaint, however, permit me to suggest, dear sir, the imposition of a personal tax on all citizens residing in foreign countries. The collection of the tax need involve no additional expense to the government, as the consuls might collect it, — each American being required to leave his name and address with his consul; it being understood that those failing to do so are to be denied protection. The Americans on the Isthmus, who are nearly all strong Union men, would, I feel confident, welcome such an arrangement.

I beg, dear sir, you will pardon the liberty I have taken in addressing you on this subject. My love of country must be my apology. I fear the treasure I so proudly

boast — my American citizenship — is to be taken from me; and, in my desire to save it, I have, perhaps, trespassed too far both on your time and patience; but so true a patriot as yourself, dear sir, can appreciate my feelings, and forgive me.

I have now resided over six months in this country, and have, through my husband's position, many opportunities for observing both men and manners.

I presume, your object in asking me to write to you was to obtain some information respecting the country, which, though insignificant among the greater political powers, has an importance from its geographical position. Strange to say, although, for the last fourteen years, so many thousands of my countrymen have passed through the Isthmus, as little is really known in the United States of the people, their politics, and their resources, as of those of Japan. A general vague idea is entertained that its inhabitants are semi-civilized Indians and negroes, who live in a perpetual state of revolution, and that all distinction of race and class is unknown here! As briefly as possible, I will give you, dear sir, the result of my observations.

The country itself is a beautiful one, rich in all tropical productions, and on the high table-lands many, if not all those, of a more temperate clime may be successfully cultivated. Cotton, said to be of excellent quality, is indigenous, and this year is being extensively cultivated.

The means of communication are poor; but in many places good roads might be made with little trouble or expense. There are two seasons, — the rainy and the

dry. The dry season commences nominally in December (though during this month there are occasional showers), and lasts until April, when the winter or rainy season sets in. October and November are the two most severe months of winter. During these, it rains daily for several hours, with occasional consecutive days of steady rain. The range of the thermometer is, I believe, from seventy to ninety degrees. The climate of the Isthmus is generally healthy. At the change of seasons chills and fevers prevail to some extent, but they seldom assume a dangerous form.

The reputation the Isthmus acquired among us, during the construction of the Panama railroad, is to be attributed to the fact that the men employed were working in swamps; sleeping on the damp ground in the night air; eating fruits, many of which, if eaten together, are highly dangerous; and drinking large quantities of whiskey, which, if taken after some fruits, acts as poison.

The inhabitants are divided into three classes: whites, mestizos (Indian and white), and negroes. The first class, which is in the minority, are the descendants of the old Spanish settlers, some of them natives of Spain. These retain all the characteristics of their country. Aristocratic in their feelings, tenacious to a degree in point of birth, they have never intermarried with the natives.

The men are intelligent, well educated, refined, — I may say, accomplished gentlemen. Those of the last generation were educated chiefly in Europe. Many of the young men of the present generation have pursued

their studies in the United States, and have acquired to a certain extent our enterprising spirit and activity in business. The late governor, Santiago de la Guadia, who was killed in one of the battles in the late rebellion, was a man of energy and liberal ideas, and had many plans on foot for the progress of the State, when his life fell a victim to his loyalty.

The ladies are affable, intelligent, and extremely pleasing in their manners. With the exception of those who have been educated abroad, the advantages of education afforded them have been limited ; but this one finds difficult to realize in their society, their conversational powers are naturally so great. Indeed, the society here, though small, is delightful. Some of the entertainments given in Panama, which I attended, — among them the ball in honor of the Spanish fleet then visiting the port, — rivalled in many respects some of our best New York balls.

The second and most numerous class, the mestizos, are a fine race in many respects. They seem laborious, but have no system in their labor. I think them naturally inclined to peace, and can only ascribe the frequency of revolutions among them to the influence of the political leaders here, who are undoubtedly statesmen and generals, and usually men of intellect, but who are, almost without exception, entirely actuated by motives of selfish ambition, and utterly devoid of patriotic feeling.

The people generally are more ready to worship and follow a leader than to fight for, or be governed by, a principle. The old system of adherence to a chief has not forsaken them.

The third and lowest class consists of negroe. These people are much the same wherever you find them, I believe. They are admitted to no social privileges; but their civil rights are equal to those of the whites. Some of them have risen to some political distinction by their talents, and held some of the inferior offices. Many of them are emancipated slaves, — emancipation having taken place here about 1850. Now, since the success of the last rebellion, 1862, the country is, I may say, governed by the mestizos and negroes, they being generally the partisans of Mosquera. Public offices have been placed in the hands of some who can hardly sign their names.

Questions of political economy, which in most countries give wise statesmen cause for thought, are dismissed and disposed of by those officials without the least hesitation.

The politics of this country are so little understood in the United States, that even the "Evening Post," of New York, constantly represented the cause of Mosquera as the loyal one, calling those attached to the legitimate government the rebels.

The real state of the case is as follows: Mosquera was governor of the State of Cauca during the former administration. Certain laws were passed which he deemed unconstitutional, and, joined by one or two other States, he resisted. When the president undertook to enforce them, he raised the standard of rebellion, and, after several years' war, has been successful. He called a convention, which convention framed a constitution, and named him

president for one year, till April next, when Congress will meet.

During his rebellion he was named provisional president by the States that had espoused his cause. While holding this office he issued the laws of "mortmain" and "tincion." Under the mortmain law, all churches, convents, hospitals, and charitable institutions of all kinds have been robbed of their property belonging to them, and the priests and nuns exiled.

The constitution which was drawn up sounds well and proclaims religious liberty; yet no minister of any denomination can officiate until he has taken the oath of allegiance, not as an ordinary citizen, but under a law made especially for priests, and which recognizes Mosquera as head of all churches in his dominion, with right of inspection over all religious worship.

This oath no Catholic priest can take, for by it he would approve and sanction the disbanding of all religious orders and the robbery of the Church property. Thus our churches are closed, and these pretended lovers of liberty, whose watchword is "civilization" have plunged the country into a state, which bids fair to rival France in her wildest days of miscalled liberty and infidelity. There are mortmain agents in every little town, whose zeal is worthy of a better cause.

I disclaim all knowledge of, or interest in, the mere party politics of the country, nor can I say that the conservative party held principles more favorable to the republic, but it was certainly more Christian. The present, government on paper as a written constitution, is a

liberal republic, but in fact is a despotism. I think, from the president to the alcalde of the smallest town, each in his sphere rules supreme, issuing decrees, levying taxes, etc., without any regard to the constitution or laws.

As the government has been supported and instituted by the lower classes, to gratify them laws have been made which have a strong tendency to communism. Indeed the country is in a most unhappy condition. This being the case, you, dear sir, can believe lovers of peace and good order look with horror on the possibility of any considerable number of our American slaves being colonized in Chiriqui.*

I have already intruded upon you too long, dear sir, and only regret I did not know on what points you particularly wished information with regard to this country; as, knowing these, I might have made my letter of some interest.

With kind regards and respects to Mrs. Lincoln and yourself, in which my husband joins me,

I am, dear sir, with esteem, yours truly,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

His Excellency ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

* The project was seriously entertained for a time by some persons who urged it upon our government.

Anniversary of the Death of Jenny's Child — Holy Week — Ceremonies of Holy Thursday and Good Friday — Jenny sings Stabat Mater — First Lady who ever sang in Church here — Ideas of Jenny's Accomplishments and Energy.

SANTIAGO, *March 26th*, 1864.

MY DARLING PARENTS, — A year ago to-day you were watching with me, and by me, too, when Bernardino, my angel child James, and I seemed so near death! You know, dearest parents, from your own trials, that the grief at the loss of a child can never be forgotten, or cease to be remembered with a bitter pang; but, thank God! I can feel happier and more resigned than at that time seemed possible. I fully realize my angel's happiness, and his great power to help us here; and it is a pleasure to me to think I have a child a saint with God, to whom I recommend all my cares and troubles, and who will, I think, pray so constantly for us that we will not fail to be reunited to him one day.* . . . .

. . . Letters from home, — from Washington, from Rho, Loo, Nett, and Tom. You do indeed write me a journal, dear mother. Oh! what great pleasure these dear letters afford me!

Bernardino is home from the cotton plantation on a visit of three days only, and then goes again, to be absent two weeks. During last month he only came home once. To do so, he travelled all Saturday night, spent

* This belief in the intercession of our loved ones, who have gone to heaven, is a most consoling one in the hour of sorrow.

Sunday and Sunday night, and left early Monday morning.

How beautifully the house at home must look! . . .

Don Santiago was pleased with your photograph, father. "A boy yet!" he exclaimed. He is eighty, and considers you (not yet sixty) young. He is very active, — rides miles without fatigue. . . . . .

I can scarcely say which of Bernardino's sisters I like best, Manuela or Julianna. Both are very lovable. Julianna has a more progressive spirit, — would be perfectly happy to be able to devote her whole time to reading and study; is naturally lively and vivacious in conversation. Manuela is rather more sedate, but has a great deal of sound, good judgment, and a great head for business. She is very agreeable in conversation, with a great deal of quiet humor about her. She says less than she does; is naturally dignified and graceful. There is the most perfect unity in the family.

We have passed a sad Holy Week. Yet the church has been opened for prayers, and we assembled; have spent several hours each day there.* On Holy Thursday we had a statue of our Saviour kneeling placed in the middle of the sanctuary, which was nearly filled with trees to represent the Garden of Olives. Suspended by a wire was an angel presenting to him the chalice. It was quite imposing, but it seemed a faint shadow of what we ought to have on that day. On Good Friday the sanctuary was arranged as a Calvary. A large crucifix, with

* Jenny suggested and led the way in this devotion.

a figure life-size, was placed in the centre, the Mater Dolorosa, St. John, and St. Mary Magdalen stood at the foot of the cross.

All the ladies and gentlemen and every one dress in mourning on Good Friday. Stores are closed, and scarcely a sound heard. Every place looks sad. Hundreds of people come in from the surrounding country, six, eight, and ten miles round, to attend the offices.

The choir is composed of male voices, accompanied by a band, violins, guitars, flutes, and triangles. Some of the ladies begged me to sing the "Stabat Mater" Good Friday (last night). I hastily arranged one, and an admirable violin-player accompanied me. Bernardino said it was very fine. The church was very crowded, and the doors all open; yet it seemed easy to sing. My singing created quite an excitement. It was the first time a lady had sung here. Julianna and Inez accompanied me in the choir. Our leader of the choir said, "Senora, our bass singer proposed accompanying you; but I said when we had the real thing, anything inferior was no help."

You would wonder how I could write if you saw me now, so occupied by a variety of things, — the house full of men, coming to engage themselves for the cotton plantation; buying things to send there; superintending the packing of them; trying between times to go to church, and interrupted by men from all our haciendas, coming to see Bernardino these few days he is at home, stopping now and then to chat a little!

. . . . I am becoming more contented; but, if I were Queen of England, I could not be perfectly happy

away from you all. But so far as concerns Bernardino and myself, we are as happy as can be, and considered the model couple of Santiago for domestic happiness. Bernardino is universally beloved and respected; high and low speak in his praise. His family, indeed every one, treats me with kindness and great consideration.

They have here the most extravagant and exaggerated ideas of my qualifications and accomplishments, and as to energy and activity I am a wonder! You may be sure neither Bernardino nor any of his family will undeceive them. . . . . .

I received dear Nell's letter, in answer to some questions of conscience. . . . .

Ever, dear parents, your devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

It will be necessary to explain the society, which Jenny calls her "Altar Society," as Dr. Dickson described it, on a recent visit to New York, after her death.

Finding the altar robbed by the revolutionists, and the church in ruin, the people languishing for the sacraments, and no fit place for Him who is the treasure of our tabernacle; her soul found no rest until she had answered its call to make reparation, and to restore to "God the things that are God's."

Possessed of uncommon executive ability and zeal, she

organized a society which she called "The Sisters of Mary." First inviting the leading ladies of the town to her house, she laid before them her plans and ideas (which she had well matured before they came), and consulted with them, asking their opinion upon, and coöperation in the good work. Obtaining their approbation and readiness to follow her, Jenny accepted their appointment, and became president of the society. When they had assembled, she addressed them, and appealed to them to undertake the good work for the honor and glory of God earnestly, and promised to do her part. She found most willing and fervent response to her appeal. In a short time, to use the words of Dr. Dickson, "every family in Santiago became members of this society," and then Jenny invited rich and poor for miles around to unite with them.

It was by this time only necessary to learn that Niña Jenny" (Lady Jenny) desired to establish an association, and the country people flocked into the town, to go to her house and have the need and the rules explained to them. The explanation often involved days of instruction, and in this way she taught the poor people simple truths of Christian life and doctrine before unknown to them.

It is our desire to give a faithful account of the few years which Jenny spent in Santiago (because we believe she was prepared for it by God, and called there to do an especial work). And we could not be true to that desire, were we to leave out the shadows in the picture of that strangely unfortunate country. Alas! we falter at the threshold, and with trembling hand and troubled heart

expose to view the cause of this deplorable ignorance among the lower classes, and the falling away from faith and duty, of the educated. And this is a Christian land, where the ruins of magnificent edifices for the worship of God show that they have been a people who loved "the beauty of holiness." Why, then, did Jenny call the country almost "God-forsaken"? And why this almost superhuman effort on her part, necessary to revive faith and the practice of religious duties? Because they who should have taken care of the souls entrusted to them had gone astray, and were betraying their Lord and Master for less than "thirty pieces of silver."

It is a well-known fact to Protestant travellers, and a wound in the heart of the Catholic world, that the Catholic priesthood in this part of the world, and in the West Indian Islands, scandalize the faithful. Thank God that amid the glowing brightness of the shining examples of piety and self-sacrificing zeal elsewhere in the priesthood, this deep, dark shadow fills the Christian world with gloom, and, if it were possible, their tears would blot it out.

Jenny anticipated this trial. Her husband had frankly told it to her before she left home. It pained him to do so, because he knew what she would suffer without the consolations of her holy faith. But she was incited to warmer zeal, and more activity in deed in consequence, when she went among them, and, like the good Samaritan, began to bind up the wounds of the soul-sick with a truly Christian charity. The same holy charity made her forbear to pass judgment upon the already self-condemned,

who had fallen, alas! from so high a place. Let us, too, leave to God the judgment, while we bitterly abhor and condemn the sin.

"Why are these men permitted to remain in the Church?" is often asked by Protestant and Catholic. Because they are sustained by a government which will not acknowledge Papal authority. If the archbishop or bishop were to remove them to-morrow, if need be, by the bayonet they would be reinstated; hence these scandals!

In the Catholic Church it is a consoling truth that the fountain's flow of grace cannot be impeded by the shortcomings of the priest by whom the sacraments are administered. Grace reaches the soul of the worthy receiver, whether the sacrament be given by holy hands or hands defiled, — else, alas! so frail is poor human nature, might not many famish for want of the bread of life?

Dangerous Illness — Confession, Marriage, Baptism, Communion, in one Night — Wonderful Recovery — Jenny a Nurse — Altar Society — Sunday School, the First in Santiago — Grand Serenade to la Niña Jenna — Improvisator.

SANTIAGO, *April 14th*, 1864.

MY DARLING NELL, —. . . . . I must tell you what scenes I have passed through during the last two weeks. Our churches are still closed, and the laws against those priests who attempt to officiate severe. A

Jesuit priest, passing through Panama, said two masses in private houses, and was fined fifty dollars. A priest who married some persons already married by the civil law, and who secretly baptized some children, was thrown into prison, and only released on giving bail.

The present vicar-general has given permission to a priest here, who has not sworn, to administer all the sacraments and say mass in private houses, in three different parishes. This, of course, is a great comfort to us. But now to my story.

There is a family here of careless Catholics. You may judge how careless, when two members (ladies) were married by the civil law, not thinking it worth while to have it in the Church! (I will not mention their names to you.) With one of the family I was very intimate; to the others I had never spoken.

During Holy Week I heard that one of these ladies, — Doña B—, who lives quite near us, was very ill; but, as she had not called upon me, I merely sent word through my servant to inquire how she was, not supposing it to be a serious illness. On Easter Monday we heard that she was dying. Fermina and Julianna immediately prepared to go and see her. I inquired whether she had sent for a priest. "Oh, no," they said; "no one would dare to mention it, for the family were very proud, and would be offended if such a thing were mentioned, for they would say it would kill her." I begged them at least to speak to her aunt, with whom we were very intimate; and Fermina promised to do so. In about an hour the aunt sent for me, to know whether I would go

and see her; she thought I might influence the family. I consented, though with a trembling heart, to do so.

When I reached the house, I found the poor sick lady (a beautiful woman about my age) evidently dying. She had an abscess in the breast, which she had refused to allow to be operated upon, and the poisonous matter had entered the circulation, and was gradually clogging up the heart. She was perfectly conscious, and spoke clearly, but was very low. Her husband and sister sat by her, and Dr. Dickson was in constant attendance. I passed into the next room, and begged her husband (whom I had never seen before) to send privately for a priest. The aunt had already spoken to him, and he agreed instantly. But the priest was some miles from here, and it was doubtful whether he could be found. I then got several persons who were in the house to pray earnestly with me to the Sacred Heart for her; and I begged her aunt to try and get her sister to tell her the danger she was in. They made several attempts to break it to her, but failed; in fact, they dared not do more. I then called the doctor out of her room, and begged him to tell her. He said he agreed with me, it was a terrible thing to die without being aware of the danger, but that she was excessively timid, that her heart was already much affected, and he really feared the effect of such an announcement would kill her! I implored him to break it to her gradually, and not let her die as she was. He said he would try and have the courage to do so. Meanwhile I sent a message to Amelia, who was still by her sister, to say I wished to

speak to her; but she did not come. I then went into the room, trusting to my influence as a friend, and at the same time as a foreigner. I almost forcibly carried her from the bedside, insisting she needed rest, if only for a few moments. When I had induced her to go into the other room, I first consoled her, and then asked her if she had told her sister of her danger. "Oh, no," she said, "she could not do such a thing; her sister was very good, and God would take care of her." I then urged her to speak to her, — knowing how careless she had been, — and after a few minutes she answered, "Well, Jenny, go in and tell her." "O Amelia," I replied, "I could not do so, — I have never spoken to her. Her husband and family might think it an intrusion." "No, go in and tell her," was her only reply. I hesitated a moment; then, summoning up all my courage, entered the room, and took my seat beside her. Taking her hand in mine, I told her, as gently as I could, her situation. You may judge my fear. The doctor (a Protestant) and all her family were present. If by chance she died then, they would all say I killed her! She received it, however, very calmly. The priest came. I prepared her as well as I could for confession. I asked her husband to be married by the Church. She confessed, was anointed, married, and her baby baptized, and was better instead of worse! Her husband asked to have mass said in her room, that she might receive holy communion. About one in the morning we sent for the priest; and, with the doors closed, we had mass said! The priest heard my confession, and I had the happiness of going to holy com-

munion. You can't tell how solemn it was. About twenty were present. Afraid at every sound that some one had come to apprehend the priest, the mass was said without any bell, lest we should be betrayed, and the poor lady, for whom it was said, almost dying. Dr. Dickson, who was present, said we might easily imagine we were living in the time of Cromwell.

I never was more thankful for being a good nurse than now; for after I had accomplished all I wanted in a religious point of view, I was so glad to be of real help in taking care of Doña B. I stayed with her constantly, and, instead of any anger or discontent in the family against me, they could not express their gratitude, and the sick lady conceived such an affection for me, that she could not bear to have me out of her sight. The next night after the scene I have described she seemed struck with death, gave all her directions calmly, exhorted her sister to be a good Catholic, and entreated me to take charge of her little baby when it would be old enough to be taught. She was constantly praying, and indeed was in such excellent disposition, that I felt almost as the pirate did towards the Jew after he had declared himself a Christian; but she suddenly became better. I am sure the whole family will henceforth be good and edifying Catholics. Dr. Dickson told me that these scenes brought back to his mind the days he spent in a Catholic college. He, though a Protestant, was the first to attribute the cure to the grace of the sacraments, and said it was one of the most wonderful cures he ever saw. I presume our Lord permitted it, because they have the dreadful habit of fre-

quently allowing people to die without the sacrament, for fear of killing them if they were told their danger.

I thing my angel-child was praying for me; for last Easter Tuesday I was giving him up to God, and this year he obtained for me the favor of holy communion.

Two or three of us (ladies) concluded to have mass at midnight, at the house of one of the ladies; but the day before the time I was so sick I dared not go out at night, and they insisted it should be said at our house. I had one of my rooms arranged as a little chapel, and at midnight about twenty were present, — eleven going to holy communion. We had the priest baptize here about one hundred children the past few weeks. I am sure my darling child has been praying for me. The very day a year ago I was watching him the last time, I had mass in my room, and I hung over the altar the cross of flowers dear Emily Paterson gave me. I hope he prayed for her too.

I tell you all these things, dear Nell, because you expected to have been with me, and to show you how far I have been allowed to carry out our plans; also to ask you to pray that I may have light to continue.

The Sunday school we thought so much of is now fairly under way. When I had been here about three months I spoke to the family about our custom of having Sunday-schools, and the idea pleased them very much. I did not feel sufficiently acquainted to propose establishing one, nor did I feel sufficiently confident of my ability to give the instructions in Spanish. So I collected the servants of my house and those of Don Santiago (my father-in-

law), and with Fermina's daughter and a child, a friend, made another little class. I thought, if this were known and met approval, the ladies would ask me to admit their children and servants, and in this way the suggestion would come from them and not me. It turned out just as I expected, — every Sunday I have new scholars. I have now about forty-five,* besides several who come with their children, as it is quite a curiosity here, being the first Sunday school ever established in this country. . . . A good many people are now preparing for confession, who have not been in years. . . . . The country people are really good, many of their sins being the result of ignorance. . . . . .

I arrange my instruction in this way: first we say the rosary, the children in turn taking the lead, so that all may learn to say it. Then I take the catechism, and explain the different lessons the classes are to recite, so that all may feel that they are taught by me, as I am still a novelty. I then read to them from some sermons I have selected, giving them advice on their ordinary duties. The different classes then recite their lessons. I have two classes, — one who have made their first communion, another who have not, but can read. Fermina teaches a class their commandments; Julianna teaches catechism to those who cannot read. Doña Bernarda, a very pious lady, teaches a class of those who do not know their prayers; and Leopold La Barriere, a cousin of Bernardino's about dear Tom's age, — an excellent fellow, — teaches

* Four months after establishing the school.

a class of boys. I have nearly as many boys as girls. As soon as the lessons are recited, the singing commences, much to the delight of all the children! They already sing Alleluia with all the spirit in the world. Each one who attends and listens with attention receives a ticket; and, as soon as they have twelve, I give them a miraculous medal or a picture. This makes them very anxious to attend regularly.

Darling Nell, I had the happiness of receiving holy communion. Inez' mother-in-law had mass at her house and sent word to me. It would amuse you to see us stealing out of the house, at three in the morning, like house-breakers, — startled at every sound of a dog barking, lest we would be discovered. Do, dear Nell, continue to pray for us.

I sent you the names of forty persons who are members of the Sacred Heart Society* we established here, and I send you many more in this. If their names cannot be inscribed at the convent, please send them to St. Francis Xavier's Church.

April 27th. — No chance for sending my letter yet. A package of letters from home came to me while I was presiding at a meeting I had called of the ladies of Santiago, for the purpose of establishing an altar-society on a grand scale. It was the first thing of the kind ever attempted here; but this time I cannot give you the particulars. All I can say, is, I missed you, darling. Thank God, it was considered a great success!

* Jenny established it.

[The following letter, describing the homage paid to Jenny when the churches were re-opened, will show how much was due to her for the preservation of faith during the dark hours, when the lay presence, in the sacrament, of God himself, was withdrawn from the people. Their public acknowledgment of her zeal and piety she relates as modestly as possible to her nun sister.]

May 1st. — We have been almost wild with joy because the rumor has reached us that the law regarding priests has been repealed! The joy-bells rang three hours; Te Deum sung in the church; firing of guns; and in the evening the city band played in the plaza and principal streets.

I was serenaded by the band in the evening, and at about one in the morning by a band of singers with guitar accompaniment, with one improvisator at their head, who sang some verses in honor of 'la Niña Jenna'!

We are waiting to have an official announcement before we can have a public mass; but this morning early quite a number had mass said, and many went to communion. It was a little strange that our first mass in church was said at a side altar of the Sacred Heart. I am sure all your prayers are helping us.

I am ashamed to send you this scrawl; but I have no time just now I can call my own. Between the Altar Society, Sacred Heart Society, English lessons to Julianna, and despatching men to the cotton plantation, where Bernardino is now, with things needed there, I have not much leisure. I am now writing standing by

the table, interrupted every moment, for I am superintending packing a cargo for Las Coletas, the man who is packing it constantly asking me questions.

Cotton Speculation — Great Hopes — Great meeting called to repair the Churches — Country People flock into Santiago to join an Altar Society.

SANTIAGO, *April 28th*, 1864. 10.30, P. M.

MY DARLING SISTER RHODA, — I received all your letters; and when I finish letters from home, I feel like the children who, when a story is told them, exclaim, "Oh, tell me more about that!" . . . . .

Dear father's and mother's edifying faith and patience will, I think, be rewarded in this world as well as the next. I wrote to Bernardino, and told him I had so much good news to tell him I hardly knew where to begin. . . . . .

We are not so far behind the age as you imagine. We have, within the circuit of a few miles, four or five cotton gins in active operation. One in Santiago, belonging to a young merchant, who bought all the cotton the country people could bring him, paying them a much higher price than they ever received before. This has so stimulated them, that all the people are planting cotton. This will be a great godsend to the people here. It will enable the haciendas to keep their cattle without selling them,

until better prices are given. I am very glad; for I could not bear to see Bernardino selling cattle, that ought to bring twenty, thirty, and sixty dollars, for fifteen or twenty. There are but few haciendas compared to the population; therefore it is considered the best business here. Many, on account of the war, have sold and gone away. The haciendas are expensive to keep up. An overseer and many men are employed. . . . .

It is a beautiful sight to see on one of these haciendas all the cattle at the peculiar cry of the herdsmen collecting together. Each hacienda has thousands of cattle. I have seen but little of country life here. Bernardino has been constantly engaged at Las Coletas on the cotton plantation. I cannot go till there is a comfortable house there; the rancho of their mandador is the only one there now. Bernardino says I will be charmed with the place; that there is a beautiful orange grove, and the trees filled with monkeys and parrots. . . . .

Why, Rho, what a beautiful "welcome home" you all gave father and mother on their return home from Washington! * Ah, dear Rho! how blessed you are in being where you can show affection for our dear parents! Never will it be possible for us to do enough for them. . . .

You no doubt imagine me as having time for everything in this fair and easy-going country; but it is quite the contrary. I am as busy as a bee from morning until night, and although there may be no great results achieved,

* The house was dressed in wreaths of evergreen and flowers, with transparencies of "Welcome Home," "One hundred thousand Welcomes."

my time is just as fully occupied as though I were doing wonders.

I must stop writing, for I have to call on a sick lady, and to visit Inez and Mrs. Fabréga to-day, to consult with them about a great meeting we are to have, please God, next Sunday in the church. I do not know but some of the people will think I wish to raise a revolution here. But it is a very innocent project, — merely to raise funds to keep the church in order, and if possible to repair or rebuild if necessary a very fine one, which is closed now because it needed so many repairs. You see I am at my old trade of begging again. I wonder if I will ever arrive at a state of insensibility on the subject. I do dislike it. I have had from Inez and my family here most active co-operation, and ought not to complain. . . .

With love to dear John, and the dear ones all,

Your devoted sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

MY DARLING SISTER NETT, — I wrote to dear father and to Mr. Greeley on public matters here. I wish Mr. Greeley to understand this present government. It is not what has been represented by the New York papers. . .

Your interesting letter, dear Nett, I cannot answer to-day. The country people are coming from the different villages, to become members of the Altar Society, and

they all expect me to talk and explain to them all about it. The labor is immensely worse than to get up a fair!

The servant has just told me people are waiting to see me. . . . . .

Your devoted sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

P. S. — I really do not know what I have written.

LETTER TO REVEREND B. O'REILLY.

Hermanas de Maria Society — A Sunday school, — the First on the Isthmus.

SANTIAGO, *May 25th*, 1864.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER AND UNCLE, — By letters received from my dear mother, I hear, dear father, that you had the kindness to write to me; but, unfortunately for us, your letter, which would have been so welcome, was lost on its way from New York. I cannot tell you what a bitter disappointment this is to me, for, deprived as we are of all spiritual comforts, your words of sympathy and advice would have been as cool water to the weary traveller in the desert. I trust in charity you will write again.

I can scarcely give you an idea of what our religious desolation has been here. I say has been, because since Easter Monday we have ventured to have some masses,

at first at midnight, and now, owing to a rumor, which seems well-founded, that the law which prevented priests from officiating is abolished, we have mass a little more publicly, though each day fearing it may be the last on which we will enjoy this blessed privilege, as we are constantly disturbed by reports that the persecution of the priests has recommenced. I trust in God, however, that our new president (Murillo) is in favor of the abrogation of the obnoxious law.

I feel now quite settled and at home in Santiago, although my heart still yearns for home and friends, and not the least for dear St. Francis Xavier's Church, where it now appears to me they are enjoying the luxury of religious consolation in its fullest extent. The kindness with which I was received and have been treated by my husband's family, and indeed every one in the town, high and low, is beyond description.

Owing to our religious trials, and the fact that many are in mourning for friends lost in the last revolution, or have friends in exile, the city has been very sad. I, too, for several months after my arrival, suffered from a painful and tedious illness, — not, however, owing to the climate, which seems to agree with me, thank God!

You see, dear father, we have had this year, as well as last, our share of the cross. Earnest as was my interest in this people before I lived among them, it is greater now, if possible. Could you see, dear father, how little is needed to make them saints, it would make your heart ache to find that this little is not done. The consequence is, these poor, ignorant people are living in a great state

of immorality, and many of them falling into superstitions and idolatry! They long for instruction, and listen with the most eager interest and devout attention to any given them. They would fairly idolize a priest who would devote himself with zeal to their teaching. I have already mentioned to them my favorite project of sending for a priest, and it has been hailed with delight. . . .

Inez Arosemena, — a cousin of my husband's, — who was educated at the Sacred Heart, Manhattanville, and is also a child of Mary, is living here. She is married to the nephew of the gentleman who will present this letter to you. She and her husband's family, and my family here, are most active in all good works, and have set me a most edifying example by their earnest energy in all works of charity. They merely need a suggestion of what is done in other countries, to enter into it heart and soul. They have been a great comfort to me here.

We have established an Altar Society on quite a large scale. The members inscribe themselves in the books of the society, agreeing to pay a small sum monthly. It is not alone that the people will thus learn to support the Church by voluntary contribution, but it awakens an interest among them in Church matters generally. I can already notice a favorable change in some of the ladies, who formerly were quite careless about attending mass, and now as officials of the Altar Society are becoming quite devout. We call the society " Hermanas de Maria." We selected the name first to put it under the especial protection of the Blessed Virgin. The poor country people are delighted with their name (Sisters of Mary),

and come in numbers to bring their alms to me. . . . We have also a large Sunday school, — the first, I believe, ever established on the Isthmus. We have also several week-day classes, preparing for first confession and communion.

There is a great deal to do here. I hope, dear father, you will pray for me, that I may have the grace and perseverance to do my part.

I hope, dear father, you will write often, and give me your good counsel and advice. You cannot imagine what a great trial it is to be so entirely deprived of the advice of a director.

It is strange that I, who from a child was excessively scrupulous, am now placed where I not only must decide for myself, but must also frequently do so for others.

I earnestly beg your prayers for this people and for myself. . . . . Thanking you for the letter I did not receive, and begging you to write again, I am your deeply grateful child in Christ,

And attached niece,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

First Sunday School ever established in Santiago — Jenny loses some important Aid — A Family leaves for Europe.

SANTIAGO, *June 3d*, 1864.

MY DEAR DARLING MOTHER, — I was rejoiced to receive a large package of letters from home yesterday,

among them one from dear Father O'Reilly. The sewing-machine arrived safely; it is the first one introduced here. . . . . .

There was no use in trying to ward off homesickness after reading of your happy gathering.* But I must look forward with hope to my return home, and our blessed reunion. . . . . .

I was about writing to father that I hoped he was doing all in his power to support Lincoln. The Radicals cannot yet elect their candidate, but may elect Lincoln. Pray do not allow Copperheads to win. The majority are seldom bold, earnest, patriotic men. I do not know what Bernardino would say to me for electioneering for Lincoln. It may be you think I am flattered by his answering my letters; but I speak without "any regard to the hat."

I have written a long letter to Father O'Reilly, this mail, which I have sent to Paris, and must content myself with a short one to you, my dear mother, this time.

Bernardino has first cousins in Paris; the description they give of balls and entertainments given by the empress, which they attended, are like fairy dreams. Some of the family who have gone to Europe will remain permanently, and have sent for their mother and brothers. We feel sorry to have them go. They are the pillars of the Church here. Leopold, one of the sons, about Tom's age, is my right-hand man in my Sunday school, and takes

* A family reunion, — parents, grandparents, brothers, and sisters from Detroit and Binghamton. Never again can such happiness be granted. The chain is severed, — several links broken in the circle.

charge of the church. I think he will be a priest. His brother, who is in France, is going to be a priest, and both his sisters nuns.

I write to Jenny Rigney this mail.

My dear parents' devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Jenny simply alludes here to the assistance young Leopold affords her in her Sunday school. She found the children of the poor in the city and the neighboring villages in a state of deplorable ignorance of the simplest truths of Christianity.

When the parents of these children came to pay their respectful homage to the wife of "Don Bernardino," and to gratify their curiosity, — to see, with their own eyes, the "American lady," — Jenny received them with great kindness, and soon her house became thronged from day to day. Each one returning home to the village with accounts of the goodness of "La Señora," induced others to make the visit. In a short time she became acquainted with them; and, gaining their confidence, it was easy for her to learn their great need of religious instruction. She proposed a Sunday school to the ladies of Santiago, till then unheard of; and not only proposed it, but, as we see, in nine months after her arrival, had established one which was drawing many of the young people of the highest class into works of active charity, — thus benefiting rich and poor alike. Charity blesseth those who give and those who receive, and what greater charity than teaching divine truths?

We have been told that Jenny's patience and zeal in teaching these poor children were sometimes well tried; but they were most edifying. They would come to her house, during the week, frequently at most inappropriate times, when she was occupied in matters of great importance, which scarcely allowed rest sufficient for the preservation of her health. But no matter how annoying the intrusion might be, they were always received kindly, and, if possible, instruction was given them. When remonstrated with by some of her family, "They have come so far," or "Poor creatures, who needs my time more than they?" would be her excuse.

June 23d, the Anniversary of Jenny's Departure from New York — Great Joy in Santiago — Churches publicly opened again — Repeal of the Law obliging Priests to take an Oath — Blessed Sacrament again on the Altar — Lamp of the Sanctuary again relighted — Jenny chief Directress in the Celebrations

SANTIAGO, *June 23d*, 1864.

MY BELOVED PARENTS, — This ever-to-be-remembered day has come round again; and although I have struggled hard to repress all memories (at least sad ones) of the past, I find myself going over and over, in my mind, all the particulars of that (to me) dreadful day.

Every act and word and almost thought of that time is so impressed upon my memory, that, in spite of my

efforts to the contrary, those heart-rending scenes stand out in bold relief, and will be remembered. I am resolved, however, to yield so far as to write these thoughts, but will look forward to the brighter scene of our reunion. I almost forbid myself the thought; it would seem too great happiness; and yet I find myself dwelling on the minutest particulars of my visit home. These thoughts will not be controlled.

June 26th. — My letter has been interrupted by great Church festivities and rejoicings.

A law has been passed in Congress repealing the law requiring priests to take the oath, but obliging bishops to do so. The oath has been modified, — so it may be that they can conscientiously take it.

Meantime, we are making the most of the present time amid solemn rejoicings and festivities. The blessed sacrament is once more placed in the church, — the sanctuary lamp relighted, after having been nearly a year extinguished. On St. Peter's day we are to have another celebration. . . . . .

You, who have not suffered as we have, cannot imagine the joy it was to see the blessed sacrament once more. . . . . I feel so protected now that we have the sacramental presence of our Lord among us. Do, dear parents, obtain prayers that he may never leave us again.

I have been chief directress (with many able assistants) of this celebration. I have entirely gone back to my old trade of begging, much to the amusement (?) of the good Santiageños, and I am carrying on a thriving business.

I wish I could give you a description of the festival today, although perhaps you would not enjoy it as I did. In the first place, the pillars of the church, and between the pillars, were dressed in palms, woven by the country people into a variety of figures curiously and tastefully executed. The altar was decorated in an effective manner. A French carpenter and I put our heads together, and arranged it in an effective style. Filled with lights and flowers, it looked beautifully. The joy-bells were rung, guns fired, and drums and fifes played all the morning.

Now comes the South American part of the ceremony. The mass is heard with the greatest reverence and respect. At the elevation and the renewing of the blessed sacrament in the remonstrance, drums beat, a salute is fired, and bells of both churches are rung. Perhaps it would not strike you as devotional, but it was most impressive and imposing to me.

After this mass a Te Deum was sung, and we had an exposition of the blessed sacrament until afternoon, when there was a procession. The principal gentlemen of the town carried the palio over the blessed sacrament, and the entire congregation followed, each bearing a lighted candle.

The houses which the procession would pass were decorated. It is the custom to attend these religious celebrations almost in ball dress (in full dress). When I first heard this, it seemed to me I would not like it, but when I came to dress, and saw the others dressing in the best and richest they had, — even the poor trying to have

something new, because they were to accompany the blessed sacrament, — it entirely took away the idea of vanity in the motive, and seemed want of respect to do otherwise. . . . . .

I have occupied all my time in telling you of our celebration; but our hearts are so full of it, we can hardly think of anything else. . . . . .

Ever my too fondly loved parents' devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

P. S. — Bernardino sends much love. He is nearly worked to death on his cotton plantation. He cannot trust his overseer alone, the business is so new; but his health is good. His absence from home, which occurs often now, is a great trial to us both. But God grant us success, if it is his will.

"Misa de Sacramento" — Altars on the Way-side — Distinguished Gentlemen carry the Canopy — Novena to the Sacred Heart — Fourth of July Celebration in Jenny's Honor — Her American Dinner — Fireworks — Evening Party — Crowd in the Street.

SANTIAGO, *July 7th*, 1864.

MY DARLING NELL, — I sent off an unsatisfactory letter to dear father and mother, on dear Rhoda's wedding anniversary (2d). . . . .

I have been so occupied with many things lately, I

have not been able to indulge in writing home as frequently as heretofore. . . . . Last week we were very busy with our Church festivals, which were most impressive. On Saint Peter's day we had a high mass, what they call "Misa de Sacramento." At the offertory, the veil which hangs before the remonstrance is raised, and the priest and people adore, while all the bells of both churches are rung, drums beat, and guns are fired. At the sanctus and elevation the same takes place, with the exception of the lifting of the veil, which remains raised during the mass.

For us, who have passed nearly a year with our bells silent, and our altars desolate, the effect was thrilling. After mass a procession through the principal streets, the priest holding the remonstrance as when giving benediction.

All the houses were decorated with drapery and greens, and some houses had altars arranged in the portals (porches). At each of these the procession paused, the blessed sacrament was placed upon the altar, and prayers said.

The rich canopy over the blessed sacrament was carried by the most distinguished gentlemen of the town; and every one in the procession carried a lighted taper.

Certainly there is something very different in the effect of the sun here and at home. The gentlemen walked bareheaded, and the ladies, only veiled out of respect to the blessed sacrament, do not even cover their heads by a parasol. The sun blistered my face and neck, and

yet I had not the shadow of a headache. They never heard of a case of sun-stroke here.

For these celebrations I dressed the altar, and it was much liked ; the background was sky-blue silk and my rich lace dress, which made beautiful drapery, with an abundance of flowers. The canopy was formed of an elegant shawl, and the sides were enclosed with rich curtains.

As I was following in the procession, it seemed as though we were almost living in that time when our Saviour was present in His sacred humanity. When I thought of the crowds who then followed him, and how he never passed without performing many miracles, I could not but hope he would not pass us by without marking his way by miracles, — miracles wrought at least in the hearts of the people.

Our hearts were not as light as they would have been had we been sure this would last. We are still in doubt whether the present law will be considered good, or at least bearable, by the Pope.

We had a novena* to the Sacred Heart in the church, mass said every day, and, for this place, quite a number went to holy communion. It concluded the feast of the Sacred Heart. We are now saying the novena of the nine Tuesdays.†

And now to our temporal celebrations. The Fourth

* This novena (or nine days' prayer) to the Sacred Heart of Jesus was proposed and conducted by Jenny, we are told.

† This holy custom of the nine Tuesdays was unknown there till introduced by Jenny.

of July we gave a family dinner-party, at which, in honor of the day, I introduced some American dishes, — capon à l'Americaine, and lemon meringue pie!

As my knowledge of cooking is principally theoretical, I feared the result; but I came out grandly! I kept half a dozen servants busy, however, owing to my inexperience, — they of course attributing the bustle to the extreme difficulty of making American dishes! We drank patriotic toasts heartily. We arose in the morning before four, and flung to the breeze a large flag from our house. Dr. Dickson, who lives next door (the only other American here), did likewise. The salute was given with what they call a camara, which makes a report almost equal to a cannon. We startled a number of the inhabitants, — they thinking it was a revolution! I had a handsome little flag hung in the parlor, and the guarda brisas ornamented with the American colors.

We had wine all day for those who called. In the evening we had the band play, and fireworks, punch, and refreshments. The house, portal, and street were crowded. A gentleman here surprised us with a large balloon he had made, and which went off beautifully.

After the entertainments outside, we sang in the parlor national and other songs, some of the gentlemen joining in the choruses. We broke up about twelve, feeling we had kept "the Fourth" as it had never been kept in Santiago.

What a splendid affair dear Rhoda's opera (gotten up to celebrate dear Grandmother Waterman's visit) must have been! It made me homesick to think of it. I

could imagine it all. How admirably Loo wrote the libretto! I am so glad to hear that Rhoda and Netty are making such progress in instrumental and vocal music.

I must tell you something very cunning about Inez Fabréga's baby. He is only ten months old, and when he sees a crucifix or statue he immediately strikes his breast most devoutly, saying, "Santo, santo, santo!"

Inez is going next Monday to spend three months at the cotton plantation. I shall miss her very much. It may be her mother-in-law will go also, which I shall regret very much. She makes a great pet of me. Fermina and her children have gone to the country for a month. Miro has gone to his hacienda; so Julianna and I will be entirely alone. Bernardino will not be back till the 25th.

Will mother let Loo come to me? I hardly dare think of her and Blanche's coming, for fear I shall be disappointed. How happy I shall be when I have them with me!* Ask Dr. Whiting to send Dr. Dickson a description of Loo's constitution. Although Santiago is very quiet now, and changed, yet we can still be very happy, and enjoy much together.

Dear Nell, I send you two hundred and three more names of the Sacred Heart. If they can be inscribed in the regular Sacred Heart Society, perhaps it would be better, as I am afraid I cannot make the generality of the people understand offering up their actions, which the apostolate requires. For myself, I prefer the latter. I

* Alas, poor child! in this she was disappointed.

hope you will get all the nuns and good sisters you can to pray for those whose names I send you. I think I can already see the effects of the devotion here.

Remember me to all the good nuns who will inquire for me.

Ever, dearest Nell, your devotedly attached sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

SANTIAGO, *July 31st*, 1864.

MY DEAREST MOTHER, — . . . . . I am surprised that I have not heard from Father Deluynes, to whom I wrote; and not a line from Father Goetz, on the subject of my appeal to them to send us some good priests. . . Now any secular priest or Jesuit may come without having to take that objectionable oath. The law suppressing religious orders has been abolished.

Our priest here is one who, in a moment of temptation, took the oath; but he had the grace not to officiate. He has been restored by the bishop, on condition that he will do public penance, — first confessing and receiving communion. He was obliged last Monday, before mass, to make a public retractation, kneel before the blessed sacrament, and beg pardon of God and of all the people. It was very solemn and painful; but still I thought the poor priest no doubt felt happier than he had been for many months. Four times he has to make this public

retractation and give alms. I understood that he thought I was not satisfied with him, and would prefer some one else in his place. This made him reserved and unwilling to co-operate with me in many things of advantage to the people. I determined, if possible, to remove the impression from his mind.

The day of his reinstatement there was to be grand high mass, which, from circumstances, he was obliged to postpone till the 15th of August, — the great feast-day of the patron saint of Santiago.

I am preparing a celebration to welcome him back. As the angels in heaven are rejoicing, it is very proper that we should do so too. Please all pray that he may persevere. To-day he visited our Sunday school, and promises to give a little sermon to the children every Sunday.

My celebration, though of little consequence, perhaps, is costing me a great deal of trouble, for the children have never seen anything of the kind. On this account, it is more difficult to teach them. There are in all thirty-five boys and girls who are to take part in it, — the girls dressed in white, ornamented with colored ribbons and flowers, with white veils upon their heads; the boys with white pantaloons and black coats, with colored rosettes upon their breasts. I am teaching them to sing an address to the pastor, in duet; so you may imagine I have my hands full. In the morning I have a rehearsal, to teach them the order of procession, etc., in the church; in the afternoon I teach them singing in my own house.

I have had two banners, made of white satin, trimmed

with cherry-colored ribbon. In the centre of one is the Sacred Heart; in the other a beautiful engraving of the Sacred Heart of Mary.

The procession is led by a little boy, nine years old, dressed as an angel, followed by two other little angels only four years old. Then follow the children, the boys carrying the banner of the Sacred Heart, and the girls that of the Blessed Virgin. When they have entered the church, they are to form in a kind of tableau in front of the altar, where they will all hear grand high mass. After mass the leading angel will go to the sacristy for the priest, and accompany him to his house, preceded by the band, and followed by the procession of children and the entire congregation. At the door of his house the children will sing a farewell, on leaving him, expressive of their pleasure on his reinstatement.

The entire church will be dressed in palms, and the ceremonies of the mass will be made as imposing as they can be.

The country people for miles around are coming, for you cannot please them more than by a "funcion de l'Eglesia," or church feast. I am half crazy with the children; they are so happy, that they are here to ask something every hour.

In my domestic arrangements, I am very busy preparing a room for dear Loo and Blanche. I am hoping that they are already in Panama. If I could only know! I can't bear to feel so sure and then be disappointed.

I am looked upon as a great wonder, the way I despatch matters. My celebrity would be nothing great at

home, but here I astonish them. If you require anything done here, it takes so long to get the people together to do it, that, if it is anything a lady can do, I generally prefer doing it myself, to waiting for them. For instance, I wanted a mattress made, and engaged a woman to come on Monday morning to do it. I went to mass, rehearsed the children till ten, breakfasted, and did some shopping. At noon I decided I would cut out the mattress. I thought I could do it myself. It had twelve long seams in it. I made it, rested half an hour, dined, taught the children singing, and had visitors all the evening. Besides I had many interruptions, for I am called to see some one every half-hour. You know how constant these interruptions are in our family at home, dear mother; the same fate attends me here.

The next morning I waited in vain for my woman to come to fill and tack the mattress. I resolved to set my own servants to work on it, and superintend it myself. At four o'clock it was finished, and looked grandly, although I never saw one made before. The mattress-maker walked in, a little before dark on Tuesday, and could not believe it had been made in so short a time. I need not add, these feats of industry have to be performed in Bernardino's absence. I am afraid he would not give me praise for my exertion, he is so careful of my health. But, indeed, dear mother, I can only be happy by being constantly occupied.

I am now perfectly at home in the management of a house, servants, plantation, etc., and "take to it naturally." When I have time I will write to you the duties

of a house-keeper here, they are so different from one at home. We have to keep a great many servants, and I think have less comfort than with fewer at home.

I am ashamed of this letter, but it must go as it is.

How beautiful the opera must have been that Rho prepared for dear grandmother's visit to New York! She must describe all the dresses worn, and every particular. Ah! it makes me homesick to think of those pleasures.

When Mme. Fabréga comes to see me, which is very often, she seats herself in my room, and almost always says, "Now, Jenny, tell me something of your family;" and then I tell her of your and dear father's love for one another, dearest mother, and all your lessons and example to us, your children, and the different traits of each one of my loved ones at home, and recall our happy, united life, and the many scenes, joyous and sad, through which we have passed, she often tells me she can scarcely sleep that night. Indeed, when I dare to think of these things, I say to myself, my loved parents should have one consolation, which is the assurance that my husband must be good when I am happy with him, so far away from all I loved before. That I can ever cease to feel the separation is impossible, but that I regret the cause would be still less possible; for few are so blessed as I am in having so good and devoted a husband, whom I think the best in the world.

Remember me to every one at home as well as to all friends. Why does not Uncle John write?

Your loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

SANTIAGO, *August 17th*, 1864.

MY DARLING MOTHER, — . . . . . I have been extremely occupied the past few weeks. I think I never in my life have been so hurried, nor worked so hard, as I have for the celebration I had on the 15th; for, although all were willing to help me, still, as they had never seen anything just like it, I had to be consulted a hundred times a day. . . . . The children behaved beautifully. I gave the concerted signal for their kneeling and rising, and they attended to it with the greatest order. But the angels excited the admiration of every one. They heard the whole of mass without even moving their heads! This was still more wonderful, as their mothers call them "very wild."

While the priest was unvesting, the children sung a hymn to the Blessed Virgin. The welcome was written by me. Rho will be relieved to hear that they were not sung to the air "Vive l'Amour." I composed a grand solo and chorus for the occasion.

I expected the angels would have been dressed by their mothers; but, with all I had to do, I was obliged to dress the largest angel. They were afraid they would not please me, I suppose. His shoes were white satin, with brilliants sewed on them. I crossed narrow blue ribbon all the way up the leg. The dress, which was not very long, was something like a priest's alb, confined at the waist by a gold belt, from which was suspended a beautiful gold rosary. He wore a kind of cloak

of light-blue silk barege, worked with gold thread, the sleeves looped up with gold bands, with a cluster of brilliants in the centre. The crown I made like the one dear Aunt Mary Ann Griffin made for us for the opera of Kenilworth, and ornamented it with beautiful brilliants, jewels, and pearls. The wings were made by a gentleman, cousin of Don Diego. They were golden wings; the feathers were cut and arranged most beautifully, — all the plumage being gold, the inside slightly tinted with blue. All the angels glittered with precious stones. They looked beautifully. The priest had a collation prepared for the thirty-five children, which they enjoyed highly. Wine and refreshments were offered to every one at his house, and chica for the crowd outside.

The country people from far and near came to attend the feast, and were perfectly delighted. They could not express their gratitude to me for having given them such a "grand funcion," as they called it.

In the evening there were fireworks and a balloon, and the common people had a ball; and in all directions over the town the country people had their dances and singing, with guitar. Several cried when they saw the children escorting the priest, accompanied by a band of music, to his house; they said it was so touching, — and indeed it was.

I was repaid. I showed the priest that I was friendly to him, and that I had never meditated deposing him. Spaniards, with all their goodness and warmth of heart, are extremely sensitive, and one must have the wisdom of the serpent not to wound them. The priest seems en-

tirely convinced of his mistake, and is now extremely friendly. He thanked me, and appreciated the good feeling I had encouraged and strengthened towards him, and prayed that God might reward me.*

I can hardly wait to hear if dear Loo and Blanche are in Panama. Dr. Dickson will bring the news to me in a few days, please God.

I am a little weak, but not injured by this fatigue. You must all pray daily for me. Tell darling Nell I leave my need in her hands. She must ask all the nuns to pray that I may live to be reunited to you all.

Give to each and all, all the loving messages my heart dictates, not forgetting most particularly my dear Grandmother Waterman, who will, I hope, pay me the promised visit.†

Your loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

P. S. — Bernardino loves you all as much as his own family, and is quite as homesick as I am.

SANTIAGO, *August 25th*, 1864.

MY DARLING MOTHER, — I am now writing while my head is rather confused, for the whole family, except myself, servants included, are down with an extraordinary

* How wisely Jenny acted to return good for evil, and thus turn the bitter waters into a sweet fountain of charity!

† Mrs. Waterman died soon after, October 1st.

sickness for this climate, — a real influenza. The regular "Tyler grip"! I am kept busy attending the sick, giving medicine to those in the first stages, and strength and comfort to the convalescing in the shape of quinine, egg-nog, and hot punches. I am also with new servants to be trained.

I often think, mother, how you and father would laugh to see me ordering in Spanish these easy-going, lazy, black and Indian servants. My little Indian girl is as lazy as she can be; but she is neat, and her poor mother is so earnest in her entreaties that I should keep her, that I cannot bear to send her back to the ignorance and destitution from which I took her; particularly as the child takes as naturally to the refinements of civilized life as though she had never known any other. She could not bless herself when she came to me, but she is quite inclined to be a devotee now. She came to me on St. John's day (which is a day of great festivity here, — even the poorest have an extra dinner), and said, "Señora, I want to fast for St. John." She had fasted several days in Lent, and I had explained to her how pleasing such acts of self-denial were to God; but I had no idea she had so practical a belief in its efficacy.

The people here are naturally inclined to corporal mortifications. Many fast once or twice a month all the year round. You may judge I do not shine in this particular, for I am unable to fast at all, and Bernardino asserted his authority most firmly, and, with all the decision dear father used with you, mother, on this point, forbade my fasting even in Lent. I obeyed!

August 29th. . . . I was called away; Fermina was very ill; her influenza took a bad turn, and since the 25th I have been constantly with her and other sick people.

I am expecting Bernardino home from the cotton plantation to-day. If we do not succeed it will be a very great disappointment, for we are sacrificing every comfort to it. Even hard-working business men know little of the difficulties and labor of carrying out such an undertaking here. In my eyes the Spaniards have certainly redeemed their character for want of business activity, since I have lived among them. Their "passada mañana" tendencies arise from the utter impossibility of doing things at the hour and time you may intend, — owing to your dependence upon people, and circumstances beyond your control, namely, the weather, which is as disastrous to the traveller on land, owing to its effects on the roads and streams, as it usually is to the seafarer; and the class of people who serve you have no idea of the value of time, and the importance of keeping appointments, and you cannot teach it to them if they have in their veins one drop of Indian or negro blood.

I will try to give you an idea of Bernardino's labors, dear mother, and you will then see why we look so anxiously for success; yet we both say, "God's will be done," I trust sincerely. In the first place, the plantation is about twenty miles from here, reached partly by land and partly by sea. The road is very bad, and crossed by many streams, which in winter are very difficult to pass, and also by two rivers which are extremely dangerous to

cross, several persons having been drowned in consequence of crossing without a guide. In case of a sudden rising of the river the traveller must remain all night upon the bank until the water subsides. They chose this spot for the plantation because it is a good port, because they would not have to make a fence, which here is very expensive, and because the land was already cleared. No white persons are living anywhere in the neighborhood, — the only inhabitants being a very ignorant set of negroes. I think they are the most benighted of whom I ever heard; but, poor things! they are good-hearted and easily won by kindness, and, if we continue there, I hope we may do something towards enlightening them. They are very fond of us, because they say I am very affectionate to them when they come to see me.

Bernardino's rancho is most uncomfortable, and the poor fellow must content himself with the plainest food cooked in the most ordinary way. The stories of the want of cleanliness of these people cast Dr. Johnson's Scotch cook completely in the shade. The day he leaves here he must rise at three, A. M., and on his return must travel all night, — this to save time and avoid the sun. The part of the journey on water is in miserable little canoes, that are most unsafe. Should the canoe upset, you are doomed at least to lose a limb; for this river is filled with hungry crocodiles, who almost leap into the canoe for their victims. The plantation is of about one hundred acres; and, as it is so large, Bernardino must from morning till night walk over and inspect the work; for his overseers

never before cultivated cotton. He is sure to find a blunder committed if he leaves them long. This labor is performed with the sun eighty-five or ninety degrees in the shade.

He arrives at home wearied, as you may imagine, to stay three or four days, during which time he has to prepare for his return, and has the house full of men from his different haciendas to give him an account of affairs there. We have really but little time to enjoy the society of one another, but that which we steal from sleep, after your own fashion, dear mother; and these hours we enjoy and prize, I assure you; for, if it can be, Bernardino says he loves me more and more every day.

Had we known what we must suffer, I fear we should not have had courage to go through; but, if we can prove that cotton can be cultivated on a large scale, we may safely invest sufficient means to make it very profitable. Now it is only an experiment. We cannot say we are enjoying life just now; but we went into this business at a time when everything was so dead that we felt glad to undertake anything that would be an active business.

I was very, very much disappointed when darling Loo and Blanche did not come. I tried not to be so; but it was in vain. I hope they will even yet come. . . . .

Your loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

SANTIAGO, *September 11th*, 1864.

MY DARLING FATHER, — I write to-day to interest you in an act of charity here, although I know how incessantly you are occupied ; but it is of such a pressing character that I do not hesitate to add one more to your many labors in such a case, dearest father.

Will you please to send me a strong letter of introduction to our minister at Bogotá, from yourself, if you are acquainted with him, and also from some influential friend? With this letter I will send one from myself, asking our minister to present a letter from me to Murillo, which I intend, please God, to write to him. The subject in which I am interested is the hospital here. There is no almshouse nor any institution of the kind. The poor here are always sick or infirm.

Through the piety of former generations almost every town has its "Convent of San Juan de Dios," as it is called, with a fine chapel attached. Legacies were frequently left to it, — even here ; although in latter years it has been very much neglected ; still it had about seven thousand dollars, which were loaned out at a low church interest, but yielded an income sufficient, with good management, to supply the necessaries of life and medical attendance to the unfortunate inmates. But under the mortmain law, this has been seized, and the poverty and desolation of the place cannot be imagined.

Even with money it is impossible to give these poor creatures any real cure ; for the diseases and deformities

in this tropical climate are horrible beyond description when they attack the lower classes. Only those actuated by the pure love of God could devote themselves to their care as they should be cared for. In their present state of destitution, their ills are aggravated a hundred fold.

The most frightful sores (called leprosy) eat away limb after limb. The other day a poor woman arrived who gave me a dreadful shock. Where her eyes and nose should be, were only unsightly black holes; an immense hole, which is a running sore, is her mouth; and thus she is gradually dying, and may live years! No description can give you any idea of the horror of one of these hospitals.* All the patients are frightful deformities. On Saturdays those who are able to walk go out to beg. Each one who dies is buried by public charity.

Now, every government is bound to supply some place of refuge for such people; and this one, which pretends to be such a model republic, would, I think, be mortified to have these things known. They also pretend that they will only take the direction of money seized by the mortmain law.

I thought, if I could get my letter properly presented to Murillo, he would be induced to order, if not the principal, at least some yearly sum, to be paid to a charitable

* Dr. Dickson, the physician of Santiago at this time, has since told us that Jenny did visit that unfortunate woman when he could not, and administered to her comfort! What burning charity! Supernatural love for God's poor and afflicted!

society of ladies here, for the purpose of taking care of these unfortunate lepers.

They thought of sending a memorial to him; but I knew of how little avail these are, and it occurred to me that what he might disregard from his own people might possibly meet with more attention coming from a foreigner, whom he thought of some influence, particularly while his remembrances of the United States are fresh in his mind.

If you send me these letters, dear father, you will do a great charity; if we fail, we shall have the satisfaction of having tried to do good. Mrs. Fabréga and Inez will be pleased if you do; for they do more than any one else here for the hospital.

I have been remiss, I fear, and would now like to atone for my tepidity through you, father. Pray, please that I may. I am writing at the rate of a hunt, and must confine myself in this letter to business.

Bernardino left this morning for the plantation, to be gone three weeks. My heart has been choking me all day, and he, poor fellow, feels no better; but we are determined to go to the end of this effort; in fact, we cannot well help ourselves.

Fond, fond love to all. Each of my loved ones is remembered as if named.

Your ever devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

P. S. — We feel in better spirits about the cotton plantation. Failing, would not be to lose, please God; but our hopes were very high, and may still be realized!

Birthday Celebration — Grand Affair — Palm presented — Verses written — Procession — Party — Ball.

SANTIAGO, *September 20th*, 1864.

MY DARLING PARENTS, — My last letter was written August 29th. I was expecting Bernardino from the cotton plantation that evening; — but to my birthday (September 1st).

On the evening of the 31st of August, just at dusk, several ladies and gentlemen called in, and I could see something was in preparation.

Large pails full of chica were sent from Don Santiago's, to whom a hint had been given, and Bernardino was getting out brandy and whiskey. Egg-nog was being made by the pailful.

In a few minutes we heard the city band, and, on going to the porch, I saw an immense crowd of people coming down the street. A large palm, fifteen or twenty feet high, woven into beautiful figures, and filled with lights, flowers, and flags beautifully disposed, was carried by eight of the most respectable colored women, dressed in their best.

When they reached our door, two little boys and a little girl stepped forward from the crowd, and, after singing some very pretty verses in my honor, presented me with a beautiful little flag, on which was a heart, in the centre of which were written some verses composed for the occasion. They entered the house and placed the palm in the parlor, at which moment fireworks were set off in the street in front of the house, and the band played.

This crowd was composed principally of the country people. They danced many of their Spanish dances for me.

Egg-nog, whiskey, and chica were distributed in doors and out to the crowd in abundance. Indeed, I declare all I saw of Bernardino, for twenty-four hours after, was while he was going around with a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other, asking every one to partake of it, in true Irish style.

They left about ten, in high spirits, giving "Vivas" for "La Niña Jenny."

The next morning, before I was home from mass, the caelgos (as birthday presents of a kind of cake ornamented and covered with flowers, baskets of wine, or game, are called) began to come in, and I found Julianna (Bernardino's sister) giving "the morning" in a kind of wine, called mistela, to all the servants, and all who presented themselves. All day the presents came in, and different members of the family and friends dropped in to congratulate me.

The wine-stand was on the parlor table all day, and I offered wine to all who called, as on New Year's day at home.

About twelve a bull was brought to a common in front of the house, the chief "toreador" saying, "It shall not be said that the young foreign lady had no one to celebrate her birthday with a bull-fight." Bernardino replied, "You must always bathe the bull in whiskey." Whereupon the bottles began to circulate among the people outside, who had collected in crowds to witness the sport. In fact, little or no business was done in town on that day.

As the bull was not fought in the ferocious style of a more formal bull-fight, I could look on with a good grace, believing that no one would be hurt. These people are so dexterous in their management of wild cattle that they can take good care of themselves. Still I was quite unable to look on with the fearlessness of the Spanish ladies, and I think my timidity was as amusing to them (the people) as the performance of the toreadors. Usually the amusement lasts but a couple of hours; but they became so enthusiastic in their desire to thoroughly celebrate my feast that night alone put an end to the sports. A wild horse was mounted, and several feats performed. The family all dined with me here, and we had a grand dinner.

About eight o'clock, Mrs. Mica Fabréga and Don Nicho Facio called, both handsomely dressed, as if for a party, and told me that some of my Sunday-school pupils were desirous of expressing their appreciation of my efforts in their behalf, and had appointed them to invite me to meet them at Julianna's new house (which is still unoccupied). We accordingly went. When I approached the house, I saw it was brilliantly lighted, — the whole street crowded; and, as I entered the house, the band struck up a lively air. I was received by Bernardino's aunt and Mrs. Francisco Fabréga, and a sister-in-law of Inez Fabréga.

They had furnished the house and decorated it with flowers. At one side of the room they hung my portrait, with a beautiful crown of white flowers above it, and the American and Columbian flags gracefully united beneath

it. The children — those of the best families — stood in line to receive me; and at the head of the room stood a little boy, about ten years old, and a little girl fourteen, each with a beautiful bouquet.

I was seated under my portrait. All the ladies and gentlemen of Santiago were present. The little girl arose and delivered an address beautifully, — at the conclusion presenting me with the bouquet. The music played a very fine march; after which the little boy delivered his address with all the ease and grace of an orator, also presenting me a bouquet at the conclusion. In a few words I expressed my thanks for the beautiful surprise they had given me; and then Don Nicho conducted me to the supper-room, where there was an elegant table spread. In an adjoining room there were all kinds of wine in abundance. The table had been provided by the ladies, — the wine and music by the gentlemen.

The rest of the evening was spent in dancing and singing. Every one seemed in the best of spirits. We broke up at about one, A. M.

You may judge, dear parents, how happy Bernardino was, and indeed all the family. To me it was very gratifying, as it was a voluntary testimony of the affection felt, not alone for myself, but for my dear husband; but it made me ashamed of my poor labors here when I saw how much they were overrated. . . . .

LETTER TO MRS. WATERMAN.

Mrs. Waterman's Illness.

SANTIAGO, *October 4th*, 1864.

MY DARLING GRANDMOTHER, — Letters received to-day from my dearest mother give me the sad news that she is again watching by your bed of suffering. Although I may not be able to send this immediately, it is a comfort to me to sit down and tell you how deeply I feel for you in your illness, and how I long to be near you.

It is at times such as these I feel most keenly my absence from home, and the distance and difficulties of the journey seem to increase. Altogether, I bear my exile with less patience, or at least have to make a greater exertion to be resigned to being so far away from those dear ones, to see whom I would give worlds. I could fly to you, dear grandmother! I cannot but envy your children, who have the blessed privilege of assisting you. Not a day passes that my poor, but fervent, prayers are not offered for you. Only last evening Bernardino's sisters and I were talking over your promised visit to me, and laying plans for its realization. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder" is one of the truest proverbs. Nothing could wound me more than the thought that any one of my family could suspect me of coldness or forgetfulness, or that they should cease to remember me as one still earnestly interested in everything concerning them.

October 17th. — Dearest grandmother, I have till now had no opportunity to send off my letter.

I have passed a most sad and homesick day; for I received dearest mother's letter of the 23d of September, in which she tells me of your dreadful suffering. I wept bitterly, dear grandmother. I cannot express what a trial it is to me not to be at your side. What would I not give to share with mother and Aunt Janett their care of you? I pray God that we may yet meet. Bernardino is expected home to-night, after an absence of five weeks. He will be greatly grieved to hear of your illness. He loves you with all the tenderness and respect of an own grandson.

With the hope that my next letter from home will bring me news of your recovery, I will say good-by.

My ever dear grandmother's devoted child,

JENNY.

This letter shows one of the most beautiful traits in a woman's character — filial love. Jenny's grandparents loved her as an own child. Nearly every summer, since her birth, she had been to Binghamton, with her mother and the other children, to make a visit to them. Her Grandfather White lived almost side by side of General Waterman's lovely grounds, and, until the death of Mrs. White in 1851, his large and interesting family circle was comparatively unbroken. And here Jenny was a favorite, and her visits were hailed as a time of joy to all. The most intellectual and refined sought their acquaintance; their circle of friends extended to many States. To these princely hospitality was offered with such a grace that visitors were made to feel that they brought with them

to the house the happiness they enjoyed, and that with them much would depart. This family was remarkable for intellectual culture and talent, as well as great piety. Music, painting, and belles-lettres were the sources of their pleasure in their delightful home, while its pervading atmosphere was extraordinary love for one another. But, one by one, the links of this holy chain were broken. This envied home and its harmonious life of love and usefulness seemed noiselessly to pass away with the spirit of its centre, the beloved mother.

Ann, the second daughter, had previously become a nun of the Visitation Convent, Georgetown. Ellen, the eldest, and one of the most accomplished and interesting women of her age in this country, became a Sister of Charity. Anastasia and Kate, younger, entered the convent of the Sacred Heart, at Manhattanville.

After the tearing asunder of these ties that had bound them together, and left their home in a few short years desolate, it is not surprising that Geraldine, the petted youngling of the flock, should have found the world too void to satisfy the yearnings of her soul. She joined her sister Ann, and took the veil in the Visitation Convent at Georgetown.

In Europe, two of Mrs. Edward White's sisters were distinguished members of religious orders (Sisters of Mercy). One, Anna Griffin, the only surviving sister of Gerald Griffin, is now Mother Superior of the Convent of Mercy, in Youghal, Ireland. It was to her Gerald addressed his beautiful lines, "The Sister of Charity."

THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

I.

She once was a lady of honor and wealth;
Bright glowed on her features the roses of health;
Her vesture was blended of silk and of gold,
And her motion shook perfume from every fold;
Joy revelled around her, — love shone at her side,
And gay was her smile, as the glance of a bride;
And light was her step, in the mirth-sounding hall,
When she heard of the daughters of Vincent de Paul.

II.

She felt in her spirit the summons of grace,
That called her to live for the suffering race;
And heedless of pleasure, of comfort, of home,
Rose quickly like Mary, and answered, "I come;"
She put from her person the trappings of pride,
And passed from her home, with the joy of a bride,
Nor wept at the threshold, as onward she moved, —
For her heart was on fire, in the cause it approved.

III.

Lost ever to fashion, — to vanity lost,
That beauty that once was the song and the toast, —
No more in the ball-room, that figure we meet,
But gliding at dusk to the wretch's retreat.
Forgot in the halls is that high-sounding name,
For the sister of Charity blushes at fame;
Forgot are the claims of her riches and birth,
For she barters for heaven, the glory of earth.

IV.

Those feet, that to music could gracefully move,
Now bear her alone on the mission of love;
Those hands, that once dangled the perfume and gem,
Are tending the helpless, or lifted for them;
That voice, that once echoed the song of the vain,
Now whispers relief to the bosom of pain;
And the hair, that was shining with diamond and pearl,
Is wet with the tears of the penitent girl.

V.

Her down-bed a pallet, — her trinkets a bead,
Her lustre, — one taper that serves her to read;
Her sculpture, — the crucifix nailed by her bed,
Her paintings, — one print of the thorn-crownéd head;
Her cushion, — the pavement, that wearies her knees,
Her music, — the psalm, or the sigh of disease;
The delicate lady lives mortified there,
And the feast is forsaken for fasting and prayer.

VI.

Yet not to the service of heart and of mind
Are the cares of that heaven-minded virgin confined;
Like Him whom she loves, to the mansions of grief
She hastes with the tidings of joy and relief.
She strengthens the weary, — she comforts the weak,
And soft is her voice in the ear of the sick;
Where want and affliction on mortals attend,
The Sister of Charity *there* is a friend.

VII.

Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves, mid the vapor of death;
Where rings the loud musket, and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows the Lord.

How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace!
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him!

VIII.

Behold her, ye worldly! behold her, ye vain!
Who shrink from the pathway of virtue and pain;
Who yield up to pleasure your nights and your days,
Forgetful of service, forgetful of praise.
Ye lazy philosophers, — self-seeking men, —
Ye fireside philanthropists, great at the pen,
How stands in the balance your eloquence weighed
With the life and the deeds of that high-born maid?

General Waterman died in 1861, after a short illness. And now Jenny turns with full heart to the only surviving grandparent in Binghamton, and of the old mansion in which she was born, and yearns with the tenderness of a last look to revisit "the Nest." But alas! she will learn ere long that it is empty now! They, its loved and honored owners, have finished their work, and have gone to rest. The door of those hospitable homes is closed forever, and their beautiful grounds, the pride of many years, are already trodden only by strangers. This last sorrow will come upon our little exile with a crushing weight in that far-distant land.

"Who, who would live always? I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way."

BIRTHDAY LETTER.

SANTIAGO, *October 7th*, 1864.

MY DARLING "OLD NETT," — Before I retire I must say a word to you, to let you see that I am, in spirit at least, my darling sister, celebrating your birthday. . . .

Julianna just came to my room to ask me to say to you we have remembered your birthday here to day. . . .

I hope you have heard good news from dear grandmother, and that dear mother is at home again with you to-night, where I love to think of you celebrating your birthday. With what joy would I not step in and join the circle!

I trust in God we will one day have that reunion, and the pleasure would almost repay me for this separation.

I have enjoyed with you, Nett, your delightful visit to Bordentown with Cousin Emily and Sallie. Give them my love. I remember Sallie as a sweet girl; can you not send me her photograph?

You, old lady, in the midst of your frolicking, are forgetting to write to me. You may think you enjoy letters, but you can never know what it is to really do so until you are in a strange land. I read and re-read my letters, and then lay them upon my table for days. Even to look at the superscription is a pleasure to me. Everything you can write is of interest to me, from dear father's deliberations in secret council on grand matters of state, to the latest smart speech of my little darlings Pamela and

Rhoda, for they all here love to hear what is going on in the "White family," — as dear John calls us! . . .

October 17th. — What an anxious time you have all had! Poor mother!

Your loving sister,

JENNY.

LETTER FROM BERNARDINO.

News of the death of Mrs. Waterman — Jenny's grief.

SANTIAGO, *November 12th*, 1864.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — Yesterday, about ten o'clock, while we were at the breakfast-table, your letter of the 3d of October was handed to us, containing the most unwelcome news of the death of your dearly beloved mother, Mrs. Waterman.

What my darling Jenny and I felt at that moment, I will not venture to describe. This sad news has inflicted a wound that will for years to come remain unhealed.

I feel that your loss cannot be described. I shall never forget the affection and motherly feeling which she entertained towards me. I lament her departure from among us almost as much as her own children. So good and kind and generous a mother would be forever mourned, were it not that we must submit cheerfully to the will of God, and content ourselves with his decisions. . . . .

We can feel that her good works are crowned with happiness in that world of peace which she has gained by her prayers. I invite you, dear mother, to join us in this forced resignation that we, as Christians, are bound to have, yielding to the mandates of the Almighty God.

As to my darling Jenny, I cannot describe the effect this news has upon her. She will, I trust, soon write herself to you of all her mental and physical suffering on this occasion. . . . . .

Through my beloved Jenny, you already know I am absent much of the time from home, engaged in cotton-raising, and therefore cannot write as often as I would like. . . . . .

I am not in favor of the Southern confederacy. I hope it will soon be put down. . . . . .

Jenny is liked more and more, and loved by our people. Her Sunday school, and her arduous labors for religion have made many friends, — so much so that her fame has spread in every part of the country. In all matters relating to the Church she is consulted before any one else. Just now a petition is being sent to Lima to the bishop, and Jenny's name was asked to have the first place upon it. Indeed, she has already done wonders here, and yet no one is jealous of her. Her birthday celebration was a grand affair, flattering and gratifying to us all. Even the children of the town and country idolize her.

As soon as it is known that Jenny is sick, visitors pour in, and the house is all the time crowded. Messengers are sent from every family several times a day to inquire

if she is better. She attends mass daily; but if by chance she is once absent, immediately messengers come to inquire what is the matter! Although she is so popular with all classes, yet she is always humble. . . . .

Please, dear mother, remember me to each one at home, to dear Nell in the convent, and to those dear aunts at Georgetown.

As ever your most affectionate and obedient son,

BERNARDINO DEL BAL.

LETTER TO REVEREND B. O'REILLY.

SANTIAGO, *December 1st*, 1864.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER, — Your most welcome letter has been received. . . . . .

Indeed, dearest father, could you but know what a consolation your words of friendship and advice are to Bernardino and myself, — cut off as we are so completely from all priestly counsel, — you would feel amply rewarded for the sacrifice you make of rest and time, to bestow a few words of encouragement on your poor children here.

Words cannot express to you how truly we appreciate your kind solicitude for our welfare. We feel most grateful for your prayers, and only beg that you will, in your charity, intercede with our Divine Lord for this people and for us. . . . . .

This evening, while Bernardino is out on business, after waiting in vain to find time to write such a letter as I would like, I have seized my pen in a fit of desperation, determined to send this letter, and not wait till I can inflict upon you a regular epistle, equal to any of the accounts of the missionaries, published so zealously by the American Bible Society.

My life here is a most active one, and yet I accomplish so little, compared to what remains undone, that it seems discouraging. Even had I the zeal to do so, it is impossible for me to devote all my time to spiritual works of mercy, for I have my duties to my husband and family, which I cannot but consider of primary obligation. I must also comply with my duties to society, or I shall lose the influence I have. Add to these all the obstacles which the devil and human respect oppose to the performance of these duties, and you can imagine how I feel when I see the immense good there can be done, and the trifling effect my poor weak efforts produce.

I feel as though I could plead on bended knees, and with tears of earnestness, with those holy souls inflamed with apostolic zeal, beseeching them not to pass by unheard this poor land, which should be the land of saints, but which, alas! is plunged in such ignorance that no description can give an idea of it. And yet these people long for instruction, and idolize those who offer it to them, even though they reprove their vices. . . . .

In my instructions, on religious matters, to these people, owing to my natural tendency to scrupulosity, I have had to be very sure of my answers to questions of con-

science. I have been very thoroughly instructed, both by mother and my confessors, and gave my advice and opinion grounded on their instructions.

I have prepared, and helped to prepare, many for confession; but if I had the time, and will, and energy, I could have a daily class, there are so many who wish to confess. Their ignorance is so great that the labor is an arduous one.

Imagine, dear father, my pain, knowing that many who need confession are waiting for me to find time to prepare them.

The people here are very zealous, and listen most gratefully to the voice of a stranger who they think cares for them. On this account I have to be at present foremost in every movement, and, if I withdraw, the enterprise or undertaking falls to the ground.

I am most amusingly popular, but my popularity makes me tremble. Our trials are so great, in many ways, that they prevent me from enjoying in any vanity of spirit the praise with which these people overwhelm me. When the heart is tried, the vanities of the world affect it less. But I know how subtle is the enemy of our salvation, and I depend on your prayers to give me purity of intention in the little I do.

In my dear husband I have one, who by word and example encourages me in every effort; and this to me is an inexpressible comfort.

I have as yet said little of the proposed missionary priest. . . . . I left in Panama a letter of introduction, which our lamented Archbishop Hughes gave me

when I came from home. It is to be presented to the Bishop of Panama when the proper time comes.

Our Sunday school is doing well. We hope to have a grand celebration on Christmas, and mean to have the children of the school take parts. I will teach them to sing the gloria and a hymn.

With the alms which the people will give when they venerate the infant Jesus, I mean to begin a circulating library for the children.

If, dear father, any of the colleges, convents, and societies for the propagation of the faith, for which France is so celebrated, could send me some Spanish books, even old ones, and common medals and rosaries, it would be the greatest act of charity.

The dearth of reading matter here is terrible. Up to this time I have supplied the premiums which I gave to induce the children to come and be punctual; but now the school has increased so much, I cannot do it alone, and must appeal to the faithful to help me.

If we can get up a library, I think Inez and I could get up some reading classes.

The ignorance of these children is great, but their natural intelligence is beyond all doubt of the very first order. The desire to learn is so great that I am very anxious to have a priest here who will start a school.

It is past eleven, dear father, and my head warns me that I am trespassing, not only upon your time, but my strength.

You will be alarmed at the prospect of the letter I promised you, if this is only an introduction; but like

those preachers who prelude their longest discourses by declaring they would only say a few brief words (!). I have so much to say, I have scribbled on until I have sent you too long an epistle, I fear. I would give worlds could I but have your wise direction.

The devotion to the Sacred Heart, which we have established, is spreading rapidly; also Blessed Margaret Mary has many votaries. Perhaps, if we pray hard, you yourself may be brought here, dear uncle. Oh, what joy to hundreds of poor souls, could that favor be granted!

I hope you will pray for our success in our cotton plantation, — not for ours alone, but for all; for if it succeeds it will benefit the Church. The husband of Inez had a fine plantation that was destroyed by the cotton worm. They have made a vow that all they may make over expenses they will give to the rebuilding of the church; and since then it has been improving!

Of our temporal trials I say nothing. . . . .

In charity, write to us, and do so with all the freedom of father, director, counsellor, — reproving as we deserve. Your letters are read and re-read; your words of counsel and sympathy fall upon our poor, weary souls as dew upon the parched and withering herbage, encouraging us to go on, manfully bearing our cross to the end.

In our family life, thank God! we enjoy the most perfect union, and our Lord has blessed us with great cheerfulness of spirit, which enables us to laugh over our troubles. . . . . .

I am sure my angel-child in heaven is now praying for you, to repay you for the aid and consolation you gave his

poor parents when he was taken from them. I have felt that he has been a guardian angel to me. . . . .

Most gratefully, your niece,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

[PRIVATE.]*

Description of her Spanish House — Its Furniture — Servants in Santiago — Amusing Characters — Proposed Circulating Library — Sunday School.

SANTIAGO, *December 5th*, 1864.

MY OWN DARLING MOTHER, — I commence my letter while waiting for Bernardino to come in. He will go day after to-morrow to the cotton plantation, to remain till Christmas eve. Although our separation is a great trial, when we are together we are so happy and cheerful, I wish you could look in upon us.

I am more alone now, because Julianna and Miro, with whom we have lived, have moved to their new house. My next neighbor (Dr. Dickson) and his wife, who are invaluable friends to me, have also moved to another part of the city. Don Diego Garcia and his sister are my opposite neighbors, and are very attentive.

Could you look in upon my home, I think you would

* Marked private, because she describes what she thinks will not be of especial interest except to her mother.

know it was mine, notwithstanding it is so different from our houses in the States. It has nothing worth describing; but I will try to give you an idea of it, dear mother, for I know to parents everything connected with their children is of interest.

The houses, as you know, are here nearly all of one story, with porches or "portals." The kitchen and store-rooms are in a back building. The floors are tiled or wooden. From the porch, which is wide, you enter the parlor, in the middle of the house, by wide double doors. This parlor is about twenty-five feet square. On the right and left double-doors open into rooms on either side of the parlor. Directly in the centre, opposite the front-door, is a door-way opening into the dining-room, but instead of a door, crimson curtains are hung to divide it from the parlor. Above this door-way I have a handsome American flag, which I made. On one side of the door-way is a mahogany table, at which I am now writing. On this I have a handsome lamp, a number of handsomely bound volumes, album, backgammon board, etc., and above it dear father's portrait. At the other side of this door is a handsome lounge, with sofa-pillows covered with a light-blue French material, with stripes of cherry and white. Quite patriotic! Above this lounge hangs the picture of the Blessed Virgin, wreathed in flowers I made. Chairs, arm-chairs, and Spanish leather chairs complete the furniture of this room. The room at the right, opening also on the porch, is a library; and although our books as yet are only several hundred, they are a choice collection of English, French, and Spanish volumes.

Bernardino has a large table for writing in it, and if you look at father's, even to the big dictionary, you will see it. At the left of the parlor is my bedroom. Opposite the door stands a very handsome marble-top bureau and glass, upon which is the pin-cushion Mrs. Wemple gave me; a number of bottles of perfumery and pomade, etc., etc. On both sides of this is a stand for a candle; on one is an easel Nett gave Bernardino, with a picture of faith upon it; on the other a similar easel, with your picture, dear mother, upon it. On the left of the bureau stands my bed, — a handsome one, quite grand, with handsome Spanish pillows and bolster, covered with red satin, over which are Swiss muslin pillow-cases, trimmed with deep insertion and lace. At the foot of my bed I have a sweet little oratory, blue and white. I have fresh roses for it all the year round, in this delightful climate. On my oratory are many mementos of my home, friends, and childhood, which sometimes make my heart swell, while at the same time it is pleasant to me to have them before me. On the right-hand side of the room is a door-way draped in green chintz, which opens into a large back room. On the right side of this door-way, in my bedroom, stands a table covered with a red table-cover, upon which is a clock, my work-basket (old Nett's gift), and sewing materials, and near it stands my sewing-machine. On the left is a marble-top table, upon which is a lamp and some pretty fancy things. Cane-bottom chairs, pictures on the wall, and a flag over my bureau, given me by the consul, complete the furniture of my room. In the back

room off from mine I have a large old-fashioned bureau, washstand, and a hamaca.

The dining-room is back of the parlor, and a room corresponding with my back room I use as a store-room. Although nothing very grand, I assure you our house has a most cheerful, happy appearance.

I often wish I could send you photographs of my servants. I wish you could see my cook when she sits at the kitchen door resting, always wearing a hat on her head. She would make an admirable picture for Darley; particularly when her little boy, a negro of ten, is near her. My chambermaid, a large mulatto woman, who dresses in the "pollero" of the country, — which is really a graceful dress, — wears a gold chain on her neck, and ear-rings, gold side-combs, and a large blue long shawl (which these people throw most artistically around them). She would look quite majestic when she accompanies me in the street (which she delights to do), if it were not for an enormous hat which these negroes will wear. She never lived with any one before, and came fresh from the country; but I have quite civilized her, and am much pleased with her. She is like a child, and is much attached to me. She takes great pride in thinking she has the care of me, particularly when Bernardino is away. She will most cheerfully rise at any hour of the night if I need her. I am considered fortunate, for since the emancipation servants are very poor.*

* It is oftener the fault of the mistress than the servants. One who has the art of government can make even bad servants good, when there is not positive want of principle.

My little Indian girl is a cunning little thing, and really does a great deal. The servants here are what they call "mucha calma," or they are regular Topsies flying around in the wildest manner imaginable. Mine are all of the "mucha calma" order, which I think far preferable, although it is a trial to one's patience sometimes. I have made up my mind never to expect anything done quickly by them, and in this way live easily. You may judge how little the servants do, when for our family of two persons I have these three servants, and a boy for Bernardino, and our washing given out of the house to be done.

Your cook generally has a family of four or five you are expected to support. Your washerwoman expects you to pay her so much a month, and then send her wood and soap; another will iron for you, but you must send her starch, and wood, and sperm, and often a table and irons. Indeed, everything is done in the most difficult way. Then you always pay in advance, and, as they do not generally remain long, they very often go off owing you. So far I go on smoothly enough. This may all be very stupid to you, dear mother, and I know it is very bad taste to speak of your servants, but I am anxious you should know "how we live."

Panchita, my little girl, certainly shows that in all classes some are born refined. When she was brought to me, the only article of wearing apparel she owned was a pair of beads. Miro, Julianna's husband, gave her an old shirt to come to town in. From the first she liked everything of the best. She had only been here a short time, when she asked for cologne, to put in the water to

wash her hands, and pomatum for her hair. She is exceedingly neat, and in all her ideas is refined.

December 7th. — Dear mother, a courier despatched from Panama just brought us the welcome news of Mr. Lincoln's re-election! Dr. Dickson and Bernardino had the American flags out, salutes were fired, and the town was in quite a state of excitement.* I enclose you a note I have written to Mr. Lincoln on the occasion, — a letter of congratulation, expressing our pleasure and good wishes.

I am very busy preparing a Sunday school celebration for Christmas. If I can carry out my idea, I think it will be very pretty. I am going to have the adoration of the kings, shepherds, and angels to be represented by the children. All the Sunday-school children are to sing a gloria and a hymn. The alms given are to be appropriated to start a circulating library. Without books I can do nothing. All the convents and colleges where I am acquainted may expect me to beg some of their Spanish books away from them, if I can carry this out. Please mention this, mother, to dear Miss Mullany and to Dr. Anderson.

I had hoped to write to dear Tom to-day; but he will know that nothing but the impossibility prevents me. I am not as well as I would like to be, I have so much to do.

My letter is of no interest to any one but you. You desired me to give you details, and I have done so.

* Entirely in compliment to Jenny.

All pray for me, and obtain all the prayers you can for me.

Petita is staying with me. She is so like dear Aunt Mary Ann that she is a great comfort to me.

Ever, darling, darling mother and father,

Your devoted child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Christmas Celebration — Kings — Rich Jewels — Magnificent Dress — Shepherds — Mass — Christmas Hymn.

SANTIAGO, *December 27th*, 1864.

MY DARLING RHO, — A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you, dear John, and your little darlings, and to all, all my beloved family and friends. Would that I could accompany these wishes in person! What a meeting we will have, please God, when I am able to go home!

A cloud must hang over your Christmas, particularly to my darling mother, owing to my dear grandmother's death; but it is easier for you who are united to bear these trials than for me so far away. I have not dared to write on this subject since I wrote to dear mother on the 22d and 23d of last month, and must not now.

On Christmas eve, while we were dining, my letters from home were brought in, — one from dear mother, commenced to you in Washington, Rho; one from you, and

one from dear father, written down town. The person who brought them was delighted to be the messenger, for he knew no gift could be so acceptable to me Christmas eve.

My Christmas celebration passed off grandly; but, to do so, I had to work, I assure you. I had the whole direction of everything for three masses, — one at midnight, one at day-dawn, and one at half-past ten, P. M. To have the musicians all in order, the men for firing the cannon, and for ringing the bells, in time, was a labor in itself. But every one was delighted with the arrangements.

I enclosed the upper end of the church, taking in the main and two side altars, thus forming a very large sanctuary. In front of the main altar I had a platform twenty feet square erected. On this I had a stable made of wood, and roofed with woven palms. This was eight or nine feet high. In it was a manger filled with straw, in which lay a beautiful infant Jesus, having nothing on but one of my lace handkerchiefs arranged to look like a little shirt. On either side of the manger were statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph. Above the stall was an arch; upon it, "Gloria in excelsis Deo." Above this, suspended in mid-air, shone a star. In the niche, formed by the arch over the manger, stood a little boy, with blue eyes and light hair, beautifully dressed as an angel. Although the child stood on a narrow platform, or pedestal, which was concealed by the stable, he performed his part so well, during a long high-mass, that many thought it was a statue. At the door of the stable

knelt two little angels. Although little children, only four years old, they behaved beautifully. About a foot lower knelt, on one side, the three kings, magi in adoration, and on the other side three shepherds.

I had orange-trees filled with oranges, growing round the stable. I could not make it winter, and I thought it better to have all the glories of the tropics represented. The shepherds I dressed in modern style, for the sake of effect. They looked pretty well,—full white-knee breeches, colored ribbons on their legs and arms, satin shoes, fancy hats turned up on one side, with flowers, and gilt crosiers. One king wore full Turkish trousers of brown brocade satin; a sort of tunic of blue, with gay flowers; a mantle of yellow brocade; gold crown, and jewels. Aquilino, who was one of the kings, wore yellow brocade trousers; tunic of brown satin, with yellow trimmings; mantle deep-blue brocade, with white flowers; crown blue and gold. His jewels in his crown, and which he wore on his dress, were really Eastern in magnificence. Indeed, the jewels of all were very beautiful. The black king wore purple brocade trousers; red tunic, with a gay-colored border; crimson satin mantle; crown red and gold, jewels, emeralds, and pearls.

At the left-hand altar mass was said (in this large enclosed sanctuary). At the right the Sunday school were grouped, and sang at the Gloria, and a hymn to the Blessed Virgin at the Offertory. This hymn was written for Christmas, and was very touching. After mass the priest invited the people to the adoration. Every one went up who chose, and left a Christmas offering for

charity on a plate, which I prepared. Even Dr. Dickson, a Protestant, joined in it most cheerfully. Julianna says I have the most extraordinary manner of coaxing people to be generous. . . . . .

I have not time to read over my letter; I am ashamed to send it.

My dear Rho, pray give my best love to all at home, with my heartfelt holiday wishes, — do not forget the Curtaynes (who have forgotten me), — and to all my intimate friends; to Lilla, who must write often; to all, indeed, who will ask for me.

Your devoted sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Jenny hears "the Brogue" in Santiago — She is not well.

SANTIAGO, *December* 31*st*, 1864.

MY DARLING FATHER AND MOTHER, — I was obliged to send off my letter without . . . . .

January 1*st*. — I had written the above, and was taken sick. I am better to-day. Dr. Dickson is an excellent physician, and is very attentive, — not only as a physician, but from his friendship for Bernardino. . . . .

There are quite a number of foreigners passing through here all the time now. Yesterday, when they wished to move my bed, who should come to help but a regu-

lar Paddy, and I think his "rich Irish brogue" sounded as sweetly in my ear as it did to General Scott, before the election. The class of Americans who pass through are not generally the most favorable specimens. When one is so far from home, it is impossible for you to imagine what pleasure it is to hear your own language spoken, even with the Yankee drawl or brogue. Indeed, I think I like to hear it with these peculiarities.

What an awful, diabolical plot that was of the 25th of November!* . . . . I am not very well, and must close.

Do dear parents, pray for your loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

LETTER FROM BERNARDINO.

Birth of a Daughter.

SANTIAGO, *January 14th*, 1865.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, —I take great pleasure in announcing to you that, on the 2d of this month, Jenny gave birth to a beautiful little daughter, and to this day both are doing well, thank God! . . . .

My dear mother, Jenny was very ill, but many attended

* Sending yellow fever to New York by infected clothing, and burning the hotels.

her, for every one here desires to do something for her, whenever she needs anything. . . . .

We have named our little girl Rhoda, after you, mother. She looks like Netty and you, dear father. She is a strong, healthy little American, very pretty, and resembles our angel James.

My darling Jenny joins me in the offering I now make to you, my dear parents, of our little Rhoda; and the same I extend through you to each member of our family in New York and elsewhere.*

Nothing of especial interest has occurred since my loved Jenny wrote to you last. I am sure she gave you a full account of her success in her Christmas celebration. It was a grand festival, and delighted the people.

My family wish to be remembered to you and our brothers and sister. With great love and respect, dear father and mother,

As ever, your attached son,

BERNARDINO DEL BAL.

SANTIAGO, *February 21st*, 1865.

MY DARLING SISTER LOO, — My heart was rejoiced by the package of letters from home on Saturday night (17th), written by mother at Christmas time, and one

* A Spanish custom, and a beautiful one.

written on the eve of the departure, for Washington, of the family party (father, mother, Rho, and Nett), — how I longed to be one of it! — and a long letter from Nell. I thank you again and again for keeping me informed of home matters, by such interesting letters. You cannot know what a great pleasure it is to me to receive them. The person who has the good fortune to bring them is always delighted. He knows my gratitude.

My servants, except two, left me on account of sickness in their families; and, as these are the last days of the carnival, you cannot induce new ones to come until it is over, and Lent begins. . . . . .

I have suffered from severe attacks of neuralgia lately, sometimes in my head, and sometimes in my stomach. . . . . .

March 5th. — Unwillingly your letter was laid aside. I have not been able to write; for the little time I have felt well enough to do anything, I snatched to attend devotions in the church, which are, at this time, very interesting, and my sweet little Rhoda takes her share of my time. As I have no "aunty" here to descant on her charms, I must, contrary to all Spanish etiquette, sound her praises myself. I was amused at Bernardino when he wrote to mother about her, — there was such a struggle between his desire to tell her the truth about the child and his Spanish reluctance to praise her himself. She is so like my dear little angel James, that it seems as if I have seen her before.

I am going soon to the country to recruit; so you may

imagine me swinging in a hamaca under the orange-trees on the banks of a beautiful river.

To return to little Rhoda. Although only two months old, she is very fond of a lively air, and dances merrily to a jig! The country people come in numbers to see her, being to them as great a curiosity as a Japanese baby would be to us! When the nurse takes her to walk crowds gather around her. She, even as a baby, is very graceful.

March 7th. — My darling Loo, — again interrupted. Thank Nell, for her beautiful present of the picture. I have a particular devotion to the Mater Dolorosa. Also thank her for the Spanish books.

We have just passed the carnival season. Formerly it was a time of universal frolic and amusement. Among the common people they formed two parties, — one called Spanish, the other Indian. Each party had their flag, and elected king and queen, or cacique and queen. On pleasant days the queen, handsomely dressed, sallied forth with all her court in grand style. The two quarters of the town, eastern and western, were under the reign of the chosen sovereigns, and were supposed to be hostile to one another. They had their mock fights, prisoners taken and ransomed at night. They had what they called "timas." The people came out with music and torches, and went through the street singing, stopping at the principal houses, where they danced some of their national dances. The houses thus honored were expected to offer them wine and brandy.

This year, on account of the troubles in this country, the better classes left this celebration chiefly to the lower classes; but yet they determined to have their "Cocinada," which is a large dinner-party and ball. It was given at Julianna's house,* and they say they had a lively time, speeches made, etc., etc. I, being in mourning, did not go. During the three last days of the carnival, they have the religious devotion of the forty hours' adoration.† During these hours of silence, the church looked so peaceful, it did my heart good to enter it. I blessed dear Father O'Reilly, for his beautiful Meditations on the Prayer of St. Ignatius, "Soul of Christ, sanctify me," which I then made use of, and which calmed my soul, and filled it with a holy peace. I felt particularly low-spirited in these days, yet these moments of rest before the sanctuary, which last year was so desolate, quite cheered me.

To-morrow will be dear mother's birthday. Perhaps you children will celebrate it by a concert. I commission you, darling Loo, to give one of your most loving embraces, and a thousand kisses to dear, dear mother, for me. How I envy you the privilege!

I just stood up to say the Angelus, and little Rhoda caught a view of me, and knew me, and began to laugh to come to me. . . . . I am called away, darling Loo, and must leave you. With love to all my dear ones at home. Your devoted sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

* Bernardino's youngest sister, Mrs. Miro.

† Prayer and constant adoration before the blessed sacrament on the altar. Some one always in adoration day and night in the church.

Duties of God-parents — "Pronunciamento" — Return and Reception of Don Francisco Fabréga — Death of his Mother.

SANTIAGO, *March 10th*, 1865.

MY DARLING MOTHER, — . . . . . Here it is a great compliment to invite you to be god-mother. The god-parents and parents of the child, in recognition of the spiritual relationship contracted between them, are called "compadres," and are always expected to be excellent friends. Mr. Garcia honored Bernardino and me by inviting us to be sponsors for his youngest child. At these christenings the god-parents have to spend a great deal, — presents to the child, and to all the younger children of the family; money to the nurse, to the sexton; and then you must throw silver in the street, from the church to the house. Unfortunately, the poor child was taken, and received baptism hurriedly at the house one evening.

March 20th. — Since my last date, we have had a revolution; and the state is once more governed by the whites.

On Sunday evening, the 12th, we were sitting on the porch of a house in the plaza, "accompanying" (as they call it) the family of a lady who was very ill. I noticed that the city hall was lighted, and a number of gentlemen were there; but thought little of it. Suddenly from the building came shouts and cheers, "Viva! Viva!" etc., and in a moment men, women, and boys came running from all directions. "What is it?" said I. "A revolu-

tion," replied Inez, who was near. I thought of course it was a joke, but, in a moment more, she said, "No; that is a real 'pronunciamento.'"

Every one was in the best of spirits. All who were privy to it began to tell what they knew. The band collected, and music was played in the square, and afterwards at the house of the newly made prefecto and judge (the latter was Miro). It seems Don Francisco Fabréga had arrived in Panama with a few Costa Ricans. Their plans were already laid there, and, after a fight of but one hour, and with the loss of only seven lives, the new government was established. It is merely a state revolution, as they acknowledge the general government, and have named as governor a conservative liberal.

Great preparations were made for the reception of Don Francisco Fabréga, who was expected, after an exile of three years. But a sad event put a check to all their joys. The hour before he arrived his mother died. The people so respected his grief that not a cheer was given, nor a sound uttered, as he entered the town. And thus he returned after his exile.

I said, if all revolutions were as lively and pleasant as this one, I should feel it quite an improvement on the monotony of Santiago to have a little one now and then. But Bernardino said, as this was a pronunciamento, "it is always lively, for they have it all their own way. But wait till we see if it lasts."

Already some fears are entertained that the negroes are arming in some places, and they are beginning to levy heavy contributions.

Thus this poor country is distracted and ruined. God grant this party may succeed, for then the offices will generally be in the hands of better men. . . . .

Many thanks for the welcome given my little darling. I wish you could see her. She is a little beauty, though "I say it, that should'nt say it." Julianna says she is a perfect little lady, — and so she is. . . . .

Ever, dear mother, your devoted loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Holy Week in Santiago — Way of the Cross.

SANTIAGO, *April 10th*, 1865.

MY DARLING NETT, — I have had the happiness of receiving from Washington letters from dear father and mother. . . . . .

I have received dear Tom's photograph and Pamela's, dressed as Mrs. Tom Thumb.* It was beautiful, and amused every one here.

I am waiting with impatience to hear of your enjoyment in the world of fashion at Washington. Your first

* The night before Jenny left home, Nettie White dressed Pamela, Mrs. Mack's little daughter, as Mrs. Tom Thumb, in order to turn Jenny's thoughts from the sadness the last evening home would naturally cause her.

winter there! You must describe it minutely. I hear you were very gay. . . . . .

With us the ceremonies of Lent have been most interesting. Two evenings in the week we have the "Way of the Cross," in the streets and plaza; and you have no idea how solemn it is. On a platform is carried a statue of our Saviour, in purple robes, carrying a cross. All the people follow, some carrying lanterns on poles (as you see often represented on the stage). The first station is said in the church, and the procession then moves on, chanting the Stabat Mater, pausing and kneeling while the priest reads each station. They recite them so as to reach the church again at the last one.

I can give you no idea of the solemn impressions made by this devotion to one who has never seen it before. In these still summer nights the moon is so clear it is nearly as light as day; yet, in this soft, silvery light of a tropical moon, to see this procession (of women in white veils, and men with heads uncovered) move on, — the silence only broken by the voices of the chanters of the Stabat Mater and the priest reciting slowly the stations and prayers that follow, — fills one with devotional emotions, and gives a realizing sense of the Passion of our Lord. When it passes the houses, every one from within comes out and kneels upon the portals, some holding lighted candles. On other porches altars are erected for the occasion.

Palm Sunday is celebrated here also. They close one side of the plaza, and make a triumphal arch, to celebrate our Lord's entry into Jerusalem.

All the babies and nurses in town are out, dressed in their best. My little Rhoda* went, and looked as wise as the oldest of them. I wish you could see her, Nett! She is very fond of music, and tries to sing with me. When I sing opera music, she is almost wild with delight. Have I not reason to think she will sing?

My piano is yet detained by the bad roads. Have I not been tried, so long without it? When it arrives, it will give me new life.

Thank dear Uncle John for his letter, and give my love to them all, Emily, Uncle John, and Lilla.

I have suffered from neuralgia, but I am better now. As soon as Lent is over, I am going to Don Fabréga's country-seat, celebrated for its pure air and fine baths. There are baths of any temperature you desire, — cold, tepid, or very cold. I take the house as long as I desire it, but shall only stay a month. I did not go last month, as I expected, on account of the revolution. Please God, I will not be disappointed this month.

Love to all my relatives, far away and near, — to my dear friends the Curtaynes, Madam Simmons, and so many others I think of, but have not time to name now. . . . . .

My darling sister's devotedly attached,

JENNY

* Three months old!

Country People flock into Town to see Jenny and her little Baby.

SANTIAGO, *April 15th*, 1865.

My DARLING FATHER AND MOTHER. —. . . . You know what a busy time holy week is for me. My attendance at the ceremonies had to be so arranged as not to interfere with little Rhoda's comfort.

All my friends here are so ready to help me, that I really hesitate to express a wish before them, for I know they will be sure to gratify me. I am so interrupted by the country people coming to see me to-day, that I must give up trying to write. . . . . You would laugh to see the crowd of country people coming to town to see me and the baby. I get the credit of all everybody does here. The other day they said I paid all the expenses of holy week repository procession. I did not do half I wished, but they really think I did it all. . . . .

I have received dear Father O'Reilly's letter. How I thank him for it! . . . . .

Little Rhoda is well. Oh! if you could only see her, my dear parents.

Your devoted child,

JENNY.

Good Friday Celebration in Santiago — Holy Thursday — Easter Sunday.

SANTIAGO, *April 20th*, 1865.

MY DARLING NELL, — You must read my letters written home, as if you were there. I cannot bear to think of that dear circle as broken. Bernardino still says your vocation was here.

I feel deeply grateful to all the dear nuns for their prayers for us. There never was a place that needed aid from Heaven more than this. Beg of them not to abate their ardor.

Sometimes when I see so much yet undone, which would be accomplished if I had you here with me, I can't help feeling inclined to agree with Bernardino, that in this poor neglected field you ought to have come to labor; but, my dearest sister, God directed you, and he knows, better than we do, what is best.

On Holy Thursday our repository was beautifully dressed; the cross in the procession was carried by the prefecto, and the canopy, by the leading gentlemen of the town. When the blessed sacrament was placed in the repository, the key of the tabernacle, which was on an elegant gold chain, with a magnificent pearl clasp, was put upon the neck of the prefecto, to be kept by him until the next day.

The whole town participated in this celebration; stores closed; scarcely a sound heard until after Saturday's mass. On Good Friday it was in each house as if a death had occurred in it that day.

After the mass on Holy Thursday was over, the soldiers who attended the mass were placed as sentinels in front of the altar, and there remained, relieving one another in turn all night. We watched with them until morning, and I cannot tell you how I enjoyed it.

The moon shone brightly; the silence of the night was only broken by the tread of the sentinels and the low voice of prayer. I never meditated with so much devovotion as on that night. The blessed sacrament was exposed. It seemed as if that night in Jerusalem we were accompanying that sorrowful Mother in her trials, and that our prayers must be answered. . . . . .

The ceremonies on Good Friday are very imposing, and suit the disposition of the people.

A cross is erected on the platform on the main altar, upon which is a figure of our Lord. At about eight the priest began his sermon, and at its close he called on those holy men who had come to take down the body of our Lord, to proceed to their task. While they did so, he continued his exhortation to the people. The sound of the hammer, as they slowly struck the nails from the hands and feet, added a force to his words, and the dreadful scene of Calvary seemed realized before us. The body was then placed in the sepulchre, and the procession formed, — first all the country men, and then all the country women. The sepulchre followed, accompanied by all the gentlemen of the town. Then followed the troops with arms reversed, and the band playing a dead march. The palio or canopy was carried without the blessed sacrament. Then came all the ladies in

town, dressed in mourning, all carrying lighted candles. I taught the ladies and some of the gentlemen to sing a Stabat Mater in two parts. We sang it in the procession, and they say it sounded beautifully. On Sunday morning we had mass before daybreak, and at dawn a procession to celebrate the resurrection.

My darling Nell, a messenger calls for my letter. I must close it in haste. Pray for

Your fond sister

JENNY.

State of the Country — Summary Proceedings — Loans from the People — Jenny's Music — She is still an Object of Curiosity to country People.

SANTIAGO, *May 1st*, 1865.

MY DARLING FATHER AND MOTHER, — This week I have been occupied with many things. My piano arrived at last. It seemed new life to me to sit down and play again. You may judge my joy. Every one in town sympathized in my pleasure, as though it were their own. We have had very lively evenings since it came. . . .

Dear John's excellent photograph made me lonesome and homesick. What would I not give to be back a while in that dear old dining-room? I try to look on the bright side of the picture, and think of our reunion; but I cannot always do so.

This country is every day becoming worse and worse.

Although the change produced by the revolution we have just had, placed the power, here in Santiago, in the hands of gentlemen instead of negroes, they are governed by superior officers, some of whom are much the same as the former administration.

As the officials of the former government have not, or pretend not to have, funds belonging to the State, the first step of this party is to raise a forced loan to carry out their measures. This is taken from the few, for they do not at first appeal to the lower classes, lest they irritate them. The mode of collection is as follows: The collector arrives in town, and sends notes to A, B, and C, informing them that they must lend to the government one thousand, two thousand, three thousand, four thousand, or five thousand dollars; that if this money is not in his hands in six days they will be sent to prison; that if, after three days' imprisonment, the money is not forthcoming, their property will be seized and sold for whatever price it will bring!

Thus houses, furniture, cattle, everything may be sold, and twenty thousand dollars' worth of property sacrificed for five thousand dollars! You remember, in the crisis in New York, how hard wealthy men found it to raise money on a short notice; and you may judge how much worse it is in a small place like this, where the burden of everything falls upon a few.

The collector is now here, and has given until Saturday to pay the money for which he has called. Imagine the state of excitement we are in to-day! Every one says if they thought this government would be permanent, they

would give cheerfully; but what they fear is, that in a few months the other party may be in power, and then another loan (!) worse than this will be demanded of the same people.

Manuela made me laugh to-day. She said that all her life she has been living under a provisional government, and she longs to see the time when they will begin to pay back something on their loans. So far she never received anything from it.

Ah well! we must only hope for the best; but really this government seems like the Irishman's wife, "all worse," for which reason, he pleaded, he was entitled to a divorce, as he married her "for better or worse."

My piano is a great source of amusement. I feared I had lost from the want of it; but I found that singing opera music, without an accompaniment, was an advantage to me. I was forced to sing correctly; no slurring could be concealed by the piano! The people are very enthusiastic about my singing, my opera music particularly; even the country people are delighted with it. One old woman, after listening to me, said, "Ah Señorita! this is 'gloria eterna' (as they call heaven). When you can sing and play this, I am sure you forget everything else."

I was just interrupted by a country woman, who came in simply to look at me! I am still an object of curiosity.

The baby has a sweet face and winning way. She is the pet of the town; and as to the country people, she has a smile for every one of them. I can't tell how I long to have you all see her.

While I am writing, three or four country women are gazing at me in wonder and admiration. . . . . My fame far exceeds what I deserve. . . . . .

Fondest love to every member of my family in New York, and elsewhere. . . . I fear to lose the mail.

Your loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

A poor old woman, who had been accustomed to come from the country to Jenny's house for alms, was observed for a week or more to pass by the house stealthily, without going in. On being asked why she did so, she said she heard the young stranger could do anything she wished, and was a witch; that she did not ride in the air, it was hard to convince her. Afterwards she became very devoted to "la Niña."

Anecdotes of Children — Celebration of St. John's Day.

SANTIAGO, *July 14th*, 1865.

MY DEAR TOM AND LOU, —. . . . . I cannot tell you what a comfort your letters are to me. When you write tell me every little thing of home and friends. Especially the account of Rhoda's little darlings is very interesting to me.

Inez' eldest little boy is two years older than little Dodo,

so she takes an especial interest in hearing what I tell her of my little nieces. I tell her that St. Bernard is going to make a bishop of her little boy, Bernardo, he is so pious. He can tell you most of the principal events of our Saviour's life; and the other day, when he saw the children preparing for confession, he said, "I will go too." "What will you say?" said his mother. "I will say I cry a great deal; I am angry sometimes, and do not give any of my coffee to my little brother;"—thus showing he knew what it was.

The little children here have the idea I am a priest or bishop. Don Diego Garcia has a little son, Iquacio, who has been brought up by his grandparents, who live in a town near here. His mother could not persuade him to come home, until he was promised I would ordain him. It appears he had heard of me and said, "he wished to come to Santiago to have Niña Jenny ordain him." I have promised to ordain him, when his theological studies are completed.

I wish you could see your little niece, and I do not think you would be ashamed of her. She is very fond of Bernardino. Every pleasant day, while the nurse is taking her dinner, he walks up and down on the porch with her, generally talking to her about her New York family; and it is comical to see the quiet, pleased expression with which she listens.

On St. John's day here there is a great deal of horse-racing, and every boy in town is out on horseback, rushing around the streets at a break-neck pace, and shouting as they go, "Viva St. John! St. John!" Our street is a

favorite resort for them, and it is quite amusing to see them. Sometimes three or four abreast, holding hands, come racing down the street. Rhoda entered into the fun like a real Santiagena, and cheered every horse that went by. They brought a little white horse for her, and I told Bernardino to put her on and see what she would do, — he walking by her, of course. She sat up as straight as you please, and immediately laid her hand on the pommel. When the horse turned she nearly slipped, when, instead of crying or being frightened, she caught the pommel under her arm to hold on in that way.

I have occupied a good share of my letter with Miss Rho; but you must excuse a fond mother. . . . .

I must reluctantly say good-by.

Your loving sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Speaking of the revolution, Jenny writes to her parents: —

SANTIAGO, *September 24th*, 1865.

. . . . . .

Since I have learned from the lips of the negroes themselves in the hospital, what their intentions were towards Santiago, I have felt that prudence would ever forbid my remaining in Santiago during a revolution of this kind. Without there being any collusion between them, they all say that they came with the promise of "sacking Santiago

and doing all they liked, as there they would find plenty of money, goods, and pretty ladies."

It was a perfect miracle that we escaped. For days and days they were on the very border of the town, and yet most incomprehensibly they seemed to be held back by some invisible power.

We were almost defenceless here. For days, when we were hourly expecting them, — knowing them to be very near, and that their object was Santiago, — the relief we called for from Panama was so long delayed, that we entirely despaired of its being sent. Still God protected us, and did not allow one to put foot within the town until they came wounded and prisoners!

Though but a few hundred men were engaged on each side, the battles were desperate. They say these men fire but once, and then charge with bayonet. They load with both ball and buckshot, — so the wounds are terrible. My time is so constantly occupied with the care of the wounded that I really have no time to write. This letter I have written almost a line at a time. I do not dare to sit up all night to write, on little Rhoda's account, for fear of making myself sick. My health is better, thank God! I have been so much better since August, I am sure I have the benefit of some good prayers.

Dr. Dickson is not only an excellent physician, but a most kind friend. His care of Julianna was wonderful, and I have admired his practice in the hospital. . . .

I am sorry to send such unsatisfactory letters.

Your loving child,

JENNY.

Jenny writes : —

My dear Parents, — The night I received my last letters from home, I read them about three o'clock in the morning, as they were brought me by my brother-in-law, Mr. Miro, who arrived from Panama. I read them while listening to every sound, thinking it was the enemy who were coming, as that night it was said they were to attack us. I had packed all my jewelry and everything of value, ready to bury it in the garden, for escape was impossible. Nearly all the families had left town, except us. We did not, first, because I did not wish to leave ; and, secondly, because Julianna lay at the point of death, and could not be moved. The more I think of our escape, the more miraculous it appears to me.

The promise to seek first the kingdom of God, and all other things shall be added unto it, was verified in our case. We had the devotion for the month of May and afterwards for the month of the Sacred Heart. We had our inscription put over the main altar, " Save, O Lord, save thy people ! " We meant it principally in a spiritual sense ; but even from temporal ills he saved us. The inscription still remains there, and many have spoken of it.

I feel being separated from you all as if it were the first days after I left home. I never get used to it. I think our Lord has sent me the hardest trial I could bear, that of being separated from my family.

This attack upon the town was defeated by the arrival of General Olarte, who fought with them before they had

time to reach the town, and took many of them prisoners. The wounded were taken to the hospital in Santiago, for which Jenny had obtained favors some time ago.

She writes : —

. . . . . .

I have the hospital under my charge. I have to see to everything, from the beds on which they lie to the water which they drink. Mrs. Fabréga and Miss Sosa assist me in the care of them. I have four nurses from the soldiers, and two women to cook ; but intelligent persons, at no price, could be obtained, so we have to do much of the nursing, otherwise the men would die. Although on a small scale, our hospital experience is interesting, which, when I have time, I will relate.

With all the rest I have to do, there is to be a ball given to General Olarte, our deliverer, and we mean to have a little company for him. If I only had one of you to help me!

I trust that in a few weeks I shall have a little breathing time, and then I can write to each one separately. Tell my darling Tom I try to practise regularly.

I had decided from the 1st of August to go to a beautiful country-seat near. On that very day Julianna was taken ill. For ten days I had not my dress off, and remained with her six weeks, nursing her, because she could not bear to have me leave her, though there were many others to take care of her. The revolution broke out during this time, and now we have the hospital to take care of. So it goes. . . . . .

Ever your devoted child, JENNY.

In another letter she says: —

I am not only nurse but sometimes assistant surgeon. You would laugh to see me going around in the doctor's absence, using the surgical scissors, and dressing a man's face whose jaw was shot off.

[PRIVATE.]

Political Difficulties — Town ruined — Cotton Plantation failed — Great Disappointment — Dark Days.

SANTIAGO, *September 29th*, 1865.

MY DARLING FATHER AND MOTHER, — Let me, on this your wedding anniversary, send you the loving embrace and kisses I would so like to give you this morning, my own darling, dearly loved parents. May God grant you many, many returns of this anniversary in union with all your children and grandchildren!

Our residence here has become a matter of necessity purely, and it is the same case with the few respectable families who remain here during this state of revolution. . . . . There is no security for life or property. . . Business is completely dead. . . . . With all the business energy in the world, we can do nothing, for if Bernardino should embark in any business, before he could realize any money from it a revolution might come and deprive him of everything. Although, compared with

our rebellion in the States, these revolutions appear small, yet they are like an ungoverned mob. The State is small, and a few hundred men going through it like raiders can put, very justly, the whole community in alarm. Then, too, everything becomes personal, — county against county, town against town, and even family against family.

I cannot, by letter, give you an idea of the disorderly state of society and government here.

Bernardino hoped, while forced to live here, to escape some of these political ills by being an American citizen. . . . . It has been painful to him to have to appear to be indifferent to the fate of his country in time of danger; but he was obliged to do so; for, had he done what he lawfully could have done, the ignorant people here would have ceased to respect his American citizenship. Then it may be that he is looked upon with jealousy, as a privileged person. All this we have suffered, and prefer suffering, to being Columbian citizens. Here in Santiago they have denied his right to the protection of the American government, and obliged him to pay a tax to carry on this detested government. He paid it undisputed, but has appealed to the consul at Panama.

Our safety depends upon our right to the protection of our American government; and pray, dear father, do something for us at once.* I know I need not say a word more, but I feel sorry to add one care more to your already heavy burden. Children must, it seems, always

* Judge White sent letters, from some of the most influential public men in the United States, to the consul at Panama, asking him to protect Mr. del Bal as an American citizen.

be a care to parents, even after they have flown away from "the Nest."

If Panama were a consul-generalship, by a little management a consular agent (even without salary) could be named to Montijo (the nearest port to us), with permission for the agent to reside in Santiago. But, even if this is not done, a good written assurance from the consul and from some one in authority (such as my letter from Mr. Lincoln) would be of great use. All this, dear father, I leave in your hands.

Now, dear father, I must tell you confidentially of another trial we have had. Bernardino almost lost his health, and endangered his life, in his great exertions on his cotton plantation, — passing a year of sacrifices, — of which by letter I can give you no idea, — all to sink thousands, not a cent of which will he ever see again, I fear.

Until these late revolutions, business was quite active here, and it had the fame of being a city of aristocracy and wealth. These revolutions have completely ruined the town, and it is useless now to expect better things, except from the aid of a foreign power. The wealthiest here have suffered severely.

Bernardino's father is considered one of the richest men in the interior; has three large haciendas, besides cattle in several places, and his house in town, besides other property. . . . . My darling parents, I dislike to pain you by a recital of our trials, but I think it right to withhold nothing from such a fond and devoted father and mother. . . . . You may have this as-

surance, that, in all these sad times of disappointment, I keep up good courage, and let no one feel the effects of them. All strangers who visit Santiago are brought to our house to pass a pleasant evening; and, I may say to you, I think our house as attractive as any here.

This disappointment in business is easier to bear than many trials which others in married life have to suffer. I am so happy in all other respects, that I take this cross most cheerfully. . . . . .

My dear parents' too fond child,

JENNY.

A postscript to the last letter announced that another revolution was expected, headed by Mosquera. He is endeavoring to become the next president.

We are told by Mr. La Barriére, a gentlemen from Santiago, of whom Jenny has expressed the highest praise, that in all these dark and gloomy days "La Niña Jenny" was a bright and cheering star to Santiago, — that she sustained all classes: the wealthy by her lovely example of cheerfulness and heroic courage, and the common people were taught by her to preserve order and learn to bear their trials of poverty with patience.

"She is the mother and angel of Santiago," said this gentleman in conversation with Mr. and Mrs. White; "and you must not ask her to leave us yet. We need her; and, if she were to leave us, I believe the whole town would mourn. I cannot give you an idea of all she

has done for us, and is still doing. Her influence is universal, and she uses her power with such sweet humility that we consider her a saint. Indeed, my dear madam, I appreciate your loss of the society of such a daughter; but your consolation must be that God called her to Santiago to be our guardian angel, and he has an especial mission for her there. She feels it to be so, and is contented to remain so long as it is God's will. But I will not conceal from you that she has suffered severely from homesickness. Hours she has talked to me of her 'too happy home,' as she called it, and her family she loves more than I can tell you. But I do implore you not to urge her to leave Santiago. She is now in the midst of her fruitful labors."

"Is she cheerful?" inquired her mother.

"Always. Her generosity and charity are unbounded, and she forgets herself, to encourage us. Her house is always filled with friends, and poor people are alike welcome and claim her time as if they were her family. Indeed, I may repeat, she is the mother of Santiago, though so young. We cannot repeat all her works since she came to us. You are blessed parents; and do not ask your child to leave her work half done."

Sentiments like these we had heard from others coming from the Isthmus; and though our hearts were severely tried by the separation, and the trials we felt she endured, yet we could not but yield to arguments like these, and believe that she had a call from God. And such conviction enabled us to say, "Thy will be done,"

while, with tears and suppressed grief, we saw our dear child still so far off from our yearning hearts, deprived of the presence of her family, which had always seemed so necessary to her happiness.

We thanked God for the love bestowed upon her (the stranger), and gave ourselves up to the comforting hope that in a little time the joy of a reunion would compensate for this wearing and protracted "hope deferred," which was indeed making us heart-sick.

Mysterious, indeed, are God's ways! Among the members of the family who have been called away since Jenny's departure from home, was a favorite aunt, Eliza Waterman, wife of Joshua W. Waterman, with whom Jenny had spent a delightful season in Detroit; and a beloved uncle, Charles Eldridge, for whom Jenny had a great affection. The news of their death saddened and grieved her, and filled her with painful apprehensions. . . . . .

Then followed news of the death of a favorite uncle, John White, to whom Jenny from her infancy was devotedly attached. Bernardino writes that Jenny was greatly distressed by this sad news, and had written; but her letters, with many others, during this time of the distracted state of the country, were lost.

Another great sorrow of her heart was the departure for Europe and elsewhere of some of the best families of Santiago, to whom she had become greatly attached. Mrs. Fabréga's loss was an especial pain, she writes to her brother Tom. "Dear Mrs. Fabréga just passed our door on her way to make some friendly calls, and stepped

in to give me a kiss and see little Rhoda. It almost breaks my heart to have her go. She leaves on New Year's day. Is it not an awful way to begin the year, dear Tom?"

Mrs. Fabréga had tried to fill the place of Jenny's mother, and made her promise to ask her for everything, as she would her mother. This estimable and holy woman, Jenny loved with all her heart, and found a great solace in this attachment. But now, it pleased God to withdraw from her, to whom he was giving so many spiritual graces and favors, many consolations.

While these crosses and others came one after another with fearful swiftness, Jenny, so far from yielding to depression and despair, aroused to a greater mental and physical activity, to apply herself to the work of preparing for the people the only means of refuge in this storm of misfortune, — the church, the ark, the sanctuary, the holy altar which infidel revolutionists had destroyed. With a zeal which God alone can give, in the midst of all the darkness and suffering of this desolated country, she set to work to rebuild the church, in order that afflicted souls might find a resting-place in the temple of God. And now we will let her own letters on the subject speak for her success.

LETTER TO THOMAS WHITE, JENNY'S BROTHER.

SANTIAGO, *December 29th*, 1865.

MY OWN DEAR TOM, —. . . . . I hope you will pray very earnestly that we may succed in rebuilding the church here. It is a great labor, but it is such a charity.

Those whose devotion leads them to brave the tortures of China, or the horrors of Africa, are supported in the trial, because animated by a desire to bring light to those who are in darkness; but how much more dreadful to think of the state of those who, having known the truth, are living as though they believed it not! Their accountability is much greater.

Pray, dear Tom, that Bernardino and I may be directed to do what we can and ought to do. . . . .

To-night there is news of new revolution threatened. God help us!

A heart full of love and good wishes for the New Year, my darling brother.

From your devoted sister,

JENNY.

Threatened Revolution — National Sports — First Fair held by Ladies in South America.

SANTIAGO, *January 18th*, 1866.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — Several letters from home ; one from dear Nell, written in Advent ; your letters of December 10th, and one from dear Rho, urging me to return home. What would I not give to be able to do so ! But I have almost become superstitious about attempting to leave Santiago. It seems impossible for me to leave, even for one night. I have planned, and had many trips arranged for me, to go to the country, — many that seemed absolutely necessary for my health, — and, just on the point of realization, I have been obliged to abandon them for grave reasons, generally revolutions. This week I expected to have been in the country. I am again disappointed.

The last of this month, Don Santiago is getting up for my benefit a " feast " at one of his haciendas, that I may see the national sports. I tell them they must not whisper I am to go, until the night before, or a revolution will take place. Two years and a half in the country, and having suffered from severe illness and many anxieties, I feel that a little change would be most welcome. What would it not be to be home a while. I long for the snow and ice of my northern home, as the Switzer longed for his hills. Still, every time I indulge in these feelings, it gives me a pang of remorse ; for there are so many things to be

thankful for here, in the great love and kindness I have met with, it seems ungrateful to be so homesick still.

The news of my darling Nett's engagement took me by surprise, and gave me both pleasure and sadness, — pleasure, because I sympathize with her and George in their happiness; and sadness, because I felt that the family are scattering, and that when I return the home circle I left will be so changed! . . . . I wrote to Nett herself. . . . . .

My dear parents, could you see how, line by line, I am obliged to steal time to write, you would not be surprised that I send you such unsatisfactory letters. I cannot call one half hour my own. The enclosed letter to my dear uncle, Father O'Reilly, I wrote, having given out that, unless it was unavoidable, I must not be interrupted. For the amusement of it, I kept count of the unavoidable interruptions, — twenty-one! . . . . .

I am going to have a fair, — the first ever held in South America! . . . . .

My dear parents' loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

LETTER TO REVEREND B. O'REILLY.

SANTIAGO, *February 20th*, 1866.

MY DEAR UNCLE, — . . . . . I cannot tell you, dear father, all the castles in the air we have built respecting your coming here. . . . . .

I have just been paying a visit to one of Don Santiago's haciendas, and to a country place of my sister-in-law, Julianna. The country is perfectly beautiful. In the midst of the Andes, just at the foot of them, on the banks of the St. Mary's river, rich in every tropical production, lies the hacienda where Julianna and I planned how we would add a wing to the house for you, my dear uncle; and that, having permission from the bishop for you to say mass in it, you would teach hundreds of these poor people in the country around, who are now scarcely Christians, and yet have good dispositions and could be instructed. Here you would find repose, and, at the same time, would be the salvation of thousands!

I said frequently, while there in that luxuriously beautiful place, that, if I had but to think of the present, I could be happy leading the quiet, peaceful life I led in the country; but my dear husband and I have but little time given us in this world, it appears, to enjoy the "dolce far niente" of life. Stern necessity, if not inclination, impels us onward. God grant it may be upward.

I have scarcely breathing time, and yet accomplish little. . . . . .

I recommend my father-in-law, Don Santiago, to your prayers, dear father. He is growing infirm. . . . .

Mosquera is daily expected. It is rumored that he comes home a changed man, and it is hoped will repair the wrong he has done. He has been very much flattered by his reception by the emperor, as a relative of Eugenie, and can hardly come back as liberal (?) in his ideas as he went away.

. . . . . .

I suffer a good deal from neuralgia, and this must be my excuse for the carelessly written letters I send home. . . . . .

Your rooms are ready for you in my house as soon as you can come, where you can live in the most perfect retirement. Can it be that this blessing will be granted to Santiago? Bernardino is anxious to hear that you will come. Adieu, my dear uncle.

Pray for your attached niece,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Departure of many Friends from Santiago — Great Sorrow to Jenny.

SANTIAGO, *June 18th*, 1866.

BELOVED PARENTS, —. . . . . On account of the new postal arrangements, and the distracted state of the country, many of my letters have not reached you. . .

I am very sad to-day. My most intimate and loved friend, Inez Fabréga, and her family, left to-day to go to Panama. Mrs. La Barrière and her son, who are the pillars of the church here, and my good friends, cousins, and neighbors leave for France. This morning, also, the bishop, who has been making a visit of ten days, left. Imagine how sad I will be to-morrow, — to go to church alone, to put away all the altar ornaments used during

the bishop's visit; for the companion still left to me (Louisa Sosa), went part way with Inez. . . . . We gave the bishop a party, and he treated us with much distinction. . . . . He asked me if I could not induce some good priests to come here, and told me, whatever measure I thought would be for the benefit of religion here, I had but to name it, and if it were in his power it should be carried out. It has been an anxious time to me. I was desirous, for the good of the people, that his visit should be a pleasant one; and, thanks to good prayers, it passed off pleasantly. . . . .

I am too sad to write. . . . Inez was like a sister to me. No one can fill her place. Bernardino also accompanied the travellers part way, and I am very lonely. . . . . .

My darling parents' loving child,

JENNY.

Visit of the Bishop to Santiago — Reception enthusiastic — He leaves the Town with Regret.

SANTIAGO, *June 20th*, 1866.

MY DARLING PARENTS, —. . . . . The bishop has just made us a visit, and I assure you I have scarcely had time to breathe. I was much pleased with him. He is a very learned man, and in society very agreeable. There had been a great quarrel between the Santiaguenos and

the bishop, and when his visit was spoken of, the priest applied to me to influence the people to give him a good reception.

Had I less courage, I would have been dismayed at the task; for the idea of raising money for an object for which, on account of the quarrel, there was no enthusiasm, at a time when money is so hard to be obtained, was no trifling undertaking. But Bernardino and I were determined, please God, not to give up. I cannot tell you how much tact and hard work it required to carry out our plans. I was encouraged by the prayer dear Nell had sent me, of blessed Margaret Mary. If you could hear all the particulars, you would see what a miracle was wrought for us.

A great many were very much opposed to the bishop formerly, and, even up to the time he was expected, spoke publicly in disrespectful terms of him. I could not sleep at night, but determined to go ahead; and you know Bernardino is not easily put down when he undertakes a thing.

My fingers were certainly blessed, for I made the canopy and covered the prie-dieu, and it was considered a triumph of upholstery. I made eight or ten bunches of flowers for the altar, and to decorate the supper-table; and they came out beautiful, and yet my paper flowers used to look very ugly.

We sent the list to those we dared for subscription, and the money received seemed as though, with management of the best kind, it might be made sufficient.

The day before the bishop's arrival, the church, thanks

to our society of "Hermanas de Maria," looked beautifully. I must first say that in the Spanish Church there are a great many more ceremonies than in ours at home; everything is much more imposing; a bishop is treated with great reverence, and is received with much etiquette, as one of the princes of the Church.

When the day came, it seemed as though the people were inspired, for more than a hundred persons went out on horseback some five or six miles to meet him. Every one was in the best of spirits, and there was a great deal of real enthusiasm. We ladies dressed handsomely, and went to the entrance of the town to welcome and accompany him to the church. We had four triumphal arches raised in the town.

On his entering the city, a salute was fired, and the joy-bells of both churches were rung.

He then dismounted, and, putting on his episcopal robes, walked to the church under a canopy, held by six of the principal gentlemen of the city. The ladies preceded him, and he was followed by a guard of honor from the barracks. Crowds accompanied him, and the streets were lined with people kneeling to receive his blessing as he passed. As they passed under each arch, a salute was fired.

Always, during a procession, the joy-bells are rung, and there is a Spanish proverb, which says, —

> "One cannot ring the bells,
> And walk in procession too;"

but I almost performed that impossibility; for I left the

procession, after receiving the bishop, and, when he arrived at the church door, I was singing, with a gentleman who has a very fine voice, accompanied by the organ, "Laudate Dominum," which I had arranged for the occasion, and which sounded, they say, quite grand!

Two bands played in the procession from the cuartel, and the city band. A Te Deum was then sung, benediction of the blessed sacrament followed, and the services closed with the "Laudate," etc., again. The people accompanied him to his house, and the crowd then dispersed.

At about eight o'clock a committee of gentlemen called upon him, to ask permission in the name of the "Hermanas de Maria," to serenade him, — to which he assented. The ladies and gentlemen of the town were all assembled at our house, which is almost opposite the priest's home, with whom he was staying. We had a surprise-party prepared for him.

As soon as the music of the serenade began, we had servants carrying lights and lanterns, and, as if by magic, the whole porch of the priest's house was illuminated. Servants followed, carrying refreshments, and a very handsome table was soon laid out. The ladies and gentlemen immediately followed, and we had a very pleasant evening. Toasts were given, and the whole affair passed off admirably.

The bishop treated Bernardino and myself with almost too marked consideration. He said General Olarte had already made him acquainted with me. As we left, some gentlemen proposed escorting me home with music.

They did so, and we then invited them in, and I had a surprise-party, for they danced until near morning at our house.

But now comes the most miraculous part. The money subscribed, which we thought barely sufficient, abundantly supplied the table; and, before leaving, I distributed refreshments to the poor people outside, and yet we left many bottles of champagne and fine cordials unopened! But when we went to count the costs, next day, we found we had eleven dollars left! We then, among a few, raised some more, and made him a fine present in the name of the "Hermanas de Maria."

I could not bear that he should leave without inviting him to our house; for, although he had many visits to pay, he had called on us first, and spent two hours with us. So Bernardino and I, after thinking of it, decided to do so. We gave him a company, with which he seemed very well pleased, and said such evenings were refining to the society of a place. We had singing of all kinds, from the operas down to even college songs, — some very agreeable conversation, some dancing, and, after he left, they danced until two, although we had no music but the piano. A man here plays very well on the piano for dancing.

The next day, though overpowered by all he had to do, he called in to see the photographs of all my family; he had not been able to see them well by night, he said. He is a learned man, and very eloquent. He preached once and sometimes twice a day, and we revelled in his sermons.

Here it is permitted to confirm babies, and they al-

ways have a godmother or godfather. The day before the bishop left, he called, and, as Rhoda asked his blessing and kissed his ring, he asked me why I had not had her confirmed. I told him I was anxious for her to be old enough to understand it; but he told me not to let the opportunity pass, and said, "I wish to be her godfather." Accordingly, the next morning, before he left, he confirmed her "Rose." So Saint Rose of Lima has my child under her care.

The bishop, in a private conversation we had, has more than approved of everything I have done; and asked me, without my saying anything about it, if I could not induce two or three good priests to come here as missionaries. He says he has twice applied to the Propaganda and to the Jesuits, without success. I replied, that, without his sanction, I could not make such an application; and that, as I had not met him, I did not know whether it would meet his approval. He immediately answered, most earnestly: "Whatever you wish to do for the benefit of religion here will have my most earnest support; and whether it be this project, or any other, you will have my approval. Let us work, and trust in God to accomplish something."

He then gave me much advice as to the trials I would undoubtedly meet with as a reformer, and cited the difficulties of St. Theresa with the Carmelites, and St. John of the Cross with his monks; that I, in my humble way, must not be discouraged by difficulties. I told him he was giving me work far beyond my powers, and that, even in a very miserable way, I could not think of being

a reformer. But what I was truly rejoiced in was to see his desire that I should do something, and his earnestness to help.

Everything passed off well, and all unpleasant feeling has vanished, and really miraculously. Even those who were formerly his enemies were now most pleasant in their intercourse with him.

He had been so badly treated on his last visit, he said he never would return; but now he left with regret. He says even the air of the place is different to him. I hope this may have been to lead to some providential end. . .

. . . . .

Ever your loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

SANTIAGO, *July 2d*, 1866.

MY DARLING PARENTS, — I am very busy attending to many things beside my own family and its affairs, but cannot let this mail go without a line.

I received your letters, and my dear uncle's, — Father O'Reilly, — by the steamer of the 11th of June. I cannot tell you how I feel your disappointment in the gold mine. Your many anxieties fill my heart with sorrow, and far more earnestly do I ask our Lord to grant you relief, than I can ask for myself. God's will be done, is all I can say. Only by appealing to my feelings as a Christian, can I bear the great trial it is to me to be so

little help to you, my beloved parents. But, thank God! we are in a Father's hand, and what he does for us is indeed well done.

I miss Inez and her family very much, — she was such a companion for me, and so congenial. She was just like an American. But sometimes it seems as though God wishes to have us alone here.

Don Santiago has become very old; yet he will not admit it. Do please ask Nell to obtain some prayers to the Sacred Heart for him. He is very fond of me and of little Rhoda. . . . . .

I wish you could see my little darling (eighteen months old) as she is playing hide-and-seek with her maid Panchita, and calling every minute "Mama ooda." She is very fond of all your photographs, and is constantly writing letters to grandmamma. . . . . .

Ever, dear mother and father,

Your too loving child,

JENNY.

LETTER TO REVEREND B. O'REILLY.

SANTIAGO, *July 2d*, 1866.

DEAR FATHER AND UNCLE, — I received your most welcome letter, my dear uncle, and I cannot tell you what a comfort it is to hear from you.

I can never thank you enough for your truly fatherly care and affection for us, nor express the gratitude we feel to you for being such a loving, devoted brother to my dear parents, — consoling and encouraging them in their trials and difficulties.

It is impossible for me to-day to write as I wish, and give you an idea of our situation and that of this unfortunate town. . . . . .

I have written to you, asking you to come to us on a visit, and yet feel it such a responsibility that I dare not urge it. I have decided to leave it in the Sacred Heart of Jesus. For the object (your coming) I have proposed to have in the church a solemn novena,* to conclude with a high mass and benediction, on the 16th instant.

I trust our Lord will enlighten you, dear uncle, and that your decision may be in our favor. I need not tell you with what joy Bernardino and I will welcome you. But please decide without thinking of us personally; for your generosity might lead you to sacrifice your own interests, I might say, only I believe you so disinterested that I do not think you have any.

The bishop here will be delighted if you come, and regrets that we cannot offer you more than we can now. Yet a priest will never suffer here from want. A hard life, all the trials of an apostle, he must meet; but also the sweet consolation and glorious reward of apostolic suffering must be his who comes to give the light of heavenly doctrine to those poor souls who are almost lost.

* Nine days' prayer.

I have written so hurriedly, dear uncle, that I am ashamed to send this letter, but you will excuse it. May God grant that it may not be long before we will see you here among us. Pray much for

Your affectionate and grateful niece,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

LETTER OF CONGRATULATION.

SANTIAGO, *July 10th*, 1866.

MY DEAR NETT AND GEORGE, — I hoped to be able to-day to express some of the happiness I feel at your marriage; but the Panama correspondence brought some letters of important business, which, in Bernardino's absence, I must answer. . . . . Still the word I send comes from the heart of a loving sister, wishing and praying for you every blessing which may be received through this holy sacrament of matrimony.* . . . .

And now, my dear George, that you have taken my pet from me, you must allow a sister to remind you that you have a great responsibility on your hands, — taking such a pet as darling Nett has been. Never forget those little attentions which won her love, and which will

* In the Catholic church matrimony is a sacrament, and those entering into it, in a state of grace, receive all the blessings they need for the new life.

keep it. All good husbands in the great acts of their lives give no cause of complaint to their wives ; but heart-ache is often caused by thoughtless disregard of trifling attentions. It has been a great comfort to me, in my absence from home and old associations, to have a husband who is mindful of little acts of devotedness . .

That you will be happy I doubt not, and that I may ere long see you is the prayer of

Your affectionate sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

It occurred to us to withhold this private letter, fearing that it would only interest the parties to whom it was addressed ; but the advice to young husbands was too good to be given only to one. And now we beg leave to add a word to young wives. It is equally important that you should observe the same care and attention to your husband which your lover received. The same heartfelt greeting ; the little flower or ribbon to please his taste ; the same acknowledgment by deed that him, above all the world, you desire to please, — and, depend upon it, Love will never grow old. Age cannot change it, but neglect will.

Threatened Invasion — Caucanos arming — Jenny has Novenas in the Church and asks for Prayers at Home for Peace.

SANTIAGO, *July* 31*st*, 1866.

MY DEAR PARENTS, — After the arrival of two mails with no news from home, except dear father's papers, which come regularly, and are a great comfort to me, I feel very anxious, because I hear that the cholera has appeared in New York.

Dear mother's and Loo's letters made me very happy; they brought me the welcome news of all well at home, including dear Father O'Reilly. But I have thought perhaps dear mamma wished to cheer me, and wrote in better spirits than she felt. Please always send me the truth, the whole truth. It is easier for me to bear the truth than to suspect trouble.

It is nearly twelve o'clock at night, and I write this to carry out my principle of neglecting no opportunity of allowing you to hear from me, my loved parents, although my letters are necessarily a mortification to me.

I have lately suffered from neuralgia, which at times absolutely precludes any mental exertion, and renders a physical one a great effort.

Bernardino is at one of the haciendas, and, if here, would scold me for remaining up to-night to write. . . .

We have rumors again of Caucanos * coming. I trust

* Neighboring people, who threatened, under bad leaders, to rise and destroy Santiago.

these are mere rumors. Still, it is singular that since the peace of Santiago was first disturbed, August has always been the month in which the misfortunes have come. This August, we hope to have in the church, every night, trisagios to the Blessed Trinity,* and some high masses for the double motive of thanksgiving to God for our miraculous escape and for peace and tranquillity.

They are arming near here. I want you all to storm heaven for us. We have such faith in all your prayers, and those you obtain for us, that even if we hear those savage negroes are coming, we will not fear them, for the remembrance of the great and miraculous answer to your prayers last year gives us confidence that God did not cause us to be spared then to leave us to perish in so awful a manner now. I myself do not fear, please God! and I thank him over and over again that I am not timid; for, if I were, my suffering would be great here at times. I have hopes that political affairs will settle down quietly.

I must close my letter, although this little line I send appears all egotism; but the reason is, that we, who need your spiritual aid as we do, must be egotistical, or you may forget to pray for us. Do write to the convents, and perhaps they can bring us some rest.

If I only had the money to send for Father O'Reilly, and to send him back at the end of a year, if he wished

* This was proposed by Jenny for asking God's protection from these negroes.

to go, I would give him no peace until he agreed to come. Why, do you think, does not our Lord give me millions? He knows best. . . . . .

Good-night, my loved parents, and a fond good-night to each one of my loved ones, including the darling little ones.

My little angel is fast asleep, and is just the dearest little mortal in the world, I think. All the little boys in the town are devoted to her, and you would laugh to hear one of her little cousins, Mrs. Fabréga's little grandson, saying, "Viva Rodita!" "Viva Rodita!"

I give the last kiss and good-night to my mother, and a fond, fond kiss to my dear father, and to all, from

Your loving child,

JENNY.

When Jenny was a child, she always, by consent of the other children, received the last good-night kiss every night from her mother, and continued to claim it until her marriage, and up to the night of her departure from home. It was often the subject of merriment among the children to steal this privilege from her; and then, when they thought her half asleep, to whisper at her door, "I've kissed mother, Jenny." Up she would jump; and when the culprit was gone (who was oftener her brother Frank than any one else), would ask at her mother's door, "Mamma, did any one kiss you since I said good-night?"—and, if it had been so, would not return till she had the last kiss to sleep upon. But her mother

often told her, "Never fear, darling; if they cheat you, I will never retire without going to your room last;" nor did she ever forget to do so, no matter what the lateness of the hour might be.

Little Rhoda dangerously ill — Remarkable Precocity — Children ask their Parents' Blessing at the Angelus.

SANTIAGO, *August 10th*, 1866.

MY DEAREST MOTHER. —. . . . It is three o'clock in the morning. I am sitting by my little Rhoda, who is very ill, teething. I noticed yesterday she was not very well, and resolved to take care of her myself. At twelve I was summoned to the death-bed of a young married lady, who died suddenly of fever. Although little Rhoda did not appear very sick, I had almost a presentiment that something was going to happen, and hastened back as quickly as possible. Before dark she was very ill indeed, and alarmed me very much. She is out of danger, I hope.

Do, dear mother, pray, and obtain prayers that she may be spared to us, if it be God's will. I cannot tell you what a treasure she is to us. She is the merriest little creature in the world, — a perfect sunbeam in the house; and not only the family, from Don Santiago to the servants idolize her, but even strangers are obliged to love and pet her. She is very polite: as soon as visitors come in she insists that they shall take off their things, and

when they are seated, she inquires as well as she is able for the members of their family who are at home. (Remember she is only nineteen months old. She said mamma and papa at four months.) She is not at all distant, and takes people's hearts by storm. She is crazily fond of dancing, and reminds me of Pamela at her age. She has inherited her Grandfather White's fondness for uniting the family at prayers. When she sees me at my prayers, she runs immediately and brings in Bernardino, the family, and servants, and I am often surprised by having my congregation assembled, when I had not intended it, and she one of the most devout attendants.

Here, all the children, at the Angelus, come to their parents and ask their blessing, making at the same time a short ejaculation, in honor of the blessed sacrament. The parents then bless them, and give their hand to them to kiss.*

Although she could not say all the words, this she has been able to do, since she was eight months old. The other day I saw her very gravely teaching the cook's baby, four months younger than herself, to give "Bendito," as they call it. She made the baby clasp her hands, and I heard her saying, with a most serious face, "Ah! Maria Bendito!"

Another day she heard the clanking of the chains of the prisoners as they passed through the street. She immediately said, "Ah! mamma, money presas" (prisoners),

* Beautiful and holy custom, calculated to inspire both the love of God and of parents!

signing to the drawer where I kept money, in order that I would give them alms. In the same way she comes to me when the hospital poor come on Saturdays for their alms.

I am a very foolish mother, — am I not? But I, and all the family enjoy so much the anecdotes you gave us of dear Rhoda's children, that I thought these little things might not be uninteresting to you, dear father and mother. Indeed, my heart is so full of her to night, I can't write or think of anything else. . . . . Ask dear Father O'Reilly to remember us in his prayers. . . . . .

In this month we have been threatened with a state, national, and departmental revolution, either one of which would depress business; so you may imagine how unwilling Bernardino is to risk much in any business which is liable to be wrecked in a political disturbance. . .

My love to Mrs. Whiting and the doctor, and to all my dear, dear friends, not one of whom is forgotten.

Your loving child,

JENNY.

Revolution in Chiriqui — Devotion in the Church to avert the same Calamity in Santiago.

SANTIAGO, *August 20th*, 1866.

MY OWN DARLING NELL, — Your birthday (11th) passed without my being able to write to you, for my lit-

tle Rhoda was so sick I could only write a hurried line to dear mother; but, my darling, I need not tell you how constantly you are in my thoughts. You and your life, which seems to me so peaceful a one, are the subject not only of my thoughts, but my poor prayers, that each year may find you happier, and as having earned new gems in your eternal crown.

Again the mail day finds me hurried (when am I not?), and unable to write all I wish. . . . .

We are having public devotions to the Sacred Heart every day this month, to beg for peace and tranquillity.

August has been a most disastrous month here until now; the people have become superstitious about it. We proposed to the priest to have these devotions this month in the church, and he acceded to our request with more alacrity than I have ever seen him. Although then we knew of no certain danger, the very Sunday on which he proposed it to the people, while he was preaching, some men came flying into the city from a revolution in Chiriqui, the neighboring province, begging succor. Since then we are living in hourly expectation of an attack here; but I hope we shall yet escape; for yesterday, the day on which we had the mass of the Sacred Heart, with exposition of the blessed sacrament, and in the afternoon a "trisagio" in honor of the blessed Trinity, and a procession of the blessed sacrament, we received news that the government has triumphed and put down the rebels.

Do, dear Nell, pray that Bernardino's cousins, the La Barrières, may come back from France; for, if they come, they will, please God, bring a chaplain, and per-

haps their generosity may induce them to bring more good priests. Their absence is a great loss to me. We saw one another every day, and in all Church matters they not only worked, but were most liberal. I wish you would obtain all the prayers you can for their decision, and for the recovery of the health of the young ladies, who, I fear, will not live.

I have been sent for by a sick friend, and must go.* Little Rhoda is better, but I can scarcely leave her. . . . . .

When shall we meet? When I come home I will try to add to this poor letter.

Ever my darling "Old Nell's" loving sister,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

It will be remembered that we were favored by a visit from Mr. La Barrière, on his way to France. He expected to return to Santiago in a short time, and knew that Jenny, with impatient hope, looked for his return as the dawning of new light upon Santiago. But alas! just as he was stepping upon the vessel, homeward bound, an officer placed his hand upon his shoulder, and, with the most provoking politeness, told him that the Emperor of France needed his services in the army! There was no alternative, and we believe he is still an unwilling slave

* Dr. Dickson tells us that "when any one in town was dangerously ill, they would call out, 'Send for la Niña Jenny.' Her prayers and sympathy all needed. She would say to me, 'Now, doctor, tell me in time if any of your patients are in danger; I must go to them.'"

to despotic power. The ground of excuse for this strange act is that the gentleman had the misfortune of having been born in France! Poor Jenny looks in vain, steamer after steamer, for the return of the family.

Death of Don Santiago — Jenny by his Side.

SANTIAGO, *September 11th*, 1866.

MY DARLING PARENTS, — . . . . . I have to communicate to you the sad and unexpected death of Don Santiago. He had been failing two or three months past. . . . . A month before he died he spent all night with a dying friend. . . . . He died very suddenly, without a struggle. One of the family a few days ago found him in his room praying earnestly.

It seems as if now there is nothing but sickness and death for me to witness. I have been obliged to stand at the death-bed of twelve or more persons, really having to exhort them in their last moments to contrition.

On Don Santiago's birthday I sent him a medal of Mater Admirabilis. I had an intention for his benefit. He put this medal on with great faith, and said, "Only in death shall this be taken from me."

He received extreme unction; but the priest, not believing he could hear or understand him, said nothing to him. The doctor, who was with him, said pulsation had

ceased, and left him to attend to Julianna, who had fainted. I heard of the sudden death, and hurried to the room. I determined to say something to him ; and, taking the medal off his neck, I blessed him with it, and, at the same time, repeated in his ear ejaculations of contrition and supplications for mercy. He gradually recovered, and became for a time much better, and lived three hours, to the surprise of every one. I have thought perhaps he saw the other world, and that God granted the favor of one more act of contrition. . . . . I will not attempt to write more on this subject, my dear parents, — I am not able.

Little Rhoda is well, but I am anxious about her. You can't tell what a comfort she is to me ! She can say everything now (one year and eight months old), and is a perfect little chatterbox. . . . . Bernardino sends love to you.

My dear parents' loving child,

JENNY.

LETTER TO REVEREND B. O'REILLY.

REVEREND DEAR FATHER, — Although I have written to you several times lately, my dear uncle, I cannot forbear seizing a moment from my many pressing duties to tell you that Bernardino and I and many others were very much disappointed by your decision against us. . . .

I am sure God directs all for the best, and he must inspire you in your decisions. We must humbly "suffer and wait," and live in the hope that at last our prayers may be heard, and that some one will be raised up to save this land.

Can it be that it is to be lost? And lost when so little could save it? But now, dear father, that you cannot come to us, I place it in your hands and on your conscience to find us a priest who will come. You, my dear uncle, are the only priest, with the exception of Father Blas, who takes even the smallest interest in these missions. . . . . .

The principal requisites are an apostolic spirit, love of suffering, good judgment, and tact. Trifling requirements you will say, dear uncle.

Will you not search untiringly until you find one or more priests willing to come here and devote themselves to this work? I have been obliged to labor cautiously and prudently, not to offend or wound some persons here from whom we cannot expect all the perfection we need that they should possess. Pray for me that I may have spiritual wisdom. . . . . .

I have prepared several little boys this month for their first confession, under many difficulties. The parents of some were careless, drunken people, and I was anxious not to keep the children away from school longer than was necessary. I got up early and went with them, to be sure they were heard. If we had some good priests here, these children could go once a month as they ought; now, how is it possible?

Even if a priest could not speak Spanish well, he could do a great deal of good. When I was only five months here, I established a Sunday school, beginning with a private class at my house, being resolved that although I could not give very eloquent instructions, I would try to make the children understand that there is a heaven and a hell; and that to the latter place they would all go, I feared, if they did not amend. They managed to understand me, whether they profited by it or not; perhaps the very strangeness of my mode of expression impressed what I said more strongly on their minds. How much more could a good priest do!

So much is this truth impressed upon one here, that a young Spanish cousin of Bernardino's, who is very pious, told me, to-day, that since he has returned to his native land, and seen what he might do here as a priest, he has had serious thoughts of becoming one.

All this I say, not to urge one who is not called to do so; for I believe so firmly in vocations and the particular graces God gives to each one in the state peculiarly intended for him, that I dare not persuade one to assume the duties and responsibilities of so peculiar a position as that of a missionary in these countries. It is no easy life to which they are invited; but it is a glorious life. Its triumphs are eternal.

We cannot, I am sure, have a better or more earnest friend than you, my dear uncle.

My efforts to do good here are like those of a person who sees a great conflagration, — a burning town, — and tries by throwing handfuls of water on the rising flames to

extinguish them, and stop their progress. God grant that some one may come to our relief.

You have already heard of the sudden death of my father-in-law, Don Santiago. I had almost a fit of sickness in consequence of the shock it gave me.

I fear I have imposed upon you unpardonably, dear uncle.

Excuse this miserable letter; you will do so when I tell you it has been written late at night, after a day of much labor and neuralgia; and notwithstanding I have remained up late to find the soothing influences of quiet, as dear mother has often done, I have had several interruptions.

I need not recommend myself, Bernardino, and little Rhoda to your prayers, for I know we have our place in them; for which we are very grateful.

Begging your blessing, and a letter when you can write, I am, dear uncle,

Your grateful and affectionate niece,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Customs for Mourning.

SANTIAGO, *October 26th*, 1866.

MY DEAR MOTHER, — I am filled with anxiety at having received no letters from home for several mails past, particularly as the last received gave me the sad news of my darling Minnie's dangerous illness. . . . . .

The whole town is now in mourning for Don Santiago, and the family in the deepest grief. Exterior mourning is carried here to a great extreme. For friends who die in the town light mourning is put on, and you cannot even touch the piano for about a month. For cousins, etc., this is observed for a longer time. On the death of a father or husband, the house is immediately darkened and closed, and all the houses of the widow or children are completely stripped of every ornament. The houses, which are always furnished to our eyes in a comfortless style, you may imagine look barren enough when even the glass shades of the candlesticks are put away, as seeming too much luxury to appear in a house where everything should betoken the gloom of its inmates. They take down the bed-curtains, and make mourning bed-spreads. From the day of the funeral the ladies of the family remain in a darkened room, and there they eat and sleep, only praying for the soul of the person departed, — not going outside the room-door for weeks and sometimes months. Babies only a month old are dressed in deep black. . . . . .

Your loving child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

SANTIAGO, *November 2d*, 1866.

MY DEAREST FATHER, — I have lately missed your little notes of blessing and remembrance; and, knowing how

overtaxed you are, I never wish you to write more than a line; but that little line and blessing I do so love to receive! . . . . .

Mrs. Sosa desires me to thank you and mother, and each one of the family, for your kindness to her good sons, Martin and Pedro. I feel very grateful for this attention to my Spanish cousins, who made my visit so pleasant in Panama, when I came here a stranger. Your example and advice, my dear father, will influence their after lives, and may be felt in ages to come. . . . .

Your child, JENNY.

Seeing that the weight of the burden which has been laid upon Jenny is already pressing too heavily upon her, we almost hesitate to go on, lest we find it crush her. But He who called her to this work has given her superhuman strength, else how can she bear these many cares and responsibilities while suffering with debility and neuralgia? Yet, we are assured by Dr. Dickson, "She was ever cheerful, and the support of many; her house was always the most attractive of any in the town; her music was our delight, and her conversation charming."

She tells us that, in this last visit of the bishop, she entertained him, gave a party at her own house, besides other honors paid him in the town, in which she was the main mover. We know that all visitors of distinction, of either political party, were guests of Bernardino's, and

went away charmed with "Niña Jenny." Who can fail to see that such strength to support these trials of disappointment and death in Santiago, and the scattering, like autumn leaves, of her too-loved "dear ones at home," comes from God and is above nature? It is grace given to one called to an especial work of charity, — such charity as seems to burn within the heart of this young "mother of Santiago."

With one or two more letters, in which, thank God! we still find her hoping that she may return home, we must close another year of her generous labors, and endeavor with her to forget the pain and weariness she has endured, in the remembrance that He, for whom she toiled early and late, has said, "Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these, ye do it unto me." Blessed privilege!

SANTIAGO, *November 20th*, 1866.

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER, AND EACH ONE OF MY DEAR FAMILY, — I write to-day although we, perhaps, are in a revolution, and I trust this to the mail, fearing, if it be so, that it may never reach you. Under these circumstances it is so disagreeable to write that I only send this circular, begging you all to pray for us.

The state of the case is this: Mosquera has threatened to disarm the State troops, and send national troops here. This is so unpopular a measure, that, if carried

out, there would inevitably be war. It was understood that Mosquera had desisted from his purpose, and no national forces would come.

At once business revived, all looked bright, and every one felt a great hope that, at least for a while, we would enjoy peace; when, just as we were flattering ourselves with these agreeable hopes, the news cames that the troops are hourly expected in Panama. The governor (president here) has resolved to allow them to enter quietly. If they are placed at his disposal to maintain order here, nothing will be done to resist them; but if they are only responsible to Mosquera, and come to carry out whatever he or his party (the negroes) wish, then there will be war, — the interior to be the theatre of the war, and Santiago its head-quarters.

It is said (whether true or not) that a worse persecution than the former has commenced against the priests, and that the Archhishop of Bogota is in prison. One of the greatest dangers for Santiago is, that a town near here, called San Francisco, is devoted to the Mosquera party, and has vowed vengeance against the Santiagoens. They made common cause with the Caucanos last year, and when the latter were defeated in other places, invited them there, — offering to lead them here to sack the town, and take possession of all it contained, including the ladies. It is much to be feared that, when they feel they are supported by an armed force of veterans, they will, when we least expect it, come down upon us. All I say is to storm Heaven for us. We are like a drowning person, who by your prayers has his head

held out of water. Do not weary of us. A boat may yet come to our rescue, but, if you falter or lose courage in your appeals for us to Heaven, we are lost. Your prayers last year were most miraculously answered. Even Protestants here said so. We commence to-morrow with a solemn high mass, exposition of the blessed sacrament, and novena to the Sacred Heart, and the dolors of Maria Santissima for the Church and State. All this is gotten up by voluntary contribution. I mean the expenses are thus defrayed.

I close and send this with the hope that it may reach you. Much love from Bernardino, little Rho, and myself, to each one.

From your ever-loving

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO ALL THE FAMILY.

SANTIAGO, *December 1st*, 1866.

A happy Christmas and New Year, from one who longs, as you cannot know who have never left your home and family, to give them in person. But as God wills it, I must be content, and hope (blessed privilege!) that some future Christmas may find us reunited.

I include in this greeting my dear Father O'Reilly, hoping that he is still with you all. What a blessing to

you! what a comfort! A sad contrast to it our desolation presents. Still God is with us, visibly present on our altars; and I trust we may never again be deprived of this inestimable favor.

I told you our well-grounded fears of a new persecution of the priests, and another revolution. We immediately began a novena in the church, dressed the altar beautifully, and had solemn services on the first and last day of the novena.

It was a little singular that day after day persons came from Panama, and could tell us nothing of the prospects; but while the last mass was being said, a man arrived, saying, that the expected and feared troops could not come, for they had been attacked by yellow fever. By his delay General Herran will have time to reach Mosquera and remonstrate with him. Also, that Mosquera has published a decree declaring all revolutionists subject to capital punishment, and confiscation of their property. General Olarte promised, with the blessing of Providence, to secure peace to us.

I doubt not it has been an answer to some good prayers, for we have had the most earnest prayers offered continually for that intention. Weary not praying for us. We are not yet out of danger.

Please give my love to each one of my family far and near (every one is mentioned by name), who still think of, and inquire for your

Ever-loving, exiled

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

Of little Rhoda, now two years old, Jenny writes to her sister: —

To-morrow is my little girl's birthday, — two years old. I hope you pray that I may bring her up well. How did you dare give such a license to a fond mother as to ask her to give anecdotes of her child?

Remembering what Jenny was at that age, we hope it will not be wearisome to the reader to hear something of her own child at the same age. She continues: —

She is the most loving little creature in the world, — says everything, — I am sorry to say, uses even some slang expressions so appropriately that it is comical. She is very pious, but very fond of dress. Her hair, which is a beautiful golden color, curls beautifully. After it is arranged, she will not allow any one to touch it, saying, "Take care; you will spoil the arrangement of my hair." Her nature is loving. Between Spanish and English terms of endearment, she manages to make herself a general pet. She urged me so much to take her to mass with me, that I did so. She must have made a vow to hear it kneeling, for I could not induce her to sit down. She watched every one to see when they blessed themselves, and did likewise. When I took holy water, she looked horrified at the irreverence, and said, "O mamma! do not touch the water of the saints!" When I explained to her about holy water, she said, "Put some

here (touching a place on her forehead where she had received a blow) where I fell yesterday." . . . .

I have four visitors in the parlor waiting for me, and must close my letter. . . . . .

I hope to hear better news of dear Sta. May God restore her, if it is his will! . . . . .

Remember me to all the ladies in the convent, who do not weary of praying for your loving sister,

JENNY.

Another year gone, and still we find our little heroine laboring on for the salvation of souls! Every moment that can be spared from her duties to her own family is devoted to the encouragement of piety among her friends, or to the instruction of the poor, who now look to her as to a messenger of light from God. But in the following letter will be seen a sadness of soul, a weariness of spirit which she cannot conceal. Can it be that the labor of the day is nearly done, and that with its sunset she will lay her down, with her burden still upon her, to rest?

Ceaseless Energy — Occupations multiply.

SANTIAGO, *December 10th*, 1866.

MY DARLING LOO, —. . . . . I hoped to take time to have a long chat with you; but, darling, many dif-

ferent occupations prevent. Yesterday, Petita was taken very ill, and I sat up all night with her, and I have not yet been able even to sit down, for my cook had to leave me; her child was sick. Our boy was taken ill, and my chambermaid had to go home to take care of him. My laundress came to me, shaking with chills, to say she could not wash this week!

Dr. Dickson is also very sick with neuralgia of the heart, and I have been there a good deal, as I am the only countrywoman he has here, and he says I am about as good as a doctor! In addition to this, I have had to superintend a grand novena and celebration we are having for the Immaculate Conception. We have had to make flowers and acolytes' robes here, besides teaching Aquiline and Juanchito Garcia to serve mass. Besides this, I had two god-children come from the country to make me a visit, — one to be prepared for her first confession and communion; the other to be taught embroidery. When I go home, will I not make you laugh with the amusing stories I can tell you of the country people! Pray, dear Loo, that we may go home, if it be God's will. It is impossible to say when, but I live in the hope that it is not very far off.

I wish you could see little Rhoda. Her love for music is extraordinary. General Olarte brought a finer band here than the one we had. She knew the difference directly, and almost went into extasies when she heard them on the plaza. I am very anxious about darling Anastasia. God grant she is better!

Your ever loving sister, JENNY.

SANTIAGO, *February 9th*, 1867.

MY DEAREST FATHER, — I have been overwhelmed with grief at the sad news of my dear Sta's death;* and although I know it is selfish to grieve for what is so surely her gain, still love makes us selfish, and we cannot give up our dear ones without a bitter struggle. It is so much harder to bear these trials away from you all. . . . . I am still weak, and have to lie down a great part of the day. I dare not write to dear Kate, Ann, and Geddy; but do tell them so.

I have felt more sad than I can tell you, seeing that you and dear mother distress yourself so much at my absence. You cannot feel it as I do, nor long for the reunion more ardently or constantly; but, my beloved parents, for the present year it seems so impossible, that it must be the will of God, and we must arouse our faith, and hope, and courage, and trust our dear Lord will surely give us this happiness ultimately; for should death comes before its realization, to any one of you, it seems to me as though this would be so dreadful a trial, so agonizing a blow, that though the spirit might and would, I trust, bow in submission, poor, weak nature must give way, and be crushed, and bruised, and broken by the weight it could not bear.

Little Rhoda just came over to me with her playthings, when she saw I was crying, and her little face instantly

* Her aunt in the Convent of the Sacred Heart.

assumed a pained expression. She said most earnestly, throwing down her playthings, "Don't cry, dear mamma, don't cry!" wiping my eyes and kissing me; "don't cry any more!" On my smiling, to comfort her, she said, "Now, mamma, are you contenta?" — her face beaming again with smiles, — "You will not cry any more?" Until I assured her I would not, she would not return to her playthings.

The picture you draw of a home, when we shall all be together again, is too bright it seems for me to anticipate in this world. . . . . I trust our Lord will yet grant us its realization. . . . . .

Our going home is so in the hands of Providence, that I feel as though all I can do is to pray, if it be His will, and for His glory, that He will open the way to us.

I wish you would every day, at home, ask with an aspiration the favor of allowing us to meet, and, I feel sure before the year is over some light will come to us. . . .

SANTIAGO, *May 10th*, 1867.

MY DARLING NELL, —. . . . . Living as I do in South America, where every one is supposed to be idle and lazy, many may think I ought to write to them; but indeed my life is a busy one, without amounting to much good, perhaps, in the end.

Since the emancipation of the slaves, it is almost impossible to obtain any servants except Indian or negro girls and boys, who are perfect Topsies, — so idle and lazy, that it is more trouble to make them work than you can imagine. . . . If you leave them long to themselves, you are sure to find them off playing or asleep. If I employ older girls, the case is worse ; you have to be such a duenna to them, that it is far more trouble than they are worth. I only keep the older girl I have because she is a godchild of mine in confirmation, and was sent to me because she was an orphan wandering around the country alone. I cannot make her very good, and you can imagine what a task I have. . . . . It is impossible to give you an idea of the trouble of housekeeping here. . . . I have now, for my small family, six servants, besides my laundress. Every one of these had to be taught their prayers, and prepared for confession ; and as they do not stay very long their work is never done. All their clothes have to be cut and made in the house.

The climate and soil are so generous to the people that but little exertion is necessary for the strict necessaries of life, and beyond them the lower classes do not aspire.

Another troublesome affair, with very little fruit, is trying to get the country children to confession. The examination of conscience and explanation of sins is no trifling matter. Then, just as I get a class to understand these lessons, some children appear who have heard nothing, and again I must begin. I have some children

in my house every day, preparing them for confession, or teaching them their prayers. . . . . .

I had to take charge of the ceremonies of holy week again this year. It was hard to do so, and raise the necessary money, for the town was in the greatest confusion, — filled with troops, and draining the people's pockets by forced loans to support the government; yet I could not bear to allow holy week to pass without its accustomed ceremonies. I gained my point, but could not enjoy any of them myself. On Spy Wednesday I came home from church with a high fever, and was sick eight days. I particularly regretted losing the watching all night on Holy Thursday, which is the devotion I like best; but God preferred that I should be on my back with a headache that really gave me some gray hairs! — of course not many!

May 30th. — I have not heard from home for several mails, which has made me very anxious. I am filled with fear on account of my dear father's loss of health, — the more so because it is alluded to in so mysterious and unsatisfactory a manner. While filled with apprehension, I do not really know the true state of the case. Always write me the truth and the whole truth. Anything is preferable to such agonizing doubt.

O Nell, do pray that we may return home with our own family circle unbroken! Those who have been called away have caused me such sadness that I dare not now write of it; but should still nearer ones be

taken, it seems now as though I could not bear it. I must change this subject, and use self-control.

To turn to a more agreeable subject, — let me tell you of little darling Rhoda. How I long to have you know her! She is so touchingly demonstrative in her love for me and Bernardino, that we tremble lest we may lose her. You know how rich in expressions of endearment is the Spanish language; and yet even Spaniards are amazed at her language! She is full of mirth, and fond of teasing and joking. I often say she is going to be a second Ann Curtayne in power of quoting; for now she knows many songs of the country people, and, when an occasion occurs, sings an appropriate snatch of them! She is a perfect little actress in recitation, — is very lively, and yet so thoughtful that no one for a moment could call her a baby. She is all generosity, and so good to the poor people that they really love her. When a poor person comes to the door, she does not wait for them to ask, but runs to me for money for them, or goes to the store-room herself, and comes out with what she thinks suitable alms! She reminds me of Rho's little Pamela, in her compassion for the sick. Although she is only two years and five months old, she already knows many parts of the mass; and some time ago I saw her stop in her play to say a prayer she says in the elevation, because she heard the church bells ringing, and supposed it to be the elevation, as in truth it was!

June 29th. — To-day and St. John's day are very lively here. The racing in the plaza is quite inspiriting.

Feats are performed, by little boys of six or eight years of age, that would be worthy of some of the best equestrians. Sometimes two or more come running across the plaza at perfectly breakneck speed, holding hands or locking arms! They begin at daybreak, and do not stop till night, — all shouting when they start. Rhoda is such a little Spanish girl that she is wild with delight on these days. I think I have given you enough of Rhoda for one letter; but the truth is, I am so sorry that you do not know her, for she is to others, besides her mother, very engaging.

We have had twelve days of religious exercises, — three for peace. Then follows the celebration of Corpus Christi.

Now that all are devotees of the Sacred Heart, we have had a beautful altar of the Sacred Heart dressed, and devotion all the month of June, at which I have to act as chaplain! So you see my old title in the family has been confirmed by the bishop here!

We are struggling on to rebuild the church, and it seems a miracle that we are able to do it when the country is in such a state.

When little Rhoda saw us making flowers for the repository, and collecting lace, etc., she thought that we were giving what we liked best, and she came to me and said, "Mamma, take a knife and cut off my curls." "For what, Rhoda?" said I. She replied, her face beaming with pleasure, "To give them for the repository!" . . . . . .

My dear sister's loving sister,

JENNY.

Judge White's Death — Jenny afflicted.

SANTIAGO, *August 2d*, 1867.

MY OWN POOR DARLING MOTHER, — Although my poor heart and head are so suffering that I hardly find it possible to write, still I shall try to nerve myself to the task, that you may have the poor consolation of hearing from me, my own dearly loved mother, especially as I have a better opportunity to send this letter than may occur in some time.

O darling mother, what an inexpressible comfort it would be to me, could I but be near you and the other members of my dear family! No one can tell what this blow has been to me. My dear, my too well loved father! Can it be that I am never more to see him? It seems to me I would not mourn so much if I had only been permitted to be with him in his last illness.

It seems so strange that I have shared the sorrow and had it in my power to relieve so many of Bernardino's family in sickness and in death, and have been with so many strangers in their last moments, and yet my own darling father was taken from me without my even knowing his danger.

All I can say is, I do not murmur, because it is the will of Him, who sends this cross, that I should suffer, and much more I deserve and need. But, oh, how heavy a one it is!

I have had a dreadful fear that some one might be

taken before I could return, but tried to banish this fear from my heart, and trusted that this trial would not be required from me.

Either your letters were lost in which you told me of dear father's illness, or you purposely concealed from me his true state. I received a letter, when I was in the country, speaking of an attack he had, but saying he was better; and since then I heard he was in Washington, and imagined him well.

I have been very sad several months, but tried not to show it. In one of my last letters I begged to know the whole truth; and your last letter, dearest mother, spoke of my dear father's improvement. I envied you all the privilege of amusing him and taking care of him, and I thought of all the long chats we would have, and how I needed his advice on so many points. I passed hours thinking of this, and was cheered with the hope that he was to be many years spared to us. A week ago to-day (26th of July), — a day never to be forgotten by me, — I was entirely alone in the house; Bernardino had gone out on business, and Rhoda had gone to Julianna's; the servants were in the kitchen; I had been quite unwell three days, but had just said to myself, "How well I feel!" when I heard the voice of Leopold La Barrière calling me, and saying, "Here, I have your letters." I ran to the door and snatched them from him, and hurried with them to the room in which I have my oratory, as the most retired place in which to read them. The mourning envelopes startled me, but, looking for your handwriting, dear mother, the sight of it reassured me a little. I

opened your letter, and the first few lines told me the dreadful, dreadful truth! My cries and screams of anguish brought the servants and some of the neighbors to me. . . . . All I could say was "Father!" "Father!" Oh, how I sighed for home!

Little Rhoda tries to console me. She sometimes says, "I wish to go to heaven to grandpapa." This morning she said to me, "Let me kiss you for grandpapa; oh, how sweet these kisses are to grandpapa!"

The 13th of June, the day of my darling father's death, I was nearly all day in church. I was so sad I wept constantly, and when asked to say some prayers I was mortified, my voice trembled so much.

Oh, how I try to be resigned, and say, "Thy will be done." I opened the "Following of Christ," to try to find some comfort, and my eye fell upon, "If thou flingest away one cross, without doubt thou wilt find another, and perhaps a heavier one." I did not know the cross that was awaiting me, — my saintly father!

Every one here was as kind as it was possible to be; but in such grief as mine, aid from Heaven alone can be of any avail. If I am so crushed by this trial, what must you feel, my darling mother!

I can only beg of you to be true to yourself, and live for your children.

Your sorrowing child,

JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

We received but one letter more from Jenny, — that one announced the birth of a little daughter, and her own good health at the time (18th of September, 1867). On the 24th, — six days after, — she bade adieu forever to husband, children, and friends, sending loving messages to the dear ones at home. Offering her heart to God in death, as she had done in life, she sweetly went to rest and to immortality. . . . . .

We can go no further. Our readers will permit us to leave the following extracts to tell them what our sorrow will not permit us to describe. . . . . May she rest in peace!

DEATH OF A DAUGHTER OF THE LATE JUDGE WHITE.

Only a few months have elapsed since "Laffan" felt called upon to notice the death of Judge James W. White, of this city, one of the noblest Irish-Americans of our time. He now feels it to be his painful duty to record the death of a daughter of the late lamented judge, — a lady of the highest gifts, and most exemplary character, whose life was a social blessing in the sphere in which she moved, and whose early demise will bring deep sorrow to many a home, besides that now afflicted home, whence she went forth, only a few years ago, full of life, and hope, and enthusiasm. By the last steamer

from Aspinwall, news of her death was received from Santiago de Veraguas, New Granada, her late residence. A local paper published a notice of her career in that ancient town. From this notice we have been furnished with the annexed translation: —

"JENNY C. WHITE DEL BAL.

"Letters from Santiago announce the decease of this inestimable lady on the 24th of September, a victim to yellow fever. To all who, like ourselves, have had an opportunity of knowing and appreciating the great gifts that adorned her, this most unexpected intelligence has all the gravity of a domestic bereavement.

"Mrs. del Bal was the accomplished model of what a lady should be. Most affable in her manner, and as enlightened as she was pious, she naturally exercised a most beneficial influence over the society blessed by her presence. She has departed in the bloom of youth, leaving behind her two infant children. An American by birth, she married a native of the Isthmus, and to this happy union we have been indebted for the possession of this angel of light and purity, — of this rare flower that unceasingly shed its perfume on our land.

"Scarcely had she made her appearance amongst us, when, all unconscious of her own power, she won the sympathies, the respect, and the admiration of all who approached her, who but listened to her, or beheld her for a brief space, — of all, indeed, who were in any way brought within the influence of her rich qualities of mind and heart.

"It was but quite natural, too, that the society into which she had been thus suddenly transported should at once feel what an acquisition they had made in the new-comer. Nor was it long before they had abundant proof of her value and their own correct judgment. The modest Jenny, with her open and confiding nature and winning manner, made an irresistible impression on all around her; while the tone of society in Santiago and its standard of intellectual culture were elevated as by enchantment, — thanks to the charming stranger!

"It is in remembrance of all this varied goodness that every eye there now weeps her loss, that her name is in every mouth, and that every heart feels a keen pang of grief, as the fact comes before them that Jenny is dead.

"The ill-fated young lady lived but a short time in her adopted home. But, during that brief space, the country has contracted towards her a debt which neither our tears nor lamentations can pay. That heart of pure gold was a great heart. It embraced all its fellow-beings in this vale of suffering with such ardent charity that their united love could not equal hers.

"We never can call to mind, without a deep sentiment of gratitude and veneration, the pious zeal with which this angelic lady planned, and founded, and sustained (together with a few young ladies of Santiago who delighted in imitating her), the hospital in which the wounded and dying from the bloody fields of Les Brugas and San Francisco, victors as well as vanquished, found charitable hands to soothe their sufferings, and to point out to them the road from this life to a better one.

"Oh! if in the dwelling of the blessed there are positions of superior eminence, — if in heaven there are favorite angels, — one of these, and in such a position, is Jenny White, who, angel as she was before she appeared among us, showed herself truly one before she took her flight to the spiritual world. May she not be unmindful there of those who loved her so well here below!"

An intimate friend of the family of the late Judge White, Miss Mary L. Booth, historian of the city of New York, contributed to the "Evening Post," of this city, the following sketch of Mrs. del Bal's most useful life: —

"THE WORK OF A NOBLE WOMAN.

"To the Editor of the Evening Post: — Many persons in this city will be grieved at the news of the death of Mrs. Jenny White del Bal, the wife of Don Bernardino del Bal, of Santiago de Veraguas, in New Granada, and daughter of the late James W. White, of this city, who died a few months since. Mrs. del Bal has fallen a victim, in the bloom of her youth, to the scourge of yellow fever, which has devastated the whole South, leaving her husband and two little children to mourn her loss, together with the whole community of Santiago, by whom she was worshipped, with good reason.

"During the four short years that this energetic and talented young American woman dwelt in this South American city, she effected a missionary work which it is well worth while to record. Santiago is an old Span-

ish town of the Isthmus, containing several thousand inhabitants; but of late it has fallen into stagnation through the disorganized state of the country. Mrs. del Bal was the first American lady who ever made it her abode. Possessed of unusual executive talents and fine accomplishments, as well as a spirit of earnest philanthropy and ardent piety, almost immediately on her entrance into the listless community she set about working a social change. The churches had been closed, the schools dissolved, and society disorganized. She rallied the people together, opened schools, and formed religious societies which labored for the restoration of the churches and the revival of religion. She visited the sick and dying, sought out and relieved the poor, and so won on the hearts of the common people that she became known, young as she was, as 'the saint' and 'the angel of Santiago,' and was almost worshipped as a tutelar divinity. On the anniversary of her arrival in the city, which was also her birthday, a public ovation was given her; the places of business were closed, and public sports were held in the plaza, followed in the evening by fireworks, and a splendid entertainment in the public hall, where her portrait, painted by order of the municipal authorities, was unveiled, and she was presented with a laurel crown by a deputation from the Santiago ladies.

"In the succeeding insurrectionary disturbances, after the battles of San Brujas and San Francisco, when the wounded of both sides were brought into Santiago, where no accommodations awaited them, Mrs. del Bal

procured a house from her cousin, caused the wounded men to be carried thither, induced the ladies of the city to join her, and organized the first military hospital in the charge of ladies ever known in that country. 'Here,' says Dr. Henry Dickson, who stood by her death-bed, and brought the news of her death to her family, 'she performed the most heroic services, standing constantly by my side, aiding me in amputations and other severe operations, dressing the wounds with her own hands, and even using the knife herself in case of need, despite her delicate and sensitive organization.' She became the Florence Nightingale of South America, adored by all the wounded, and, such was the public sense of her services, that General Olarte returned thanks to her in the official gazette, and a vote of thanks was rendered in the assembly of the State.

"During the civil war in America she steadfastly advocated the cause of the North, and organized a patriotic demonstration on the Fourth of July in honor of her native country. She secured various political reforms from the Congress of New Granada, and induced the Bishop of Bogota to make divers ecclesiastical changes for the benefit of the people. Her zeal was untiring in reform. The churches were in ruins; she solicited materials for building a new one, collected all that she desired, and the edifice was half completed at the time of her death. She fell a victim indeed to humanity. Two of her servants were attacked with yellow fever. She was urged to send them away; but refused to turn them out to die, and nursed them herself till she in turn was seized with

the scourge, which terminated her life in the short space of four hours. The grief caused by her death was intense. When it became known that she was ill, a throng of people filled the square in front of her house, kneeling and praying for her recovery. At the news of her death, the air was rent with their shrieks. Business was immediately suspended, the stores were closed, and the whole city hung in mourning, as for a public calamity. In Panama the bishop ordered all the bells in and out of the city to be tolled during the whole day for her death. The 'Panama Journal' says: 'This ill-fated young lady lived but a short time in her adopted home; but during that brief space the country has contracted a debt towards her which neither our tears nor lamentations can pay. In remembrance of all her goodness, every eye weeps; her loss and her name is in every mouth.' It is rarely that we can chronicle a woman's life so short, yet so full of earnest effort and performance."

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

THE following letters are a few of the flowers we have culled from the chaplet laid upon the tomb of our departed Jenny.

FROM THE GIFTED AUTHORESS, MRS. E. F. ELLET,

The beloved Friend of the Family, and one who knew Jenny in her own Home since her Birth.

MY DEAREST FRIEND, — I cannot describe to you how shocked, almost paralyzed, I am at the terrible news contained in dear Lucy's letter, which has just been given me.

It is one of those mysterious, awful dispensations, which fill us with terror, and which we cannot understand. . .

Believe me, dear one, my heart is rent with sympathy for you. Not for her — the dearly loved, the favored of God, who has called her home from her pious labors to bliss eternal in His holy presence — would I mourn; but you are indeed made in sorrow like unto Him who was "stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." . . .

Dear Jenny, who was coming home to you, has been called home to a parent, who cherished her even more tenderly than a mother could. Perhaps she and her sainted father are watching over you. . . . . .

My dear friend, I pray for you. She was all goodness, and meet for the society of the saints in light. . . .

Your devoted friend,

E. F. Ellet.

The following beautiful tribute of friendship, from our well-known American writer, Mary L. Booth, one of Jenny's friends in New York, is heartfelt and tender: —

My dear Mrs. White, — My heart bleeds for you in this new affliction which you are called to endure. If I did not know how brave you are, I should fear to see you sink under it; but I do know that your loving heart is girded about with strength that enables you to meet the ills of life with heroic fortitude.

I thank you for deputing to me the task of paying a last tribute to your loved one. What I have been able to say, seems to me poor and insufficient; but volumes would be needed fitly to chronicle dear Jenny's beautiful young life, — and I, alas, have been forced to content myself with condensing mere facts within newspaper compass. I would that the task could have been more worthy of her,

whose whole life was devoted to the happiness of the world about her, and who can never be forgotten by any one who ever came within her influence.

Words are barren comforters in these seasons, but you are sure of my sincere love and sympathy.

Believe me yours, lovingly,

MARY L. BOOTH.

One of Jenny's young friends, Miss C——, had early lost her mother, and knew no one to whom she could so safely confide the many sorrows of her sorely tried young heart as to "the little saint," as her young companions called Jenny.

For a year or more every morning Miss C. joined the little band under Jenny's care, who might have been seen coming out from their respective homes in Fifth Avenue, to go to early mass; and often, in a walk together on the crowded and fashionable promenade, these young girls (Jenny the centre one, with eyes cast down), in low voice, were repeating the rosary, while they with measured step paced their way unmindful of the gay throng around them.

Little did the passers-by imagine, when they heard the low murmur of their voices, that their hearts and thoughts were raised at that moment to a higher and holier sphere than this which the weary, dusty journey of probation presented to them.

Miss C., now Mrs. Lauer, writes : —

My poor darling Mrs. White, — What words can express to you the intense sorrow and sympathy I feel for you in this our mutual great affliction? . . . . .

The news of darling Jenny's death has completely unnerved me, and I can do nothing but recall those happy days I have spent with her, and I am constantly reminded of her great charity and forbearance with my many faults. I look back upon those days as the commencement of my happiness in life, and the influence of the example of two of the dearest and best of beings, Jenny and Nelly, has been often felt in my married life, and has assisted me in doing my duty. If I feel her loss so much, what must you, her mother, suffer!

It seems presumption to pray for Jenny, but I have not neglected to pray daily for those dear ones with you. . .

Your sincere friend,

Mary S. Lauer.

LETTER FROM MRS. GENERAL FREMONT.

My dear Mrs. White, — It was only the fear of intruding upon your sorrows that prevented my writing when I saw Mrs. del Bal's death had added to that you had already to bear.

I feel it a great mark of regard from you that you should have included me among those to whom you send that rare record of so young a life.

I have already not only seen it, but read it aloud and sent two copies to young friends of mine, who have the elements of the same heroic unselfishness.

Lately, in arranging papers, I came upon a letter from Judge White, sent with, and explaining, the medal which you and some other true loyal women sent to the General in the early part of the war. I thought then I would send it to you to read; but some day later when I can attend to it well I will lend it to you. I shall like to have it to keep with your letter and your daughter's brief biography; they make a touching record of good deeds and good will. . . . . .

Judge White's letter and your little medal I had put with our family record of the war, which will keep my children remembering who were friends to the country in its dark days, and who were friends to their father also. I shall ask it back when I send it to you.

Lilly joins me in warm remembrances to all your family.

I do not attempt to express the feeling with which the General as well as myself heard of your first loss.

Yours was a true home, and the loss to you is beyond all earthly comforting.

Sincerely yours,

J. B. FREMONT.

LETTER FROM MRS. JUDGE BOSWORTH.

New York, *Monday Morning.*

Dear Rhoda, — I was both shocked and pained to hear of dear Jenny's death. Two bright lights have been this year extinguished in your family. God indeed is visiting you, my poor heart-broken friend. . . . .

Your darling child was willing to die. . . . . I think she was perfect from her youth to her death. A more lovely character never lived. . . . . God will sustain you, dear Rhoda. What a happy thought that we will again meet these dear ones in heaven! . . . I long to console you; do come and see me. I am so ill I can scarcely hold my pen.

Your attached friend,

Frances E. Bosworth.

A young lady friend, of Binghamton (Jenny's birth-place), writes to her mother of Jenny:—

. . . . . .

Her life was such a noble one; so full of thought for the welfare of others; so devoted to the sick and dying; so earnest in her religious duties, and in every good work, that there can be nothing in the remembrance of her but what is beautiful and lovely!

Such a record is not often found, and need not be long. She has entered into rest, having finished her labors, and "her works do follow her."

My sisters join me in heartfelt sympathy for yourself and family,

Yours sincerely,

JULIA C. ANDREWS.

The Bishop of Panama, for whom, it will not be forgotten, Jenny prepared so heartfelt a welcome to Santiago, in writing to Rev. B. O'Reilly respecting the appointment of a priest from the United States to Santiago, takes the opportunity to speak of Jenny as follows: —

PANAMA, 1868.

DEAREST BROTHER AND SIR, — I have just received with the greatest pleasure the letter in which you kindly recommend to me a respectable priest, Rev. F. B——, whom you know so well, and hold so dear.

Truly, I can never sufficiently thank you for the unwearied zeal with which you have always encouraged and fostered the pious designs of that venerated and holy lady, Jenny White del Bal. Moreover, I gladly assure you that the inhabitants of this country will never forget the dear and sweet memory of that most distinguished lady; nor will they ever cease to look with extraordinary affection upon all who are her relatives and friends.

Do not, for a moment, doubt but I shall receive your friend and companion with heartfelt kindness and brotherly charity. In so doing I seek my own interest. Wherefore, it shall ever be my especial care to attend to all that may relate in any way to his comfort.

May our Lord and the Blessed Virgin Mary be ever with you!

BROTHER EDWARD O. P.,
Bishop of Panama.

FROM MR. GREELEY'S ELDEST DAUGHTER.

CHAPAPQUA, 28*th October*, 1867.

DEAR MRS. WHITE, — You cannot think how grieved and surprised we were to hear of the death of dear Mrs. del Bal.

I have seldom seen mamma so much affected. "Dear Jenny," she said, "whom I remember as such a dear little girl, and who grew up such a noble, good woman."

Father was very sad also, for both he and mamma loved Mrs. del Bal, or Jenny as they always called her, very much. They feel very much for you in your double loss.

With deep sympathy and affection, believe me, dear Mrs. White,

Yours most sincerely,

IDA L. GREELEY.

LETTER FROM S. P. CHASE.

WASHINGTON, *November 1st*, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. WHITE, — . . . . . The good leave the earth, and the earth mourns; but heaven rejoices. . . . . .

Accept my heartfelt sympathy in your bereavement; but console yourself with thinking that, if earthly coronals are of laurel, intermingled with cypress, the heavenly are of immortal amaranth only.

Most sincerely, your friend,

S. P. CHASE.

LETTER FROM CARNEY HOSPITAL.

SOUTH BOSTON, *November 8th*, 1867.

MY DEAR MRS. WHITE, —. . . . . I know I have scarcely the right to address you at a time when those endeared to you by long friendship try to console you. Still I allow my heart to guide me, and to assure you I am not among the last to sympathize with you in your grief, and to mourn the loss of your accomplished child.

God has culled the fruit and secured it. And if there has been such a concert of praises on earth in honor of your daughter, what has it been among the angels and

saints! And if you send to God worthy of him those who have been under your influence and training, how mercifully will he receive you, giving you a glorious reward!

I offer my prayers for your child, if she need them yet, and for you, that you may realize how much our heavenly Father loves you, because he afflicts you so much, — although giving you a consolation, refused to so many, that of knowing yours to die like the saints.

Ever your respectful and thankful friend,

S. Buteux.

LETTER FROM MRS. LINCOLN.

Chicago, *November 21st*, 1867.

My dear Mrs. White, — I cannot express to you how heartfelt my grief was on receiving the obituary notice of your beloved daughter's death.

I know by experience how powerless words are to console us in our fearful, irreparable bereavements. God alone can administer comfort in the trying hour of affliction, and soothe the anguish of our broken hearts.

I remember your lovely daughter so distinctly, — possessed of so much loveliness and talent, and so highly accomplished. "Death truly loves a shining mark." Believe me, on learning the painful news which brought so much sorrow to you, I sympathized with you in my tears and prayers.

How desolate we both have been made these last few years! Overwhelmed by my great, great sorrow, I am prepared fully to share the afflictions of all those who are called to sustain them.

I have thought of late, whilst enduring the persecutions with which I have recently been assailed, that our heavenly Father had brought them upon me to divert my mind from the troubles that have fallen so heavily upon me.

It is the lot of humanity to suffer; otherwise we would cling too fondly to earth and its transitory enjoyments.

I will, my dear Mrs. White, direct my letter according to the card you sent me, not knowing if you have returned to town.

Hoping to hear from you at your leisure,

I remain truly yours,

MARY LINCOLN.

LETTER FROM MRS. INEZ AROSEMENA FABREGA.

PANAMA, *December 1st*, 1867.

DEAR MADAM, — Although I have not the pleasure of being personally acquainted with you, yet I hope you will not hold it intrusion if I now address myself to you, to tell you how deeply I and mine have felt our dear Jenny's loss.

My mother-in-law's love for her was a perfect passion, and, as for me, words cannot express how I cherished her

as a friend, and reverenced her as a saint. Yes, my dear madam, your departed daughter was a saint.

I believe her coming to Santiago was because of a mission which she forcibly felt; and, as if she had a presentiment that the time given her for fulfilling it would be short, she never rested a moment in her labor of love. I am sure that, even in her sleep, the thought of how she might benefit the cause of religion in her adopted country was working in her mind; for I know that there was not a circumstance, not a conversation, which, with her usual tact, she did not turn to some account.

There was ever some urgent work for her to do, — either a hardened sinner's death-bed to visit, or a pressing corporal necessity to relieve, or the bishop or parish priest to be fêted; but what took up the greater part of her time and thoughts was the care for the children's religious education; and we hope she has left the good seed in many a young heart which, sooner or later, will spring up and bear fruit.

She regretted even the moments she gave herself for necessary rest; and I am sure she would have gone without food or sleep, if it were possible. . . . .

I cannot but believe this constant strain upon her mind and nerves undermined her constitution, and rendered her unequal to grapple with the fearful disease which carried her to an early grave; so that it needs no fancy of love to imagine that, among the flowers that adorn her immortal crown, the red rose of martyrdom is not wanting.

Like every reformer, she had her inevitable trials,

though, strange to say, neither envy nor jealousy ever marred her work with their poisonous breath, for she was universally beloved.

That her reward might be complete, I cannot but think God ordained that she should suffer here. He seemed to have spared her life just long enough to receive the fatal blow of her dear father's death. Just six days before her death she wrote to me: "I cannot tell you how I long to see you, my dear friend, nor what a comfort your presence would be to me. I feel so perfectly crushed by the awful blow that has fallen upon me, that, although I try to be, and I trust I am, resigned, I cannot rouse myself. The world is changed for me completely. So idolized as I have ever been by dear father, and loving him as I did with, I may say, almost a religious veneration, — think how I must feel to know I never more can meet him, and that I was denied the sad privilege of being with him in his last moments."

You see how meekly she bore her cup; and so, when the Bridegroom came, he found her ready for the marriage feast. . . . . .

I hope you will always consider me as one of your dear daughter's most loving friends, and, as such,

Yours respectfully and affectionately,

INEZ A. DE FABREGA.

LETTER FROM F. BELANGER.

WOONSOCKET, *January 7th*, 1868.

RESPECTED MADAM WHITE, — The many unmerited tokens of kindness and charity you have given me, during your stay at Woonsocket, I shall indeed never forget. . . . . .

You have allowed me to read the manuscript of the life of your incomparable daughter, Mrs. Jenny C. White del Bal. Permit me to beg of you not to be deterred, by any difficulty that can possibly be overcome, from giving the public, of every creed, an opportunity of admiring, as I have done, the great virtues and heroic courage of your beloved daughter. The admiration of your readers will not be a sterile one, be sure. It will doubtless impel more than one of them to strive in imitating the devotedness of your good and dear Jenny.

In the high heaven she will delight in gazing upon the continuation of the work she has had so much at heart, — namely, the glory of our Divine Lord and the salvation of immortal souls.

Accept the expression of my sincere respect. Your humble and obedient servant in Christ,

F. BELANGER.

FROM THE VENERABLE AND RESPECTED COL. JAMES A. HAMILTON,

Son of the ever-revered Alexander Hamilton.

NEVIS, *January 29th*, 1868.

MY DEAR LADY, — Your note, without date, was received to-day, bearing Mary L. Booth's most interesting account of the services and decease of your illustrious daughter, Madam del Bal. It is very rare to find such energy, intelligence, and excellence combined.

My heart sympathizes in your great sorrows, and I pray to our Father in heaven to give you strength, — which I am sure he will do.

Thank Father O'Reilly for his good offices. Do me the favor to present my regard to him. May God bless you!

Affectionately, your friend,

JAMES A. HAMILTON.

LETTER FROM VICOMTE DE CHABROL.

PARIS, 72 RUE DE VARENNES, *April 18th*, 1868.

MADAM, — As I had the honor of assuring you in my last letter, I am confident of the success of the very interesting book which you intend to publish, as well as of

the great good it is calculated to do. It is a point of great usefulness to make known to us here in France the admirable features and characteristic virtues of our Catholic brethren in America. It is most especially desirable that we should be made acquainted with their success.

In France what we lack is neither virtue nor self-sacrifice. Still less is it among ladies of the very highest rank that one can find any deficiency in this respect. In the most exalted ranks of society there shine forth, amidst all the allurements of luxury and a life refined by the most ancient traditions of family splendor, habits of self-imposed poverty, of abnegation, and practical charity, which one can never sufficiently admire. These, therefore, are not the virtues that we need.

What we do want is confidence in ourselves. The Catholics of France have lost courage, — they daily see their faith attacked on all sides, and threatened in every manner. Hence they fail in that confidence which should ever be entertained by persons of energetic will, trusting in the providence of the God for whom they labor. To show them a young lady, who, in a strange country, — in a country where corruption abounds, — succeeded in effecting so much good, is assuredly to hold up an example which shall not be lost upon them.

For these reasons, I think, it will be a labor of great usefulness to translate into French the book which you have had the courage to write. But, as I did myself the honor to state in a former letter, I cannot now give you any precise information on the translation itself, or the publication of the work here, or on the rights reserved to

the author, until I shall have in hand a copy of the life of Mrs. del Bal. I must first of all submit it to the judgment of competent persons, and, above all, I must find out the best publisher: all of which I can only do, when I have the book itself.

If my personal action were alone needed, the advance proof-sheets would be quite sufficient for my purpose; but as I must make the work known to many persons, it will be better to wait for the book itself. Father O'Reilly, who is well acquainted with the way the Parisian press is conducted, can easily explain all this to you.

I hope, dear madam, that as soon as the first copies of the book are printed, you will be so kind as to send me one or two; then you can rely upon my zealous co-operation in your noble undertaking, as well as upon my candid opinion about the probable success which your book may have in France.

I should feel much obliged to you if you could give me the address of Father O'Reilly. I wish to continue with him in the pleasing personal relations which shall always recall the interesting hours we spent together last year.

Accept, I pray you, madam, the renewed expression of my most distinguished sentiments.

VICOMTE DE CHABROL.

The echo of Jenny's voice — "Pray send us good priests" — is yet heard from Panama and Santiago. The most urgent appeals continued after her death, and still continue, to be made to Mrs. White in New York: "I beseech you, interest yourself, and send us priests."

LETTER FROM INEZ AROSEMENA FABREGA.

February 22d, 1868.

My dear Madam, — . . . . . His lordship our Bishop cordially invites Father Belanger to join us. He would wish him to remain in Panama until he will become better acquainted with the country, and then decide himself where he would wish to go. . . . . .

I hope these reverend gentlemen, Father Belanger and Father Gilbert, will make up their minds to suffer all things in the name of our Lord, and fancy they are coming to a mission among the Indians.

This brings to my mind a little incident in the life of our beloved Jenny, which proves what an optimist her faith and her charity made of her. When she had been but a few months in Santiago, the season of Lent commenced. It is customary, during that time, to have the Via Crucis through the streets on Tuesday and Friday. This in itself is really a touching ceremony; but the poor reading of the stations, and, above all, the wretched singing, would make it to an indifferent person almost a parody.

We all thought dear Jenny, with her wonderful talent for music, would feel disagreeably, when, to our surprise, she rose from her knees bathed in tears of devotion, and said to me, "You who are used to these ceremonies cannot imagine the impression this worship in the open air produces upon me. I fancy I really see our Lord walking to Calvary, followed by the crowd." . . . . . I do not know if you have heard all of Jenny's last words; they are a treasury you would not like to lose, and I will repeat some of them.

She said to her husband, "Bernardino, I am dying, and it is time you should bring me the children to give them my last blessing;" then she thought a moment and added, "I think it is better you should bless them in my name." I suppose she feared that the sight of her two little girls would distract her mind from the contemplation of heaven. She thought I would be the best person to break the news of her death to her family. (What strength of mind!) "Tell Niña Mica," my mother-in-law, and Inez, that we shall see each other in heaven," she said to Bernardino.

Are not these words of hers like a passport for us to the kingdom of her Father? . . . . .

I hope, dear Mrs. White, you will never forget in your prayers this poor country, for which your saintly daughter worked so untiringly, and especially do I implore them for her unworthy friend.

Yours sincerely,

INEZ AROSEMENA FABREGA.

It will be remembered, by our readers, that Mrs. Fabréga (mother of Inez Arosemena Fabréga) was almost a second mother to Jenny, and Inez took the place of a sister in her heart.

Jenny's last messages were to her husband and family; not one forgotten; but they are too sacred to reveal to others than those to whom this "treasury" was bequeathed. It is not necessary to add that her death was calm and peaceful, as had been the last moments of her saintly father, three months before this fatal hour.

The gloom and mourning, which her death caused every where in the town and miles distant from it, had never been felt before on any occasion.

One of the members of the Legislature wrote of her, in the Panama press, as follows: —

"The unexpected announcement of the death of this inestimable lady, Jenny C. White del Bal, is a great social calamity.

"Mrs. del Bal was a perfect model of what a lady should be. Of most affable manners, as intelligent as she was pious. She exercised a most salutary influence upon society whenever it had the happiness to possess her presence. Rich in the endowments of mind and heart, every one felt, who saw and listened to her, that her adopted country had gained much in the acquisition of such a lady, whose life soon gave proof that this was no false estimate of her worth.

"The modest Jenny, with her frank and confiding

character, and her pleasant and fascinating manner, easily imprinted her own disposition upon every one around her. The society of Santiago was elevated as if by enchantment, — thanks to the engaging young stranger.

"But now, alas! every eye weeps; every heart is pained. Upon every lip is her name, — Jenny is dead! . . .

"What this country owes her, no sighs, no tears, can repay. What her great heart gave to us in charity, our united love could never return.

"We can never call to mind, without feelings of veneration and gratitude, the pious zeal with which this angelic lady, undertook, founded, and sustained (accompanied by a few young ladies of Santiago, who took pleasure in imitating her example) the hospital, in which the wounded and dying from the bloody fields of Las Brujas and San Francisco, victors and vanquished, found their pains alleviated, and a new and better life than this pointed out to them.

"Oh, if there are angels more favored than others in heaven, as well as on earth, one of these must be Jenny, who is now, we believe, with the blessed above, and to whom we pray that she will not forget us, who loved her so well."

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